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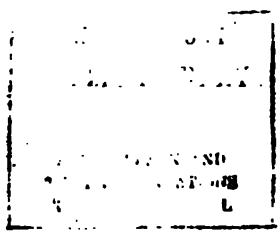

Charles the 12th killed at Frederick Shal

THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

WITH

Notes, Hiſtorical and Critical.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.
T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

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THE CONTENTS OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

BOOK VI.

INtrigues at the Porte. The kam of Tartary and the baſha of Bender endeavour to force Charles to depart. He defends himſelf with forty domeſtics againſt the whole army. He is taken, and treated as a priſoner 1

BOOK VII.

The Turks convey Charles to Demirtaſh. King Staniſlaus is taken at the ſame time. Bold undertaking of M. de Villelongue. Revolutions in the ſeraglio. Battle in Pomerania. Altena burnt by the Swedes. Charles at laſt ſets out on his return to his own dominions. His ſtrange manner of travelling: his arrival at Stralſund: his misfortunes. Succeſſes of Peter the Great: his triumphant entry into Petersburg. 37

BOOK VIII.

Charles gives his ſiſter in marriage to the prince of Heſſe: is beſieged in Stralſund, and eſcapes to Sweden. Schemes of baron de Gortz, his prime miniſter. Plan of a reconciliation with the Czar, and of a deſcent upon England. Charles beſieges Fredericſhall, in Norway: is killed: his character. Gortz is beheaded. 74

ZADIG; or, FATE. An Oriental Hiſtory.

Approbation 123

Epiſtle dedicatory to the Sultana Sheraa. By Sadi. 125

The

CONTENTS.

The blind of one eye
The Noſe
The Dog and Horſe
The Envious Man
The Generous
The Miniſter
The Diſputes and the Audiences
Jealouſy
The Woman Beaten
Slavery
The Funeral Pile
The Supper
The Rendezvous
The Robber
The Fiſherman
The Baſiliſk
The Combats
The Hermit
The Enigmas

The World as it goes, the Viſion of Babouc : Micromegas: a Comic Romance

CHAP. I.

A voyage to the planet Saturn, by an inhabitant of the Sirius

CHAP. II.

The converſation betwixt Micromegas and the inhabita Saturn

CHAP. III.

The voyage of thoſe two Inhabitants of the other world

CHAP. IV.

What befel them upon this Globe

CHAP. V.

CHAP. VI.

What happened in their intercourſe with men.

CHAP. VII.

A converſation that paſſed between our travellers and the they had encountered

THE HISTORY OF CHARLES XII. KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK VI.

THE CONTENTS.

Intrigues at the Porte. The Kam of TARTARY and the Baſha of BENDER endeavour to force CHARLES to depart. He defends himſelf with forty domeſtics againſt the whole army. He is taken, and treated as a priſoner.

THE fortune of the king of Sweden, now ſo different from what it had formerly been, harraſſed him even in the moſt trifling circumſtances. On his return, he found his little camp at Bender, and all his apartment overflowed by the waters of the Neiſter. He retired to the diſtance of a few miles, near the village of Varnitza; and, as if he had had a ſecret foreboding of what was to befall him, he there built a large

houſe of ſtone, capable, on occaſion, to ſuſtain an aſſault for a few hours. He even furniſhed it in a magnificent manner, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, in order the more effectually to attract the reſpect of the Turks.

He likewiſe built two other houſes, one for his chancery, and the other for his favourite Grothuſen, who kept a table at the king's expence. While Charles was thus employed in building near Bender, as if he had been always to remain in Turky, Baltagi Mehemet, dreading more than ever the intrigues and complaints of this prince at the Porte, had ſent the reſident of the emperor of Germany into Vienna to demand a free paſſage for the king of Sweden through the hereditary dominions of the houſe of Auſtria. The envoy, in the ſpace of three weeks, brought back a promiſe from the imperial regency, importing that they would pay Charles XII. all due honours, and conduct him ſafely into Pomerania.

Application was made to the regency of Vienna, becauſe Charles, the emperor of Germany, who had ſucceeded Joſeph, was then in Spain diſputing the crown of that kingdom with Philip V. While the German envoy was executing this commiſſion at Vienna, the grand vizer ſent three baſhas to acquaint the king of Sweden, that he muſt quit the Turkiſh dominions.

The king, being previouſly apprized of the orders with which they were charged, cauſed intimation to be given them, that if they preſumed to make him any propoſals contrary to his honour, or to the reſpect that was due to his character, he would forthwith have them all ſtrung up on a gallows. The baſha of Theſſalonica, who delivered the meſſage, diſguiſed the harſhneſs of the com-

commiſſion, under the moſt reſpectful terms. Charles put an end to the audience, without deigning to give them an anſwer. His chancellor, Mullern, who ſtaid with the three baſhas, briefly explained to them his maſter's refuſal, which indeed they had ſufficiently underſtood by his profound ſilence.

The grand vizier was not to be diverted from his purpoſe; he ordered Iſmael Baſha, the new ſeraſquier of Bender, to threaten the king with the ſultan's indignation, if he did not immediately come to a reſolution. This ſeraſquier was a man of a mild temper and engaging addreſs, which had gained him the good will of Charles, and the friendſhip of all the Swedes. The king entered into a conference with him; but it was only to tell him, that he would not depart till Achmet had granted him two favours; the puniſhment of his grand vizier, and an hundred thouſand men to conduct him back to Poland.

Baltagi Mehemet was ſenſible that Charles remained in Turky only to ruin him. He therefore took care to place guards in all the roads from Bender to Conſtantinople, to intercept the king's letters. He did more; he retrenched his "Thaïm," that is to ſay, the proviſion which the Porte allows thoſe princes to whom ſhe grants an aſylum. That of the king of Sweden was immenſe, conſiſting of five hundred crowns a-day in money, and a profuſion of every thing neceſſary to maintain a court in ſplendor and affluence.

As ſoon as the king was informed that the vizier had preſumed to retrench his allowance, he turned to the ſteward of his houſhold and ſaid,

"Hitherto you have only had two tables, I command you to have four for the future."

The officers of Charles XII. had been uſed to find nothing impoſſible which their maſter ordered; at preſent, however, they had neither money nor proviſions. They were forced to borrow at twenty, thirty, and forty per cent. of the officers, domeſticks, and janiſſaries, who were grown rich by the king's profuſion. M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holſtein, Jeffreys, the Engliſh miniſter, and their ſecretaries and friends, gave all that they had. The king, with his uſual ſtatelineſs, and without any concern about the morrow, lived on theſe preſents, which could not have ſufficed him long. It was neceſſary to elude the vigilance of the guards, and to ſend privately to Conſtantinople to borrow money of the European merchants. But every body refuſed to lend a king who ſeemed to have put himſelf out of a condition of ever being able to repay them. One Engliſh merchant alone, called Cook, ventured to lend him about forty thouſand crowns, content to loſe that ſum if the king of Sweden ſhould happen to die. This money was brought to the king's little camp, juſt as they began to be in want of every thing, and even to give over all hopes of any farther relief.

During this interval, M. Poniatowſky wrote, even from the camp of the grand vizier, an account of the campaign at Pruth, in which he accuſed Baltagi Mehemet of perfidy and cowardice. An old janiſſary, provoked at the vizier's weakneſs, and gained moreover by Poniatowſky's liberality, undertook the delivery of the letter; and having obtained leave, preſented it with his own hand to the ſultan.

A few

A few days after, Poniatowſky left the camp, and repaired to the Porte to form cabals, as uſual, againſt the grand vizier.

Every thing favoured his project. The czar, being now at liberty, was in no haſte to perform his engagements. The keys of Azoph were not yet come: the grand vizier was anſwerable for them, and juſtly dreading the indignation of his maſter, durſt not venture to appear in his preſence.

At that time the ſeraglio was filled more than ever with intrigues and factions. Theſe cabals, which prevail in all courts, and which in ours commonly end in the diſmiſſion, or, at moſt, in the baniſhment of the miniſter, never fail at Conſtantinople to occaſion the loſs of more than one head. The preſent plot proved fatal to the old vizier Chourlouli, and to Oſman, the lieutenant of Baltagi Mehemet, who had been the principal author of the peace of Pruth, and had afterwards obtained a conſiderable poſt at the Porte. Among Oſman's treaſures was found the Czarina's ring, and twenty thouſand pieces of gold, of Saxon and Ruſſian coin; a plain proof that money alone had extricated the czar from his dangerous ſituation, and ruined the fortunes of Charles. The vizier Baltagi Mehemet was baniſhed to the iſle of Lemnos, where he died three years after. The ſultan did not ſeize his effects, either at his baniſhment or his death. He was far from being rich; and his poverty was a ſufficient vindication of his character.

This grand vizier was ſucceeded by Juſſuf, or Joſeph, whoſe fortune was as ſingular as that of his predeceſſors. Born on the frontiers of Muſcovy, and taken priſoner at ſix years of age, with

his family, he had been ſold to a janiſſary. He was long a ſervant in the ſeraglio, and at laſt became the ſecond perſon in the empire where he had been a ſlave; but he was only the ſhadow of a miniſter. The young ſelictar, Ali Coumourgi, raiſed him to that ſlippery poſt, in hopes of one day filling it himſelf; and Juſſuf, his creature, had nothing to do but to ſet the ſeals of the empire to whatever the favourite deſired. From the very beginning of this vizier's miniſtry, the politicks of the Ottoman court ſeemed to undergo a total alteration. The czar's plenipotentiaries, who reſided at Conſtantinople, either as miniſters or hoſtages, were treated with greater civility than ever. The grand vizier confirmed with them the peace of Pruth: but what mortified the king of Sweden more than all the reſt was, to hear that the ſecret alliance made with the czar at Conſtantinople, was brought about by the mediation of the Engliſh and Dutch ambaſſadors.

Conſtantinople, from the time of Charles's retreat to Bender, was become what Rome hath often been, the center of the negociations of Chriſtendom. Count Deſaleurs, the French ambaſſador at the Porte, ſupported the intereſts of Charles and Staniſlaus: the emperor of Germany's miniſter oppoſed them; and the factions of Sweden and Muſcovy claſhed, as thoſe of France and Spain have long done at the court of Rome.

England and Holland ſeemed to be neuter, but were not ſo in reality. The new trade which the czar had opened at Peterſburg attracted the attention of theſe two commercial nations.

The

The Engliſh and the Dutch will always ſide with that prince who favours their trade the moſt *: there were many advantages to be derived from a connection with the czar; and therefore it is no wonder that the miniſters of England and Holland ſhould ſerve him privately at the Porte. One of the conditions of this new alliance was, that Charles ſhould be immediately obliged to quit the Turkiſh dominions, whether it was that the czar hoped to ſeize him on the road, or that he thought him leſs formidable in his own kingdom than in Turky, where he was always on the point of arming the Ottoman troops againſt the Ruſſian empire.

Charles was perpetually ſolliciting the Porte to ſend him back through Poland with a numerous army. The divan was reſolved to ſend him back with a ſimple guard of ſeven or eight thouſand men, not as a king whom they meant to aſſiſt, but as a gueſt of whom they wanted to get rid. For this purpoſe the ſultan Achmet, wrote him the following letter.

"Moſt powerful among the kings that adore Jeſus, redreſſer of wrongs and injuries in the ports and republicks of the South and North, ſhining in majeſty, lover of honour and glory, and of our ſublime Porte, Charles, king of Sweden, whoſe enterprizes may God crown with ſucceſs.

"As ſoon as the moſt illuſtrious Achmet, formerly Chiaoux Pachi, ſhall have the honour to

* We could wiſh this obſervation was true; but of the contrary we are feelingly convinced. The Engliſh have no commerce with Muſcovy, but ſuch as is prejudicial to the true intereſt of their country.

deliver you this letter, adorned with our imperial ſeal, be perſuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions therein contained, viz. that though we had propoſed once more to march our ever-victorious army againſt the czar; yet that prince, in order to avoid the juſt reſentment which we had conceived at his delaying to execute the treaty concluded on the banks of the Pruth, and afterwards renewed at our ſublime Porte, having ſurrendered into our hands the caſtle and city of Azoph, and endeavoured by the mediation of the Engliſh and Dutch ambaſſadors, our ancient allies, to cultivate a laſting peace with us, we have granted his requeſt, and delivered to his plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hoſtages, our imperial ratification, after having received his from their hands.

"We have given to the moſt honourable and valiant Delvet Gherai, kam of Budziack, Crim Tartary, Nagay, and Circaſſia, and to our moſt ſage counſellor and noble ſeraſquier of Bender, Iſmael, (whom God preſerve and increaſe their magnificence and wiſdom.) our inviolable and ſalutary orders for your return through Poland, according to your firſt intention, which hath again been repreſented to us in your name. You muſt, therefore, prepare to ſet out next winter under the protection of providence, and with an honourable guard, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to paſs through thoſe of Poland in a friendly manner.

"Whatever is neceſſary for your journey ſhall be furniſhed you by my ſublime Porte, as well in money as in men, horſes, and waggons. Above all things, we adviſe and exhort you to give the moſt diſtinct and expreſs orders to all the Swedes, and

and other perſons in your retinue, to commit no outrage, nor to be guilty of any action that may tend either directly or indirectly to break this peace and alliance.

"By theſe means you will preſerve our good-will, of which we ſhall endeavour to give you as great and as frequent proofs as we ſhall have opportunities. The troops deſigned to attend you ſhall receive orders agreeable to our imperial intentions."

Given at our ſublime Porte of Conſtantinople, the fourteenth of the moon Rebyul Eurech, 1214, which anſwers to the nineteenth of April, 1712.

This letter did not deprive the king of Sweden of all hopes. He wrote to the ſultan, that he ſhould ever retain a grateful remembrance of the favours his highneſs had beſtowed upon him; but that he believed the ſultan was too juſt to ſend him back with the ſimple guard of a flying camp into a country that ſtill ſwarmed with the czar's troops. And indeed the emperor of Ruſſia, notwithſtanding the firſt article of the treaty of Pruth, by which he was obliged to withdraw all his troops from Poland, had ſent freſh ones into that kingdom; and it is ſomewhat ſurpriſing that the grand ſignior ſhould be ignorant of this particular.

The bad policy of the Porte, in being ſo much guided by the motives of vanity as to allow Chriſtian princes to have ambaſſadors at Conſtantinople, without ever ſending a ſingle agent to any Chriſtian court, gives the latter an opportunity of diſcovering, and ſometimes of directing the

moſt ſecret reſolutions of the ſultan, and keeps the divan in a profound ignorance of what paſſes in the Chriſtian world.

The ſultan, ſhut up in his ſeraglio among his women and eunuchs, can only ſee with the eyes of his grand vizier. That miniſter, as inacceſſible as his maſter, his time wholly engroſſed with the intrigues of his ſeraglio, and having no foreign correſpondence, is commonly deceived himſelf, or elſe deceives the ſultan, who depoſes or cauſes him to be ſtrangled for the firſt offence, in order to chuſe another miniſter as ignorant or as perfidious, who behaves like his predeceſſors, and ſoon ſhares the ſame fate.

So great, for the moſt part, is the inactivity and ſupine negligence of this court, that were the Chriſtian princes to combine againſt it, their fleets might be at the Dardanelles, and their land forces at the gates of Adrianople, before the Turks would think of taking any meaſures for their defence; but their jarring intereſts, that muſt ever divide the Chriſtian world, will preſerve the Turks from a fate to which they ſeem at preſent expoſed, by their want of policy, and by their ignorance of the art of war, both by ſea and land.

So little was Achmet acquainted with what paſſed in Poland, that he ſent an aga to enquire whether, in reality, the czar's troops were ſtill in that country. The aga was accompanied by two ſecretaries of the king of Sweden, who underſtood the Turkiſh language, and were to ſerve as evidences againſt him, in caſe he ſhould give in a falſe report.

The aga ſaw the Ruſſian forces with his own eyes, and informed the ſultan of every particular.

Achmet, fired with indignation, was going to ſtrangle the grand vizier; but the favourite, who protected him, and who thought he ſhould have farther occaſion for him, obtained his pardon, and ſupported him ſome time longer in the miniſtry.

The cauſe of the Ruſſians was openly eſpouſed by the vizier, and ſecretly favoured by Ali Coumourgi, who had changed ſides. But the ſultan was ſo provoked, the infraction of the treaty was ſo manifeſt, and the janiſſaries, who often make the miniſters, the favourites, and even the ſultans tremble, called out for war with ſo much importunity, that no one in the ſeraglio durſt offer a more moderate propoſal.

The grand ſeignior immediately committed to the Seven Towers the Ruſſian ambaſſadors, who were already as much accuſtomed to go to priſon as to an audience. War was declared afreſh againſt the czar, the horſes tails were diſplayed, and orders were given to all the baſhas to aſſemble an army of two hundred thouſand men. The ſultan himſelf quitted Conſtantinople, and fixed his court at Adrianople, that he might be ſo much the nearer to the ſeat of the war.

Mean while a ſolemn embaſſy, ſent to the grand ſeignior by Auguſtus and the republic of Poland, was upon the road to Adrianople. The palatine of Maſſovia was at the head of this embaſſy, with a retinue of above three hundred perſons.

All the members of the embaſſy were ſeized and impriſoned in one of the ſuburbs of the city. Never was the king of Sweden's party more highly flattered than on this occaſion; and yet theſe great preparations were rendered abortive, and all their hopes were again diſappointed.

If we may believe a public miniſter, a man of ſagacity and penetration, who then reſided at Conſtantinople, young Coumourgi had already formed other deſigns than that of diſputing a deſert country with the czar, by a war, the event of which muſt have been ſo uncertain. He had reſolved to ſtrip the Venetians of Peloponneſus, now called the Morea, and to make himſelf maſter of Hungary.

Theſe grand projects he propoſed to carry into execution, as ſoon as he ſhould have attained the poſt of prime vizier, from which he was ſtill excluded on account of his youth. In this view it was more for his advantage to be the ally than the enemy of the czar. It was neither his intereſt nor his inclination to keep the king of Sweden any longer; and much leſs to arm the Turkiſh empire in his favour. He not only reſolved to diſmiſs that prince, but he openly declared that, for the future, no Chriſtian miniſter ſhould be allowed to reſide at Conſtantinople; that all the common ambaſſadors were, at beſt, but honourable ſpies, who corrupted or betrayed the viziers, and had too long influenced the intrigues of the ſeraglio; and that the Franks ſettled at Peſa and in the ſea-ports of the Levant, were merchants, who needed a conſul only, and not an ambaſſador. The grand vizier, who owed his poſt and even his life to the favourite, and who beſides ſtood greatly in awe of him, complied with his intentions with ſo much the more alacrity, as he had ſold himſelf to the Ruſſians, and hoped by this means to be revenged on the king of Sweden, who had endeavoured to ruin him. The mufti, a creature of Ali Coumourgi, was likewiſe an abſolute ſlave to his will. He had been a keen

advocate

advocate for a war with Ruſſia, when the favourite was of that opinion; but the moment Coumourgi changed his mind, he pronounced it to be unjuſt. Thus the army was hardly aſſembled when they began to liſten to propoſals of peace. The vice-chancellor, Shaffirof, and young Czeremetof, the czar's hoſtages and plenipotentiaries at the Porte, promiſed, after ſeveral negociations, that their maſter ſhould withdraw his troops from Poland. The grand vizier, who well knew that the czar would never execute this treaty, made no ſcruple to ſign it; and the ſultan, ſatisfied with having, though only in appearance, impoſed laws upon the Ruſſians, continued ſtill at Adrianople. Thus, in leſs than ſix months, peace was ratified with the czar, war declared, and peace renewed again.

The chief article of all theſe treaties was to oblige the king of Sweden to depart. The ſultan was unwilling to endanger his own honour, and that of the Ottoman empire, by expoſing the king to the riſk of being taken by his enemies on the road. It was ſtipulated that he ſhould depart; but only on condition that the ambaſſadors of Poland and Muſcovy ſhould be reſponſible for the ſafety of his perſon. Accordingly theſe ambaſſadors ſwore, in name of their maſters, that neither the czar nor the king of Poland ſhould moleſt him in his journey; and Charles was to engage, on his ſide, that he would not attempt to excite any commotions in Poland. The divan having thus ſettled the fate of Charles, Iſmael, ſeraſquier of Bender, repaired to Vernitza, where the king was encamped, and acquainted him with the reſolutions of the Porte, inſinuating to him with great polite-

politeneſs, that there was no time for any longer delay, but that he muſt neceſſarily depart.

Charles made no other anſwer than this, that the grand ſeignior had promiſed him an army, and not a guard; and that kings ought to keep their word.

Mean while general Fleming, the miniſter and favourite of Auguſtus, maintained a ſecret correſpondence with the kam of Tartary and the feraſquier of Bender. La Mare, a French gentleman, a colonel in the ſervice of Saxony, had made ſeveral journies from Bender to Dreſden; and all theſe journies were ſtrongly ſuſpected.

At this very time, the king of Sweden cauſed a courier, whom Fleming had ſent to the Tartarian prince, to be arreſted on the frontiers of Walachia. The letters were brought to him, and decyphered; and from them it clearly appeared that a correſpondence was carried on between the Tartars and the court of Dreſden; but the letters were conceived in ſuch ambiguous and general terms, that it was difficult to diſcover, whether the intention of Auguſtus was only to detach the Turks from the intereſt of Sweden, or if he meant that the kam ſhould deliver Charles to the Saxons as he conducted him back to Poland.

We can hardly imagine that a prince ſo generous as Auguſtus, would, by ſeizing the perſon of the king of Sweden, endanger the lives of his ambaſſadors, and of three hundred Poliſh gentlemen, who were detained at Adrianople as pledges for Charles's ſafety.

But it is well known, on the other hand, that Fleming, the miniſter of Auguſtus, and who had an abſolute power over his maſter, was a man devoid

devoid of every principle of virtue or honour. The injuries which the elector had received from the king of Sweden might ſeem to excuſe any kind of revenge; and it might be thought, that, if the court of Dreſden could buy Charles from the kam of Tartary, they would find it no difficult matter to purchaſe the liberty of the Poliſh hoſtages at the Ottoman Porte.

Theſe reaſons were carefully canvaſſed by the king, Mullern his privy chancellor, and Grothuſen his favourite. They read the letters again and again; and their unhappy condition making them more ſuſpicious, they reſolved to believe the worſt.

A few days after the king was confirmed in his ſuſpicions by the ſudden departure of count Sapieha, who had taken refuge with him, and now left him abruptly, in order to go to Poland to throw himſelf into the arms of Auguſtus. Upon any other occaſion he would have conſidered Sapieha only as a malecontent; but in his preſent delicate ſituation he at once concluded him to be a traitor. The repeated importunities with which he was preſſed to depart converted his ſuſpicions into certainty. The inflexible obſtinacy of his temper co-operating with theſe circumſtances, confirmed him in the opinion that they intended to betray him and deliver him up to his enemies, though this plot hath never been fully proved.

Perhaps he was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that Auguſtus had made a bargain with the Tartars for his perſon; but he was much more deceived in relying on the aſſiſtance of the Ottoman court. Be that as it will, he reſolved to gain time.

He told the baſha of Bender, that he could not depart till he had received money to diſcharge his

debts;

debts; for though his thaïm had for a long time been duly paid, his unbounded liberality had always obliged him to borrow. The baſha asked him how much he wanted? The king replied, at a venture, a thouſand purſes, amounting to fifteen hundred thouſand livres, full weight. The baſha acquainted the Porte with his requeſt. The ſultan, inſtead of a thouſand purſes which Charles had required, granted him twelve hundred, and wrote the baſha the following letter:

The Grand Seignior's Letter to the Baſha of BENDER.

"The deſign of this imperial letter is to acquaint you, that upon your repreſentation and requeſt, and upon that of the moſt noble Delvet Gherai Kam, to our ſublime Porte, our imperial munificence hath granted a thouſand purſes to the king of Sweden, which ſhall be ſent to Bender under the care and conduct of the moſt illuſtrious Mehemet Baſha, formerly Chiaoux Pachi, to remain in your cuſtody till the departure of the king of Sweden, whoſe ſteps may God direct, and then to be given him, together with two hundred purſes more, as an overplus of our imperial liberality, above what he demands.

"With regard to the route of Poland, which he is reſolved to take, you and the kam, who are to attend him, ſhall be careful to purſue ſuch wiſe and prudent meaſures, as may, during the whole journey, prevent the troops under your command, as well as thoſe of the king of Sweden, from committing any outrage, or being guilty of any action that may be deemed a violation of the peace which ſtill ſubſiſts between our ſublime Porte and the kingdom

kingdom and republic of Poland; ſo that the king may paſs in a friendly manner under our protection.

"By doing this, (which you muſt expreſſly require him to do) he will receive from the Poles all the honour and reſpect that is due to his majeſty; as we have been aſſured by the ambaſſadors of Auguſtus and the republic, who, on this condition, have even offered themſelves, together with ſeveral others of the Poliſh nobility, if required, as hoſtages for the ſecurity of his paſſage.

"When the time which you and the moſt noble Delvet Gherai ſhall fix for the march, is come, you ſhall put yourſelf at the head of your brave ſoldiers, among whom ſhall be the Tartars, headed by the kam, and you ſhall conduct the king of Sweden and his men.

"And may it pleaſe the only God, the Almighty, to direct your ſteps and theirs. The baſha of Aulos ſhall continue at Bender with a regiment of Spahis and another of janiſſaries, to defend it in your abſence. And in following our imperial orders and intentions, in all theſe points and articles, you will deſerve the continuance of our imperial favour, as well as the praiſe and recompence due to all thoſe who obſerve them.

"Done at our imperial reſidence of Conſtantinople, the 2d of the moon Cheval, 1214 of the Hegira."

While they were waiting for this anſwer from the grand ſeignior, Charles wrote to the Porte, complaining of the treachery of which he ſuſpected the kam of Tartary to be guilty; but all the paſſages were well guarded, and beſides, the miniſter

niſter was againſt him, ſo that his letters never reached the ſultan. Nay, the vizier would not allow M. Deſaleurs to come to Adrianople, where the Porte then was, leſt that miniſter, who was an agent of the king of Sweden, ſhould endeavour to diſconcert the plan he had formed for obliging him to depart.

Charles, enraged to ſee himſelf thus hunted, as it were, from the grand ſeignior's dominions, reſolved not to quit them at all.

He might have deſired to return through Germany, or to take ſhipping on the Black Sea, in order to ſail to Marſeilles by the Mediterranean, but he rather choſe to ask nothing, and to wait the event.

When the twelve hundred purſes were arrived, his treaſurer Grothuſen, who, during his long abode in Turky, had learned the language of the country, went to wait upon the baſha without an interpreter, hoping to draw the money from him, and afterwards to form ſome new intrigue at the Porte, fooliſhly ſuppoſing, as he always did, that the Swediſh party would at laſt be able to arm the Ottoman empire againſt the czar.

Grothuſen told the baſha, that the king could not get ready his equipages without money: "But (ſaid the baſha) we ſhall defray all the expences of your departure; your maſter ſhall be at no charge while he continues under my protection."

Grothuſen replied, that the difference between the equipages of the Turks and thoſe of the Franks was ſo great, that they were obliged to apply to the Swediſh and Poliſh artificers at Varnitza.

He

He aſſured him that his maſter was willing to depart, and that this money would facilitate and haſten his departure. The too credulous baſha gave the twelve hundred purſes, and a few days after came to the king, and, in a moſt reſpectful manner, begged to receive his orders for his departure.

He was extremely ſurpriſed when the king told him he was not yet ready to go, and that he wanted a thouſand purſes more. The baſha, confounded at this anſwer, ſtood ſpeechleſs for a moment; then retiring to a window, he was obſerved to ſhed ſome tears. At laſt, addreſſing himſelf to the king; "I ſhall loſe my head (ſays he) for having obliged your majeſty: I have given you the twelve hundred purſes againſt the expreſs orders of my ſovereign." So ſaying, he took his leave with a dejected countenance.

The king ſtopped him, and ſaid that he would make an excuſe for him to the ſultan. "Ah! (replied the Turk, as he was going away) my maſter can puniſh faults, but cannot excuſe them."

Iſmael Baſha carried this piece of news to the kam, who having received the ſame orders with the baſha, not to ſuffer the twelve hundred purſes to be given to the king before his departure, and having conſented to the delivery of the money, was as apprehenſive as the baſha, of the grand ſeignior's indignation. They both wrote to the Porte in their own vindication, proteſting they did not give the twelve hundred purſes, but upon a ſolemn promiſe from the king's miniſter that he would depart without delay, and beſeeching his highneſs not to impute the king's refuſal to their diſobedience.

Charles

Charles, ſtill perſiſting in the belief that the kam and baſha meaned to deliver him up to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, who was then his envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints againſt them before the ſultan, and to ask a thouſand purſes more. His great generoſity, and the little account he made of money, hindered him from perceiving the meanneſs of this propoſal. He did it with a view to be refuſed, and in order to find a freſh pretext for delaying his departure. But a man muſt be reduced to ſtrange extremities, to ſtand in need of ſuch artifices. Savari, his interpreter, an artful and enterprizing man, carried the letter to Adrianople, in ſpight of all the care which the grand vizier had taken to guard the paſſes.

Funk was obliged to preſent this dangerous requeſt. All the anſwer he received was to be thrown into priſon. The ſultan, in a paſſion, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very ſeldom happens, ſpoke himſelf on the occaſion. His ſpeech, according to the tranſlation which was then made of it, was conceived in the following terms:

"I hardly ever knew the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by the application he made to me to grant him an aſylum in my dominions. I have not, I believe, any need of him, nor any reaſon either to love or fear him. Nevertheleſs, without conſulting any other motives than the hoſpitality of a Muſſulman, and my own generoſity, which ſheds the dew of its favours upon the great as well as the ſmall, upon ſtrangers as well as my own ſubjects, I have received and aſ*ſiſted him, his* miniſters, officers, and ſoldiers, and,

and, for the ſpace of three years and an half, have continued to load him with preſents.

" I have granted him a conſiderable guard to conduct him back to his own kingdom. He asked a thouſand purſes to defray ſome expences, tho' I pay them all. Inſtead of a thouſand, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got theſe out of the hands of the ſeraſquier of Bender, he asks a thouſand purſes more, and refuſes to depart, under pretence that the guard is too ſmall, whereas, in fact, it is but too large to paſs thro' the country of a friend.

" I ask you then, whether it be a violation of the laws of hoſpitality, to ſend back this prince; and whether foreign powers ought to accuſe me of cruelty and injuſtice, in caſe I ſhould be obliged to compel him to depart." All the members of the divan anſwered, that ſuch a conduct would be conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of juſtice.

The mufti declared that Muſſulmans were not bound to ſhew any hoſpitality to infidels, and much leſs to the ungrateful; and he gave his fetfa, a kind of mandate which commonly accompanies the important orders of the grand ſeignior. Theſe fetfas are revered as oracles, though the perſons by whom they are given are as much ſlaves to the ſultan as any others.

The order and the fetfa were carried to Bender by the bouyouk Imraour, grand-maſter of the horſe, and a Chiaou baſha, firſt uſher. The baſha of Bender received the order at the lodgings of the kam of Tartary; from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to aſk the king whether he would depart in a friendly manner, or lay him under the neceſſity of executing the ſultan's *orders.*

Charles

Charles XII. being thus menaced, could not reſtrain his paſſion. "Obey your maſter, if you dare, (ſays he to the baſha) and leave my preſence immediately." The baſha, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the common cuſtom of the Turks; and meeting Fabricius by the way, he called out to him, without halting; "The king will not liſten to reaſon; you will ſee ſtrange things preſently." The ſame day he diſcontinued the ſupply of the king's proviſions, and removed the guard of janiſſaries. He cauſed intimation to be made to the Poles and Coſſacks at Varnitza, that, if they had a mind to have any proviſions, they muſt quit the king of Sweden's camp, repair to Bender, and put themſelves under the protection of the Porte. Theſe orders were readily obeyed by all, and the king was left without any other attendants than the officers of his houſhold, and three hundred Swediſh ſoldiers, to make head againſt twenty thouſand Tartars, and ſix thouſand Turks.

There was now no proviſion in the camp either for man or horſe. The king ordered twenty of the fine Arabian horſes, which had been ſent him by the grand ſeignior, to be ſhot without the camp, adding, "I will have none of their proviſions nor their horſes." This was an excellent feaſt to the Tartars, who, as all the world knows, think horſe fleſh delicious fare. Mean while the Turks and Tartars inveſted the king's little camp on all ſides.

Charles, without the leaſt diſcompoſure, ordered his three hundred Swedes to raiſe regular intrenchments, in which work he himſelf aſſiſted; as did likewiſe his chancellor, his treaſurer, his ſecretaries, his valets de chambre, and all his domeſticks.

ticks. Some barricadoed the windows, and others faſtened beams behind the doors, in the form of buttreſſes.

After the houſe was ſufficiently barricadoed, and the king had rode round his pretended fortifications, he ſat down to cheſs with his favourite Grothuſen, with as much tranquillity as if every thing had been perfectly ſafe and ſecure. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holſtein, did not lodge at Varnitza, but at a ſmall village between Vernitza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the Engliſh envoy to the king of Sweden, likewiſe reſided. Theſe two miniſters, ſeeing the ſtorm ready to burſt, undertook the office of mediators between the king and the Turks. The kam, and eſpecially the baſha of Bender, who had no inclination to offer any violence to the Swediſh monarch, received the offers of theſe two miniſters with great ſatisfaction. They had two conferences at Bender, in which the uſher of the ſeraglio, and the grand maſter of the horſe, who had brought the ſultan's order, and the mufti's fetfa aſſiſted.

M. Fabricius * declared to them that his Swediſh majeſty had good reaſon to believe that they deſigned to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the baſha, and all the reſt, ſwore by their heads, and called God to witneſs, that they deteſted ſuch a horrible piece of treachery; and that they would ſhed the laſt drop of their blood rather than ſuffer even the leaſt diſreſpect to be ſhewn to the king in Poland; adding, that they had in their hands the Ruſſian and Poliſh ambaſſadors, whoſe lives ſhould be anſwerable for any

* The whole of this account is related by M. Fabricius in his letters.

affront

affront that ſhould be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king ſhould entertain ſuch injurious ſuſpicions of thoſe who had received and treated him with ſo much humanity and politeneſs.

Though oaths are frequently the language of treachery, Fabricius could not help being convinced of their ſincerity. He thought he could diſcern in their proteſtations ſuch an air of veracity as falſehood can, at beſt, but imperfectly imitate. He was ſenſible there had been a ſecret correſpondence between the kam of Tartary and Auguſtus; but he was firmly perſuaded, that the only end of their negociation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand ſeignor. Whether Fabricius was miſtaken or not, he aſſured them, he would repreſent to the king the injuſtice of his ſuſpicions. "But, adds he, do you intend to compel him to depart?" "Yes, ſays the Baſha, for ſuch are the orders of our maſter." He then entreated them to conſider ſeriouſly whether that order implied that they ſhould ſhed the blood of a crowned head. "Yes, replies the kam, in a paſſion, if that crowned head diſobeys the grand ſeignior in his own dominions."

In the mean time, every thing being ready for the aſſault, the death of Charles XII. ſeemed inevitable. But as the ſultan had not given them poſitive orders to kill him in caſe of reſiſtance, the baſha prevailed upon the kam to let him diſpatch an expreſs to Adrianople, where the grand ſeignior then reſided, to receive the laſt orders of his highneſs.

Mr. Jeffreys, and M. Fabricius having procured this ſhort reſpite, haſtened to acquaint the king with

with it. They came with all the eagerneſs of people who bring good news; but were received very coldly. He called them unſollicited mediators, and ſtill perſiſted in the belief that the ſultan's order and the mufti's fetfa were both forged, inaſmuch as they had ſent to the Porte for freſh orders.

The Engliſh miniſter retired, with a firm reſolution to interfere no more in the affairs of a prince ſo very obſtinate and inflexible. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accuſtomed to his humour than the Engliſh miniſter, remained with him, and earneſtly entreated him not to hazard ſo precious a life on ſuch an unneceſſary occaſion.

For anſwer, the king ſhewed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his good offices in procuring him ſome proviſions. The Turks were eaſily prevailed upon to allow proviſions to be conveyed to the king's camp, until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himſelf had ſtrictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt againſt the Swedes till the arrival of freſh orders; ſo that Charles XII. went ſometimes out of his camp with forty horſe, and rode through the midſt of the Tartars, who, with great reſpect, left him a free paſſage. He even marched directly up to their lines, which, inſtead of reſiſting, readily opened and allowed him to paſs.

At laſt, the order of the grand ſeignior being come, to put to the ſword all the Swedes that ſhould make the leaſt reſiſtance, and not even to ſpare the life of the king, the baſha had the complaiſance to ſhew the order to M. Fabricius, with a view of inducing him to make his laſt ef-

ſort to bend, if poſſible, the obſtinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with theſe ſad tidings. "Have you ſeen the order you mention, ſaid the king?" "I have," replied Fabricius. "Well then, go tell them in my name, that this ſecond order is another forgery of theirs, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himſelf at his feet, fell into a paſſion, and reproached him with his obſtinacy; but all to no purpoſe. "Go back to your Turks, ſaid the king to him, ſmiling; if they attack me, I know how to defend myſelf." The king's chaplains likewiſe fell upon their knees before him, conjuring him not to expoſe to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and eſpecially his own ſacred perſon; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that reſiſtance in ſuch a caſe was altogether unjuſtifiable; and that it was a direct violation of all the laws of hoſpitality, to reſolve to continue with ſtrangers againſt their will; eſpecially with thoſe ſtrangers who had ſo long and ſo generouſly ſupported him." The king, who had heard Fabricius with great patience, fell into a paſſion with his prieſts, and told them, that he had taken them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

The generals Hord and Dardoff, who had always declared againſt hazarding a battle which could not fail to be attended with fatal conſequences, ſhewed the king their breaſts covered with wounds, which they had received in his ſervice; and aſſuring him that they were ready to lay down their lives for his ſake, begged that it *might* be, at leaſt, upon a more neceſſary occaſion. "*I know*, ſays Charles XII. by your wounds and *by my own*, that we have fought valiantly together.

gether. You have hitherto done your duty, do it to-day likewiſe." Nothing now remained but to pay an implicit obedience to the king's command. Every one was aſhamed not to court death with their ſovereign. Charles, being now prepared for the aſſault, enjoyed in ſecret the pleaſing thoughts that he ſhould have the honour of ſuſtaining with three hundred Swedes the united efforts of a whole army. He aſſigned to every man his poſt. His chancellor, Mullern, and the ſecretary, Empreus, and his clerks, were to defend the chancery-houſe; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, was ſtationed in another poſt. A third place was to be guarded by the grooms of the ſtable, and the cooks; for with him every one was a ſoldier. He rode from the intrenchments to his houſe, promiſing rewards to every one, creating officers, and aſſuring them that he would exalt the very meaneſt of his ſervants who ſhould fight with courage and reſolution, to the dignity of captains.

It was not long before they beheld the combined army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little camp with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horſes tails waved in the air; the clarions ſounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on all ſides. Baron Grothuſen obſerving that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections on the king, but only called him "Demirbaſh," i. e. head of Iron, he inſtantly reſolved to go out of the camp alone and unarmed; and having accordingly advanced to the lines of the janiſſaries, moſt of whom had received money from him: "What then, my friends, ſays he to them, in their own *language, are you come* to maſſacre three hundred

fenceleſs Swedes? you brave janiſſaries, who pardoned an hundred thouſand Ruſſians upon their crying "Amman," i. e. pardon, have you forgot the many favours you have received from us? and would you aſſaſſinate that great king of Sweden for whom you have ſo great a regard, and from whom you have received ſo many preſents? All he aſks, my friends, is but the ſpace of three days; and the ſultan's orders are not ſo ſtrict as you are made to believe."

Theſe words produced an effect which Grothuſen himſelf could little have expected. The janiſſaries ſwore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would grant him the three days he demanded. In vain was the ſignal given for the aſſault. The janiſſaries were ſo far from obeying, that they threatened to fall upon their leaders, unleſs they would conſent to grant three days to the king of Sweden. They came to the baſha of Bender's tent, crying out that the ſultan's orders were fictitious. To this unexpected ſedition the baſha had nothing to oppoſe but patience.

He affected to be pleaſed with the generous reſolution of the janiſſaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, a man of headſtrong and impetuous paſſions, would have given the aſſault immediately with his own troops: but the baſha, unwilling that the Tartars ſhould have all the honour of taking the king, while himſelf perhaps might be puniſhed for the diſobedience of the janiſſaries, perſuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

On his return to Bender, the baſha aſſembled all the officers of the janiſſaries, and the oldeſt ſoldiers, to whom he both read and ſhewed the ſul-

ſultan's poſitive orders, and the mufti's fetfa. Sixty of the oldeſt of them, with venerable grey beards, who had received a thouſand preſents from the king's hands, propoſed to go to him in perſon, to intreat him to put himſelf into their hands, and to permit them to ſerve him as guards.

The baſha agreed to the propoſal, as indeed there was no expedient he would not willingly have tried, rather than be reduced to the neceſſity of killing the king. Accordingly theſe ſixty veterans repaired next morning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms which the janiſſaries wear, unleſs when they are going to fight; for the Turks conſider the Chriſtian cuſtom of carrying ſwords in time of peace, and of entering armed into churches and the houſes of their friends, as a barbarous practice.

They addreſſed themſelves to baron Grothuſen, and chancellor Mullern. They told them that they were come with a view to ſerve as faithful guards to the king; and that if he pleaſed they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might have a perſonal interview with the grand ſeignor. While they were making this propoſal, the king read the letters which were brought from Conſtantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in perſon, had ſent him privately by a janiſſary. Theſe letters were from count Poniatowſky, who could neither ſerve him at Bender nor Adrianople, having been detained at Conſtantinople by order of the Porte, ever ſince the time of his making the imprudent demand of a thouſand purſes. He told the king that the ſultan's orders to ſeize or maſſacre his

royal perſon in caſe of reſiſtance, were but too true; that indeed the ſultan was impoſed upon by his miniſters; but the more he was impoſed upon, he would, for that very reaſon, be the more faithfully obeyed: that he muſt ſubmit to the times, and yield to neceſſity: that he took the liberty to adviſe him to try every expedient with the miniſters by way of negociations; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentleſt management; and to expect from time and good policy a cure of that evil, which by raſh and violent meaſures would be only rendered incurable.

But neither the propoſal of the old janiſſaries, nor Poniatowſky's letters could convince the king that it was conſiſtent with his honour to yield. He rather choſe to periſh by the hands of the Turks, than in any reſpect to be made a priſoner. He diſmiſſed the janiſſaries without condeſcending to ſee them, and ſent them word, that if they did not immediately depart, he would ſhave their beards for them; an affront which in the eaſtern countries is conſidered as the moſt intolerable of all others.

The old men, filled with the higheſt indignation, returned home, crying out as they went, "Ah this head of iron! ſince he will periſh, let him periſh." They gave the baſha an account of their commiſſion, and informed their comrades at Bender of the ſtrange reception they had met with; upon which they all ſwore to obey the baſha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to go to the aſſault as they had been averſe to it the day before.

The word of command was immediately given. The Turks marched up to the fortifications: the Tar-

Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The janiſſaries on the one ſide, and the Tartars on the other, inſtantly forced the little camp. Hardly had twenty Swedes time to draw their ſwords when the whole three hundred were ſurrounded and taken priſoners without reſiſtance. The king was then on horſeback, between his houſe and his camp, with the generals Hord, Dardoff, and Sparre; and ſeeing that all his ſoldiers had ſuffered themſelves to be taken priſoners before his eyes, he ſaid, with great compoſure, to theſe three officers, "Come, let us go and defend the houſe; we will fight, adds he, with a ſmile, *pro aris & focis.*"

Accordingly, accompanied by theſe three generals, he forthwith gallops up to the houſe, in which he had placed about forty domeſticks as centinels, and which he had fortified in the beſt manner he could.

The generals, accuſtomed as they were, to the dauntleſs intrepidity of their maſter, could not help being ſurpriſed to ſee him reſolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleaſantry, to defend himſelf againſt ten pieces of cannon, and a whole army: nevertheleſs they followed him, with ſome guards and domeſtics, making in all about twenty perſons.

When they came to the door, they found it beſet by the janiſſaries. Beſides, two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and made themſelves maſters of all the apartments, except a large hall where the king's domeſticks had retired. Happily this hall was near the door at which the king deſigned to enter with his little troop of twenty perſons. He threw

himſelf off his horſe with piſtol and ſword in hand, and his followers did the ſame.

The janiſſaries fell upon him on all ſides. They were animated with the promiſe which the baſha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every man who ſhould only touch his cloaths, in caſe they could take him. He wounded and killed all thoſe who came near him. A janiſſary whom he wounded, clapped his blunderbuſs to his face, and had he not been joſtled by the arm of a Turk, owing to the croud that moved backwards and forwards, like waves, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his noſe, and carried off part of his ear, and then broke the arm of general Hord, whoſe conſtant fate it was to be wounded by his maſter's ſide.

The king plunged his ſword in the janiſſary's breaſt. At the ſame time, his domeſtics, who were ſhut up in the great hall, open the door to him. The king, with his little troop, ſprings in like an arrow. They inſtantly ſhut the door, and barricade it with whatever they can find. Thus was Charles XII. ſhut up in this hall with all his attendants, conſiſting of about ſixty men, officers, guards, ſecretaries, valets de chambre, and domeſticks of every kind.

The janiſſaries and Tartars pillaged the reſt of the houſe, and filled the apartments. "Come, ſays the king, let us go and drive out theſe barbarians;" and putting himſelf at the head of his men, he with his own hands opens the door of the hall that leads to his bed-chamber, ruſhes into the room and fires upon the plunderers.

The Turks, loaded with ſpoil, and terrified *at the ſudden* appearance of the king, whom they *had ever* been accuſtomed to reſpect, threw down

down their arms, leap out of the window, or fly to the cellars. The king taking advantage of their confuſion, and his own men being animated by the ſucceſs of this attempt, they purſue the Turks from chamber to chamber; kill or wound thoſe who had not made their eſcape; and in a quarter of an hour clear the houſe of the enemy.

In the heat of the fight the king perceived two janiſſaries who lay concealed under his bed, one of them he ſtabbed with his ſword, the other aſked pardon, by crying "Amman." "I give you your life, ſays the king to him, on this condition, that you go and give the baſha a faithful account of what you have ſeen." The Turk readily promiſed to do as he was bid, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the reſt.

The Swedes, having at laſt made themſelves maſters of the houſe, again ſhut and barricadoed the windows. They were in no want of arms. A ground-room full of muſkets and powder had eſcaped the tumultuary ſearch of the janiſſaries. Theſe they employed to good purpoſe. They fired through the windows almoſt cloſe upon the Turks, of whom, in leſs than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred. The cannon ſtill played upon the houſe; but the ſtones being very ſoft, there were only ſome holes made in the walls, and nothing was demoliſhed.

The kam of Tartary, and the baſha, who were deſirous of taking the king alive, being aſhamed to loſe ſo many men, and to employ a whole army againſt ſixty perſons, thought it moſt adviſeable to ſet fire to the houſe, in order to oblige the king to ſurrender. They ordered ſome arrows twiſted about with lighted matches, to be ſhot

the roof, and againſt the doors and windows. In a moment the houſe was in flames. The roof all on fire was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmneſs, gave orders to extinguiſh the fire. Finding a ſmall barrel full of liquor, he took it up, and being aſſiſted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was moſt violent. At laſt he recollected that the barrel was full of brandy; but the hurry inſeparable from ſuch a ſcene of confuſion, hindered him from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury. The king's apartment was reduced to aſhes. The great hall where the Swedes were was filled with a terrible ſmoke, mixed with ſheets of flame, that darted in at the doors of the neighbouring apartments. One half of the roof ſunk within the houſe, the other fell on the outſide, cracking amidſt the flames.

In this extremity, a centinel called Walberg, ventured to cry, that there was a neceſſity for ſurrendering. "What a ſtrange man is this, ſays the king, to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken priſoner!" Another centinel, named Roſen, had the preſence of mind to obſerve, that the chancery-houſe, which was not above fifty paces diſtant, had a ſtone roof, and was proof againſt fire; that they ought to ſally forth, take poſſeſſion of that houſe, and then defend themſelves to the laſt extremity. "There is a true Swede for you," cries the king, and embracing the centinel, he made him a colonel upon the ſpot. "Come on, my friends, ſays he, take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take poſſeſſion of the chancery, ſword in hand.

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The Turks, who all the while ſurrounded the houſe, were ſtruck with fear and admiration, to ſee the Swedes continue in it, notwithſtanding it was all in flames; but their aſtoniſhment was greatly increaſed when they ſaw the doors opened, and the king and his followers ruſhing out upon them like ſo many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with ſword and piſtol. Every man fired two piſtols at once, the moment the doors were opened; and in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their piſtols, and drawing their ſwords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces. But in a moment after, this little troop was ſurrounded. The king, who was booted, as uſual, entangled himſelf with his ſpurs, and fell. One and twenty janiſſaries at once ſpring upon him. He throws up his ſword into the air, to ſave himſelf the mortification of ſurrendering it. The Turks bear him to the baſha's quarters, ſome taking hold of his arms, and others of his legs, in the ſame manner as ſick perſons are wont to be carried, in order to prevent their being hurt.

No ſooner did the king ſee himſelf in their hands, than the violence of his temper, and the fury which ſuch a long and deſperate fight muſt have naturally inſpired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behaviour: not one word of impatience dropped from his lips; not one angry look was to be ſeen in his face. He eyed the janiſſaries with a ſmiling countenance, and they carried him off crying "Alla," with a mixture of reſpect and indignation. His officers were taken at the ſame time and ſtripped by the Turks and Tartars. It was on the

twelfth of February 1713, that this ſtrange event happened; an event that was followed with very remarkable conſequences*.

* M. Norberg, who was not preſent at this adventure, hath in this particular part of his hiſtory, only copied the account of M. de Voltaire; but he has mangled it: he hath ſuppreſſed ſome intereſting circumſtances, and has not been able to juſtify the temerity of Charles XII. All that he hath been able to advance againſt M. de Voltaire with regard to the affair of Bender, is reduceable to the adventure of the ſieur Fredericus, valet de chambre to the king of Sweden, who, according to ſome, was burnt in the king's houſe, and according to others, was cut in two by the Tartars. La Motraye alledges likewiſe, that the king of Sweden did not uſe theſe words, "We will fight *pro aris & focis.*" But M. Fabricius, who was preſent, affirms, that the king did pronounce theſe words; that La Motraye was not near enough to hear them; and that if he had, he was not capable of comprehending their meaning, as he did not underſtand a word of Latin.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLES XII. KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK VII.

THE CONTENTS.

The TURKS convey CHARLES to DEMIRTASH. King STANISLAUS is taken at the ſame time. Bold Undertaking of M. de VILLELONGUE. Revolutions in the Seraglio. Battle in POMERANIA. ALTENA burnt by the SWEDES. CHARLES at laſt ſets out on his Return to his own Dominions: His ſtrange Manner of travelling: His Arrival at STRALSUND: His Misfortunes. Succeſſes of PETER the GREAT: His triumphant Entry into PETERSBURG.

THE baſha of Bender, with great gravity, waited for Charles in his tent, attended by one Marco, an interpreter. He received his majeſty in a moſt reſpectful manner, and entreated him to repoſe himſelf on a ſopha; but the king, who did not ſo much as take notice of the Turk's civilities, continued ſtanding.

"Bleſſed be the Almighty (ſays the baſha) that your majeſty is alive: I am extremely ſorry that your majeſty obliged me to execute the orders of his highneſs." The king, who was only vexed that his three hundred ſoldiers ſhould have ſuffered themſelves to be taken in their entrenchments, ſaid to the baſha; "Ah! had they defended themſelves as they ought, you would not have been able to force our camp in ten days." "Alas! (ſays the Turk) that ſo much courage ſhould be ſo ill employed!" He ordered the king to be conducted back to Bender on a horſe richly capariſoned. All the Swedes were either killed or taken priſoners. All his equipage, his goods, his papers, and moſt neceſſary utenſils, were either plundered or burnt. One might have ſeen in the public roads the Swediſh officers, almoſt naked, and chained together in pairs, following the Tartars or janiſſaries on foot. The chancellor and the general officers did not meet with a milder fate: they were the ſlaves of the ſoldiers to whoſe ſhare they had fallen.

Iſmael Baſha having conducted Charles to his ſeraglio at Bender, gave him his own apartment, and ordered him to be ſerved like a king; but not without taking the precaution to plant a guard of janiſſaries at the chamber door. A bed was prepared for him; but he threw himſelf down upon a ſopha, booted as he was, and fell faſt aſleep. An officer, that ſtood near him in waiting, covered his head with a cap; but the king, upon awaking from his firſt ſleep, threw it off; and the Turk was ſurpriſed, to ſee a ſovereign prince ſleeping in his boots and bare-headed. Next morning, Iſmael introduced Fabricius into the king's chamber. Fabricius found his majeſty with his cloaths

torn;

torn; his boots, his hands, and his whole body, covered with duſt and blood, and his eye-brows burnt; but ſtill maintaining, in this terrible condition, a placid and chearful look. He fell upon his knees before him, without being able to utter a word; but ſoon recovering from his ſurprize, by the free and eaſy manner in which the king addreſſed him, he reſumed his wonted familiarity with him, and they began to talk of the battle of Bender with great humour and pleaſantry. "It is reported (ſays Fabricius) that your majeſty killed twenty janiſſaries with your own hand." "Well, well, (replies the king) a ſtory, you know, never loſes in the telling." During this converſation, the baſha preſented to the king his favourite Grothuſen, and colonel Ribbins, whom he had had the generoſity to redeem at his own expence. Fabricius undertook to ranſom the other priſoners.

Jeffreys, the Engliſh envoy, joined his endeavours with thoſe of Fabricius, in order to procure the money neceſſary for this purpoſe. A Frenchman, who had come to Bender out of mere curioſity, and who hath wrote a ſhort account of theſe tranſactions, gave all that he had; and theſe ſtrangers, aſſiſted by the intereſt, and even by the money, of the baſha, redeemed not only the officers, but likewiſe their cloaths, from the hands of the Turks and Tartars.

Next day, the king was conducted as a priſoner, in a chariot covered with ſcarlet, towards Adrianople. His treaſurer Grothuſen was with him. Chancellor Mullern and ſome officers followed in another carriage. Several were on horſeback; and when they caſt their eyes on the king's chariot, they could not refrain from tears. The baſha was at the head of the convoy: Fabricius told

told him that it was a ſhame the king ſhould want a ſword, and begged he would give him one. "God forbid, (ſays the baſha) he would cut our beards for us, if he had a ſword." However, he gave him one a few hours after.

While they were conducting this king, diſarmed and a priſoner, who, but a few years before, had given law to ſo many ſtates, and had ſeen himſelf the arbiter of the North and the terror of Europe, there appeared in the ſame place another inſtance of the frailty of human greatneſs.

King Staniſlaus had been ſeized in the Turkiſh dominions, and they were now carrying him a priſoner to Bender, at the very time that they were removing Charles from it.

Staniſlaus, being no longer ſupported by the hand which had raiſed him to the throne, and finding himſelf deſtitute of money, and conſequently of intereſt in Poland, had retired at firſt into Pomerania; and, unable to preſerve his own kingdom, he had done all that lay in his power to defend that of his benefactor: he had even gone to Sweden, in order to haſten the reinforcements that were ſo much wanted in Livonia and Pomerania. In a word, he had done every thing that could be expected from the friend of Charles XII. About this time, the firſt king of Pruſſia, a prince of great prudence, being juſtly apprehenſive of danger from the too near neighbourhood of the Muſcovites, thought proper to enter into a league with Auguſtus and the republic of Poland, in order to ſend back the Ruſſians to their own country, and he hoped to engage the king of Sweden himſelf in this project. From this plan, three great events were expected to reſult; the peace of the North, the return of Charles to his own kingdom, and *the eſtabliſhment* of a ſtrong barrier againſt the

Ruſſians, whoſe power was already become formidable to Europe. The preliminary article of this treaty, upon which the public tranquillity depended, was the abdication of Staniſlaus; who not only accepted the propoſal, but even undertook to uſe his endeavours in bringing about a peace which deprived him of his crown. To this ſtep he was prompted by neceſſity, the publick good, the glory of the ſacrifice, and the intereſt of Charles XII. He wrote to Bender. He explained to the king of Sweden the deſperate ſituation of his affairs, and the only effectual remedy that could be applied. He conjured him not to oppoſe an abdication which was rendered neceſſary by the ſtrange conjunctures of the times, and honourable by the noble motive from which it proceeded. He entreated him not to ſacrifice the intereſts of Sweden to thoſe of an unhappy friend, who chearfully preferred the public good to his own private happineſs. Charles XII. received theſe letters at Varnitza. He ſaid to the courier in a paſſion, in preſence of ſeveral witneſſes; "If my friend will not be a king, I can eaſily find another that will."

Staniſlaus was obſtinately bent on making the ſacrifice which Charles oppoſed. Theſe times ſeem to have been deſtined by providence to produce ſtrange ſentiments, and ſtill ſtranger actions. Staniſlaus reſolved to go himſelf, and endeavour to prevail upon Charles; and thus he ran a greater riſk in abdicating the throne, than ever he had done in obtaining it. One evening about ſix o'clock, he ſtole from the Swediſh army, which he commanded in Pomerania, and ſet out, in company with baron Sparr and another colonel, the former of whom hath ſince been an ambaſſador

in France and England. He aſſumed the name of a French gentleman, called Haran, who was then a major in the Swediſh army, and lately died commander of Dantzick. He paſſed cloſe by the whole army of the enemy; was ſometimes ſtopped, and as often releaſed by virtue of a paſſport which he got in the name of Haran. At length, after many perils and dangers, he arrived on the frontiers of Turky.

As ſoon as he had reached Moldavia, he ſent back baron Sparr to the army, and entered Yaſſy, the capital of Moldavia, thinking himſelf perfectly ſecure in a country where the king of Sweden had been treated with ſo much reſpect, and never entertaining the leaſt ſuſpicion of what had happened.

The Moldavians aſked him who he was? He ſaid he was major of a regiment in the ſervice of Charles XII. At the bare mention of that name he was ſeized, and carried before the hoſpadar of Moldavia, who, having already learned from the Gazettes that Staniſlaus had privately withdrawn from his army, began to ſuſpect that this was probably the man. He had heard the king's figure deſcribed ſo exactly, that it was very eaſy to diſcover the reſemblance; an open and engaging countenance, and a very uncommon air of ſweetneſs.

The hoſpodar examined him, put to him a great many captious queſtions, and at laſt aſked him what commiſſion he bore in the Swediſh army. Their converſation was carried on in Latin. *Major ſum*, ſays Staniſlaus. *Imo maximus es*, replies the Moldavian; and immediately preſenting him with a chair of ſtate, he treated him like a king; but ſtill like a king who was a priſoner, placing a ſtrict

ſtrict guard about a Greek convent, in which he was obliged to remain, till ſuch time as the ſultan's orders ſhould arrive. At length theſe orders came, importing, that Staniſlaus ſhould be carried to Bender, from which Charles XII. had been juſt removed.

The news of this event was brought to the baſha, at the time he was accompanying the king of Sweden's chariot. The baſha communicated the particulars to Fabricius, who, coming up to Charles's chariot, told him he was not the only king that was a priſoner in the hands of the Turks; and that Staniſlaus was but a few miles off, under a guard of ſoldiers. "Run to him, my dear Fabricius, (ſays Charles, without being in the leaſt diſconcerted,) tell him never to make a peace with Auguſtus, and aſſure him that our affairs will ſoon take another turn." So much was Charles wedded to his own opinions, that, abandoned as he was in Poland, attacked in his own dominions, a captive in a Turkiſh litter, and led a priſoner without knowing whither they were carrying him, he ſtill reckoned on the favour of fortune, and hoped the Ottoman Porte would aſſiſt him with an hundred thouſand men. Fabricius haſtened to execute his commiſſion, attended by a janiſſary, having firſt obtained leave from the baſha. At a few miles diſtance he met the body of ſoldiers that conducted Staniſlaus. He addreſſed himſelf to a perſon that rode in the midſt of them, clad in a French dreſs, and but indifferently mounted; and aſked him in the German tongue, where the king of Poland was. The perſon to whom he ſpoke happened to be Staniſlaus himſelf, whoſe features he could not recollect under this diſguiſe. "What! (ſays the king) don't

don't you know me?" Fabricius then informed him of the wretched condition in which the king of Sweden was; but added, that his reſolutions, however unſucceſsful, were as determined as ever.

As Staniſlaus was drawing near to Bender, the baſha, who had returned thither after having accompanied Charles for ſome miles, ſent the king of Poland an Arabian horſe, with a magnificent harneſs.

He was received at Bender amidſt a diſcharge of the artillery; and, excepting his confinement, from which he was not as yet delivered, he had no great cauſe to complain of his treatment *. Mean while Charles was on his way to Adrianople. Nothing was talked of in that town but his late battle. The Turks at once condemned and admired him; but the divan was ſo provoked, that they threatened to confine him in one of the iſlands of the Archipelago.

Staniſlaus, king of Poland, from whom I had the honour to receive the greateſt part of theſe particulars, aſſured me likewiſe, that a propoſal was made in the divan for confining him in one of the iſlands of Greece; but the grand ſeignior being mollified, a few months after allowed him to depart.

M. Deſaleurs, who could have taken his part, and could have prevented the Turks from offer-

* The good chaplain, Norberg, alledges that we are here guilty of a manifeſt contradiction, in ſuppoſing, that king Staniſlaus was at once detained a priſoner, and treated as a king, at Bender. What! had not the poor man diſcernment enough to perceive that it is very poſſible for a perſon, at one and the ſame time, to be loaded with honours and deprived of his liberty?

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ing ſuch an affront to all Chriſtian kings, was at Conſtantinople; as was likewiſe M. Poniatowſky, whoſe fertile and enterpriſing genius the divan had always dreaded. Moſt of the Swedes at Adrianople were in priſon; and the ſultan's throne ſeemed to be inacceſſible to any complaints of the king of Sweden.

The marquis de Fierville, who had reſided with Charles at Bender as a private agent of France, was then at Adrianople. He undertook to do that prince a piece of ſervice, at a time when he was abandoned or oppreſſed by all the world beſides. In this deſign he was happily aſſiſted by a French gentleman, of an ancient family in Champagne, called Villelongue, a man of great courage, but who, not having a fortune equal to his ſpirit, and charmed with the fame of the king of Sweden, had repaired to Turky with a view of entering into the ſervice of that prince.

With the aſſiſtance of this young man, M. de Fierville wrote a memorial in the king of Sweden's name, in which he made his majeſty demand ſatisfaction of the ſultan for the inſult, which, in his perſon, had been offered to all crowned heads, and for the treachery, real or ſuppoſed, of the kam and baſha of Bender.

In this memorial he accuſed the vizier and other miniſters of having received bribes from the Ruſſians, impoſed upon the grand ſeignior, intercepted the king's letters to his highneſs, and of having, by their artifices, extorted from the ſultan an order ſo contrary to the hoſpitality of Muſſulmans, by which, in direct violation of the laws of nations, and in a manner ſo unworthy of a great emperor, they had attacked, with twenty thouſand men, a king who had none but his domeſticks

meſtics to defend him, and who relied upon the ſacred word of the ſultan.

When this memorial was drawn up, it was to be tranſlated into the Turkiſh language, and written in a particular hand, and upon a certain kind of paper, which is always uſed in addreſſes to the ſultan.

For this purpoſe, they applied to ſeveral French interpreters in the town; but the affairs of the king of Sweden were in ſuch a deſperate ſituation, and the vizier was ſo much his declared enemy, that not a ſingle interpreter would undertake the taſk. At laſt they found a ſtranger, whoſe hand was not known at the Porte, who, having received a handſome gratuity, and being fully aſſured of the moſt profound ſecrecy, tranſlated the memorial into the Turkiſh tongue, and wrote it upon the right kind of paper. Baron d'Arvidſon, a Swediſh officer, counterfeited the king's ſubſcription. Fierville, who had the royal ſignet, appended it to the writing; and the whole was ſealed with the arms of Sweden. Villelongue undertook to deliver it into the hands of the grand ſeignior, as he went to the moſque, according to his uſual cuſtom. The like methods had been frequently employed for preſenting memorials to the ſultan againſt his miniſters; but that very circumſtance rendered the ſucceſs of this enterprize the more precarious, and the danger of the attempt the more imminent.

The vizier, who plainly foreſaw that the Swedes would demand juſtice of the ſultan, and who, from the unhappy fate of his predeceſſors, had but too many warnings to provide for his own ſafety, had given peremptory orders to allow no one to aproach the grand ſeignior's perſon, but to ſeize

ſeize all ſuch as ſhould be about the moſque with petitions in their hands.

Villelongue was well apprized of this order, and at the ſame time knew, that, by breaking it, he run the riſk of loſing his head. He therefore laid aſide his Frank's dreſs, and put on a Grecian habit; and concealing the letter in his boſom, repaired betimes to the neighbourhood of the moſque to which the grand ſeignior reſorted. He counterfeited the madman, and dancing between two files of janiſſaries, through which the ſultan was to paſs, he purpoſely let ſome pieces of money drop from his pockets, as if by chance, in order to amuſe the guards.

When the ſultan was drawing near, the guards endeavoured to remove Villelongue out of the way; but he fell on his knees and ſtruggled with the janiſſaries. At laſt his cap fell off, and he was diſcovered by his long hair to be a Frank. He received ſeveral blows, and was very roughly handled. The grand ſeignior, who was at no great diſtance, heard the ſcuffle, and asked the cauſe of it. Villelongue cried out with all his might, *Amman! Amman!* Mercy! pulling the letter at the ſame time out of his boſom. The ſultan ordered the guards to let him approach. Villelonge inſtantly runs up to him, embraces his ſtirrup, and preſents the memorial, ſaying, *Sued crail dan*, "The king of Sweden gives it thee." The ſultan put the letter in his boſom, and proceeded to the moſque. Mean time Villelongue was ſecured, and impriſoned in one of the exterior apartments of the ſeraglio.

The ſultan having read the letter upon his leaving the moſque, reſolved to examine the priſoner himſelf. This perhaps will appear ſomewhat

what incredible: nothing, however, is here advanced, but what is vouched by the letters of M. de Villelongue; and ſurely, when ſo brave an officer affirms any thing upon his honour, he merits, at leaſt, ſome credit. He aſſured me then that the ſultan laid aſide his imperial garb and turban, and diſguiſed himſelf like an officer of the janiſſaries, a thing which he frequently does. He brought along with him an old man, of the iſland of Malta, as an interpreter. By favour of this diſguiſe, Villelongue enjoyed an honour which no Chriſtian ambaſſador ever obtained. He had a private conference with the Turkiſh emperor for a quarter of an hour. He did not fail to repreſent the wrongs which the king of Sweden had ſuffered, to accuſe the miniſters, and to demand ſatisfaction; and all this with ſo much the more freedom, as in talking to the ſultan he was only ſuppoſed to be talking to his equal. He could eaſily diſcover, notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the priſon, that it was no other than the grand ſeignior himſelf; but this diſcovery only made him ſpeak with the greater boldneſs. The pretended officer of the janiſſaries ſaid to Villelongue; "Chriſtian, be aſſured, that the ſultan, my maſter, has the ſoul of an emperor; and that your king of Sweden, if he has reaſon on his ſide, ſhall obtain juſtice." Villelongue was ſoon ſet at liberty; and in a few weeks after a ſudden change took place in the ſeraglio, owing, as the Swedes affirm, to this conference alone. The mufti was depoſed; the kam of Tartary was baniſhed to Rhodes; and the ſeraſquier baſha of Bender was confined in one of the iſlands of the Archipelago.

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The Ottoman Porte is ſo ſubject to theſe revolutions, that it is hard to ſay, whether the ſultan really meant to gratify the king of Sweden by theſe ſacrifices. From the treatment which that prince received, it cannot ſurely be inferred that the Porte had any great inclination to oblige him.

The favourite, Ali Coumourgi, was ſuſpected of having brought about all theſe changes, in order to ſerve his own particular views. The kam of Tartary and the ſeraſquier of Bender were ſaid to have been baniſhed for giving the king the twelve hundred purſes, in contradiction to the expreſs orders of the grand ſeignior. Coumourgi raiſed to the throne of Tartary the brother of the depoſed kam, a young man of his own age, who had little regard for his brother, and upon whom the favourite depended greatly in proſecuting the wars he had already planned. With reſpect to the grand vizier Juſſuff, he was not depoſed till ſome weeks after; and the title of prime vizier was beſtowed on Soliman Baſha.

Truth obliges me to declare, that M. de Villelongue and ſeveral Swedes aſſured me, that all theſe great revolutions at the Porte were entirely owing to the letter which was preſented to the ſultan in the king's name; whereas M. de Fierville is of a quite contrary opinion. I have ſometimes found the like contradictions in ſuch memorials as have been ſubmitted to my peruſal. In all theſe caſes, it is the duty of an hiſtorian honeſtly to narrate the plain matter of fact, without endeavouring to dive into the motives; and to confine himſelf to the relation of what he does know, inſtead of indulging his fancy in vague conjectures, about what he does not know.

Mean while Charles XII. was conducted to the little caſtle of Demirtaſh, in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. An innumerable multitude of people had crowded to this place to ſee the arrival of his majeſty, who was carried from his chariot to the caſtle on a ſopha; but Charles, in order to conceal himſelf from the view of the populace, put a cuſhion upon his head.

The Porte was ſtrongly ſolicited to allow him to reſide at Demotica, a little town ſix leagues from Adrianople, and near the famous river Hebrus, now called Merizza; but it was not till after ſeveral days that they granted his requeſt. "Go, (ſays Coumourgi to the grand vizier Soliman) and tell the king of Sweden, that he may ſtay at Demotica all his life long, if he pleaſes; but I will anſwer for him, that, in leſs than a year, he will want to be gone of his own accord; take care, however, not to give him any money."

Thus was the king conveyed to the little town of Demotica, where the Porte allotted him a conſiderable quantity of proviſions for himſelf and his retinue. But all the money they would grant him was five and twenty crowns a-day, to buy pork and wine, two kinds of proviſions which the Turks never furniſh to others. The allowance of five hundred crowns a-day, which he had enjoyed at Bender, was entirely withdrawn.

Hardly had he reached Demotica with his little court, when the grand vizier Soliman was depoſed; and his place filled by Ibrahim Molla, a man of a high ſpirit, of great courage, and unpoliſhed manners. It may not be amiſs to give a ſhort ſketch of his hiſtory, that ſo the reader may be the better acquainted with the characters of all thoſe

thoſe viceroys of the Ottoman empire upon whom the fortune of Charles ſo long depended.

He had been a common ſailor till the acceſſion of the ſultan Achmet III. This emperor frequently diſguiſed himſelf in the habit of a private man, of a prieſt, or a dervice; and ſlipped in the evening into the coffee-houſes and other public places of Conſtantinople, to hear what the people ſaid of him, and what were their opinions concerning the affairs of ſtate. One day he overheard this Molla complaining that the Turkiſh ſhips never took any prizes, and ſwearing that if he were captain of a ſhip, he would never enter the port of Conſtantinople without bringing ſome veſſel of the infidels along with him. Next day the grand ſeignior gave him the command of a ſhip, and ſent him on a cruize. The new captain returned in a few days, with a Malteſe bark and a galley of Genoa. In two years time he was appointed captain-general of the navy, and at laſt grand vizier. As ſoon as he had attained his new poſt, he thought he could eaſily diſpence with the intereſt of the favourite. In order to render himſelf the more neceſſary, he formed a ſcheme for commencing a war againſt the Ruſſians; and with this view pitched a tent not far from the place where the king of Sweden reſided.

He invited his majeſty to come and ſee him, with the new kam of Tartary, and the French ambaſſador. The king, whoſe pride roſe with his misfortunes, conſidered it as a moſt intolerable affront for a ſubject to ſend him an invitation. He ordered his chancellor Mullern to go in his place; and, leſt the Turks ſhould not pay him that reſpect which was due to his royal perſon, or oblige him to condeſcend to any thing beneath

his dignity, Charles, who was ever in extremes, took to his bed, which he reſolved not to leave during his abode at Demotica. This reſolution he kept for ten months, under pretence of ſickneſs; chancellor Mullern, Grothuſen, and colonel Dubens, being the only perſons that were admitted to his table. They had none of the conveniences with which the Franks are uſually provided: all theſe they had loſt at Bender; conſequently it could not be expected that their meals were ſerved with much pomp or elegance. In effect, they were obliged to ſerve themſelves; and, during the whole time, chancellor Mullern was cook in ordinary.

While Charles XII. was thus paſſing his time in bed, he received the diſagreeable news of the deſolation of all his provinces, that lay without the limits of Sweden.

General Steinbock, who had rendered himſelf illuſtrious by chaſing the Danes out of Scania, and beating their beſt troops with a parcel of peaſants, ſtill maintained the glory of the Swediſh arms. He defended Pomerania, Bremen, and the king's poſſeſſions in Germany, as long as he was able; but could not hinder the combined army of the Danes and Saxons from beſieging Stade, a town of great ſtrength and importance, ſituated on the banks of the Elbe, in the dutchy of Bremen. The town was bombarded and reduced to aſhes; and the garriſon obliged to ſurrender at diſcretion, before Steinbock could come to their aſſiſtance.

This general, who had about twelve thouſand men, of whom the one half were cavalry, purſued the enemy, who were twice as numerous, and at laſt overtook them in the dutchy of Mecklenburg,

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at a place called Gadeſbuſh, near a river of the ſame name. It was on the 20th of December 1712, that he came in ſight of the Danes and Saxons. He was ſeparated from them by a moraſs. The enemy were ſo poſted as to have this moraſs in front, and a wood in their rear: they had the advantage of number and ſituation; and their camp was utterly inacceſſible, except acroſs the moraſs, which the Swedes could not paſs without being expoſed to the fire of the enemy's artillery.

Notwithſtanding theſe difficulties, Steinbock paſſed the moraſs at the head of his troops, advanced againſt the enemy in order of battle, and began one of the moſt deſperate and bloody engagements which ever happened between theſe rival nations. After a ſharp conflict for three hours, the Danes and Saxons were entirely routed, and obliged to quit the field of battle.

It was in this battle that a ſon of Auguſtus, by the counteſs of Konigſmark, known by the name of count Saxe, ſerved his apprenticeſhip in the art of war. This is the ſame count Saxe, who had afterwards the honour to be choſen duke of Courland, and who wanted nothing but power to put himſelf in poſſeſſion of the moſt inconteſtible right which any man can have to ſovereignty, I mean the unanimous conſent of the people. In fine, this is the man who hath ſince acquired a more ſolid glory by ſaving France at the battle of Fontenoy, conquering Flanders, and meriting the character of the greateſt general of the age. He commanded a regiment at Gadeſbuſh, and had a horſe killed under him. I have heard him ſay, that all the Swedes kept their ranks; and that, even after the victory was gained, and the firſt

lines of these brave troops saw their enemies lying dead at their feet, there was not so much as a single Swede that durst stoop to strip them, till prayers had been read in the field of battle; so inflexibly did they adhere to that strict discipline which their king had taught them.

After the victory, Steinbock, remembring that the Danes had laid Stade in ashes, resolved to retaliate on Altena, a town belonging to the king of Denmark. Altena stands below Hamburg, on the banks of the Elbe, which can convey ships of considerable burthen into its harbour. The king of Denmark had indulged this town with many privileges, hoping to make it, one day, a place of great trade; and indeed the industry of the inhabitants, encouraged by the prudent measures of the king, had already raised them to such opulence, that Altena began to be reckoned in the number of rich and commercial cities. Hamburg grew jealous of this rival in trade, and earnestly wished for its destruction. When Steinbock came in sight of Altena, he sent a trumpet to acquaint the inhabitants that they might retire with as many of their effects as they could carry off, for that he meant to raze their town to the foundation.

The magistrates came and threw themselves at his feet, and offered him an hundred thousand crowns by way of ransom. Steinbock demanded two hundred thousand. The inhabitants begged that they might have time at least, to send to their correspondents at Hamburg, assuring him that next day the money should be paid him; but the Swedish general replied, that they must give it instantly, or he would immediately set Altena in flames.

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His troops were already in the ſuburbs, with torches in their hands. The town had no other defence but a poor wooden gate, and a ditch already filled up. The wretched inhabitants were therefore obliged to leave their houſes at midnight, on the ninth of January 1713. The rigour of the ſeaſon, which was then exceſſive, was ſtill further increaſed by a ſtrong north-wind, which ſerved at once to ſpread the flames through the town with greater violence, and to render the miſeries of the poor people, who were expoſed in the open fields, the more intolerable. Men and women, weeping and wailing, and bending under their heavy loads, fled to the neighbouring hills, which were covered with ſnow. The palſied old men were tranſported on the ſhoulders of the young. Some women, newly delivered, fled with their tender babes in their arms, and periſhed together on the naked rock, turning their languiſhing eyes towards their dear country, which was now wrapt in flames. The Swedes ſet fire to the town, before the inhabitants had entirely left it. The conflagration continued from midnight till ten in the morning. The houſes being moſtly of wood, were entirely conſumed; and next day there was not the leaſt veſtige of a town remaining.

The aged, the ſick, and women of tender conſtitutions, who had lodged on the ſnow while their houſes were in flames, at laſt made a ſhift to crawl to the gates of Hamburg, where they beſought the inhabitants to receive them within the walls, and thereby to ſave their lives. But this favour was denied them, becauſe ſome contagious diſtempers were known lately to have raged in Altena; and the Hamburgers had not ſo great a regard for the inhabitants, as to run the riſk

of having their own town infected by admitting ſuch dangerous gueſts. Thus the greateſt part of theſe unhappy people expired under the walls of Hamburg, calling on heaven to witneſs the barbarity of the Swedes, and the ſtill greater inhumanity of the Hamburgers.

All Germany exclaimed againſt this outrage. The miniſters and generals of Poland and Denmark wrote to count Steinbock, reproaching him with an act of cruelty, committed without neceſſity, and incapable of any excuſe, which could not fail to provoke heaven and earth againſt him.

Steinbock replied, that he never would have puſhed matters to ſuch extremities, had it not been with a view to teach the enemies of the king his maſter not to make war, for the future, like barbarians, but to pay ſome regard to the laws of nations; that they had filled Pomerania with their cruelties, laid waſte that beautiful province, and ſold near an hundred thouſand of its inhabitants to the Turks; and that the torches which had laid Altena in aſhes were no more than juſt repriſals for the red-hot bullets which had deſtroyed Stade.

Such was the implacable reſentment with which the Swedes and their enemies carried on the war. Had Charles appeared in Pomerania at this time, he might poſſibly have retrieved his ruined fortune. His armies, though removed at ſo great a diſtance from his perſon, were ſtill animated by his ſpirit; but the abſence of a prince is always prejudicial to his affairs, and hinders his ſubjects from making the proper uſe of their victories. *Steinbock* loſt by piece-meal what he had gained

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by thoſe ſignal actions, which, at a happier juncture, would have been deciſive.

Victorious as he was, he could not prevent the junction of the Ruſſians, Danes, and Saxons. The combined army of theſe allies ſeized upon his quarters. He loſt ſome troops in ſeveral little skirmiſhes. Two thouſand of his men were drowned in paſſing the Eider, as they were going to their winter-quarters in Holſtein; and all theſe loſſes, in a country ſurrounded on every ſide by powerful enemies, were utterly irreparable.

He endeavoured to defend the dutchy of Holſtein againſt the Danes; but, notwithſtanding all his prudent meaſures and vigorous efforts, the country was loſt, his whole army ruined, and himſelf taken priſoner.

Pomerania, all but Stralſund, the iſle of Rugen, and ſome neighbouring places, being left defenceleſs, became a prey to the allies, and was ſequeſtered in the hands of the king of Pruſſia. Bremen was filled with Daniſh garriſons. At the ſame time, the Ruſſians over-ran Finland and beat the Swedes, who, being now diſperſed and inferior in point of number, began to loſe that ſuperiority over their enemies which they had poſſeſſed at the commencement of the war.

To complete the misfortunes of Sweden, the king reſolved to ſtay at Demotica, and ſtill flattered himſelf with the deluſive hopes of obtaining aſſiſtance from the Turks, in whom he ought no longer to have repoſed any confidence.

Ibrahim Molla, that bold vizier, who had been ſo obſtinately bent on a war with the Ruſſians, in oppoſition to the favourite, was ſtrangled in one of the paſſages of the ſeraglio.

The place of vizier was become ſo dangerous, that no one would venture to accept of it; and of conſequence it continued vacant for ſix months. At laſt the favourite, Ali Coumourgi, aſſumed the title of grand vizier. This meaſure gave a fatal blow to all the hopes of the king of Sweden, who knew Coumourgi ſo much the better, that he had really been obliged to him for ſome friendly offices, when the intereſt of the favourite and that of his majeſty happened to coincide.

Charles had now been eleven months at Demotica, buried in ſloth and oblivion. This extreme indolence ſucceeding ſo ſuddenly to the moſt violent exerciſes, had at laſt given him the diſeaſe which he had formerly feigned. The report of his death was ſpread over all Europe. The council of regency, which he had eſtabliſhed at Stockholm when he left his capital, no longer received any diſpatches from him. The ſenate came in a body to the princeſs Ulrica Eleonora, the king's ſiſter, and entreated her to take the regency into her own hands, during her brother's abſence. She accepted the propoſal; but finding that the ſenate intended to force her to make a peace with the czar and the king of Denmark, and well knowing that her brother would never approve of ſuch a meaſure, ſhe reſigned the regency, and wrote a full and circumſtantial account of the whole matter to the king, in Turky.

Charles received his ſiſter's packet at Demotica. The arbitrary principles which he had ſucked in with his mother's milk, made him forget that Sweden had formerly been a free ſtate, and that, in ancient times, the management of public affairs was conducted by the king and ſenate, in con-

conjunction. He considered that respectable body as no better than a parcel of menial servants, who wanted to usurp the command of the house in their master's absence. He wrote to them, that if they pretended to assume the reins of government, he would send them one of his boots, from which he would oblige them to receive their orders.

To prevent, therefore, these attempts (as he thought them) upon his authority in Sweden, and to defend his kingdom now in the last extremity, deprived of all hopes of assistance from the Ottoman Porte, and relying on himself alone, he signified to the grand vizier his desire of departing, and returning by the way of Germany.

M. Desaleurs, the French ambassador, who was charged with the affairs of Sweden, made the proposal. "Well, (says the vizier to count Desaleurs) did not I tell you, that in less than a year the king of Sweden would beg it as a favour, to be allowed to depart? Tell him he may either go or stay as he pleases; but let him come to a fixed resolution, and appoint the day of his departure, that he may not again bring us into such another scrape as that of Bender."

Count Desaleurs softened the harshness of this answer, when he reported it to the king. The day was accordingly fixed. But, before he would quit Turky, Charles resolved to display the pomp of a great king, though involved in all the difficulties of a fugitive prince. He gave Grothusen the title of his ambassador extraordinary, and sent him with a retinue of eighty persons, all richly dressed, to take his leave in form at the Porte.

The splendour of this embassy was only exceeded by the meanness of the shifts which the

king was obliged to employ, in order to collect a ſum of money ſufficient to defray the expence of it.

M. Deſaleurs lent him forty thouſand crowns. Grothuſen had agents at Conſtantinople, who borrowed in his name, at the rate of fifty *per cent.* intereſt, a thouſand crowns of a Jew, two hundred piſtoles of an Engliſh merchant, and a thouſand livres of a Turk.

By theſe means they procured wherewithal to enable them to act the ſplendid farce of the Swediſh embaſſy before the divan. Grothuſen received at the Porte all the honours that are uſually paid to ambaſſadors extraordinary on the day of their audience. The deſign of all this parade was only to obtain money from the grand vizier; but that miniſter was inexorable.

Grothuſen made a propoſal for borrowing a million from the Porte. The vizier anſwered coldly, that his maſter knew how to give, when he thought proper; but that is was beneath his dignity to lend: that the king ſhould be ſupplied with plenty of every thing neceſſary for his journey, in a manner worthy of the perſon that ſent him back; and that the Porte, perhaps, might even make him a preſent in gold bullion, though he would not have him depend upon it for certain.

At laſt, on the firſt day of October 1714, the king of Sweden ſet out on his journey. A capigi baſha, with ſix chiaoux, came to attend him from the caſtle of Demirtaſh, where he had reſided for ſome days paſt. The baſha preſented him, in the name of the grand ſeignior, with a large tent of ſcarlet embroidered with gold, a ſabre whoſe handle

handle was ſet with jewels, and eight beautiful Arabian horſes, with fine ſaddles, and ſtirrups of maſſy gold. It is not beneath the dignity of hiſtory to obſerve, that the Arabian groom, who took care of the horſes, gave the king an account of their genealogy; a cuſtom which hath long prevailed among theſe people, who ſeem to be more attentive to the nobility of horſes than of men; which after all, perhaps, is not ſo unreaſonable, as theſe animals, if the breed is kept free from intermixture, are never known to degenerate.

The convoy conſiſted of ſixty loaded waggons, and three hundred horſe. The capigi baſha being informed that ſeveral Turks had lent money to the king of Sweden's attendants at an immoderate intereſt, told his majeſty that uſury was forbid by the Mahometan law; he therefore entreated him to liquidate all theſe debts, and to order his reſident at Conſtantinople to pay no more than the capital. "No, (ſays the king) if any of my ſervants have given bills for an hundred crowns, I will pay them, though they ſhould not even have received ten."

He made a propoſal to his creditors to follow him, aſſuring them at the ſame time, that he would not only pay their debts, but likewiſe indemnify them for the expence of the journey. Several of them went to Sweden; and Grothuſen was commiſſioned to ſee them paid.

In order to ſhew the greater deference to their royal gueſt, the Turks made him travel by very ſhort ſtages; but this ſlow and reſpectful motion was ill-ſuited to the impatient ſpirit of the king. During the journey, he got up at three in the morning, according to his uſual cuſtom. As ſoon

as he was dreſſed, he went himſelf and awakened the capigi and chiaoux, and began to march in the dark. The Turkiſh gravity was affronted with this new manner of travelling; but Charles took pleaſure in making them uneaſy, and ſaid, that he ſhould at leaſt be a little revenged on them, for their behaviour to him at Bender.

About the time that Charles reached the frontiers of Turky, Staniſlaus was leaving them, tho' by a different road, and going into Germany, with a view of retiring into the dutchy of Deux-Ponts, a province bordering on the palatinate of Alſace and the Rhine, and which has belonged to the kings of Sweden ever ſince Charles X. the ſucceſſor of Chriſtina, united it to his crown. Charles aſſigned Staniſlaus the revenue of this dutchy, which was then valued at about ſeventy thouſand crowns. Such was the final reſult of ſo many projects, wars, and expectations! Staniſlaus both could and would have concluded an advantageous treaty with Auguſtus, had not the inflexible obſtinacy of Charles made him loſe his lands and real eſtate in Poland, in order to preſerve the empty title of king.

This prince continued to reſide in the dutchy of Deux-Ponts till the death of Charles XII. when that province returning to a prince of the Palatine family, he choſe to retire to Wiſſemburg, a place belonging to the French in Alſace. M. Sum, Auguſtus's envoy, entered a complaint on this head to the duke of Orleans, regent of France. The duke made him this remarkable anſwer: "Sir, let the king your maſter know, that France hath never refuſed an aſylum to kings in diſtreſs."

When the king of Sweden arrived on the frontiers of Germany, he had the pleaſure to hear, that

that the emperor had given ſtrict orders to receive him in every part of his dominions with a becoming magnificence. The towns and villages through which the quarter-maſters had previouſly fixed his route, made great preparations for receiving him; every one burned with impatience to ſee this extraordinary man, whoſe victories and misfortunes, whoſe moſt trifling actions, and even his keeping his bed, had made ſo great a noiſe in Europe and Aſia. But Charles had no inclination to bear the fatigue of all this pomp and pageantry, or to exhibit as a public ſpectacle the priſoner of Bender. On the contrary, he had reſolved never to re-enter Stockholm, until he ſhould have repaired his loſſes by a change of fortune.

As ſoon as he arrived at Targowitz, on the confines of Tranſilvania, he took leave of his Turkiſh convoy; and then aſſembling his attendants in a barn, he told them not to give themſelves any concern about him, but to proceed with all poſſible expedition to Stralſund in Pomerania, on the coaſt of the Baltick, diſtant from Targowitz about three hundred leagues.

He took nobody with him but two officers, Roſen and During, and parted chearfully with the reſt of his attendants, who were filled with aſtoniſhment, ſorrow, and apprehenſion. By way of diſguiſe, he put on a black wig, concealing his own hair, which he always wore underneath it, a gold laced hat, a grey coat, and blue cloak, and aſſuming the name of a German officer, rode poſt with his two fellow-travellers.

He ſhunned, as much as poſſible, the territories of his ſecret or declared enemies, taking the road through Hungary, Moravia, Auſtria, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, the Palatinate, Weſtphalia, and Meck-

Mecklenburg; by which means he almoſt made the complete tour of Germany, and lengthened his journey by one half. Having rode the whole firſt day, without intermiſſion, young During, who was not ſo much inured to theſe exceſſive fatigues, fainted away as he was diſmounting. The king, who was determined not to halt a moment by the road, asked During as ſoon as he had recovered, how much money he had? "About a thouſand crowns in gold," replies During. "Then give me one half of it, (ſays the king) I ſee you are not able to follow me, I ſhall finiſh the journey by myſelf." During begged he would be ſo good as to tarry but for three hours, aſſuring him, that by that time he ſhould be able to remount his horſe and attend his majeſty, and entreated him to reflect on the imminent dangers to which he would expoſe himſelf by travelling alone. The king was inexorable. He made him give him the five hundred crowns, and called for horſes. During, ſtartled at this reſolution, bethought himſelf of an innocent ſtratagem. He took the poſtmaſter aſide, and pointing to the king: "This gentleman (ſays he) is my couſin: we are going together upon the ſame buſineſs; he ſees that I am indiſpoſed, and yet he will not wait for me but for three hours: pray, give him the worſt horſe in your ſtable; and let me have a chariot, or poſtchaiſe."

He ſlipt two ducats into the poſt-maſter's hand, who punctually obeyed his orders. The king had a lame and reſtive horſe, upon which he ſet out alone at ten at night, amidſt darkneſs, ſnow, wind, and rain. His fellow-traveller, after having ſlept a few hours, began to follow him in a chariot, with good horſes. He had not rode many miles,

miles, when, at day-break, he overtook the king, who not being able to make his beaſt move on, was travelling on foot to the next ſtage.

Charles was obliged to get into During's chaiſe, where he ſlept upon the ſtraw. Thus they continued the journey without intermiſſion, by day on horſeback, and ſleeping by night in a chaiſe.

Having travelled for ſixteen days, during which they had more than once been in danger of being taken, they arrived at laſt, on the twenty-firſt of November 1714, at the gates of Stralſund, about one in the morning.

The king called out to the centinel, and told him that he was a courier diſpatched from Turky by the king of Sweden, and that he muſt immediately ſpeak with general Ducker, the governor. The centinel ſaid that it was too late; that the governor was gone to bed; and that he muſt wait till break of day.

The king replied, that he came upon buſineſs of importance, and that, if they did not inſtantly go and awaken the governor, they ſhould all be puniſhed next morning. At laſt a ſerjeant went and called up the governor. Ducker imagined that it might poſſibly be one of the king's generals: the gates were opened; and the courier introduced into the governor's chamber.

Ducker, who was ſtill half aſleep, asked him; "What news of the king of Sweden?" The king, taking him by the arm, "What, (ſays he to Ducker) have my moſt faithful ſubjects forgot me?" The governor recollected the king, though he could not believe his own eyes; and jumping out of bed, embraced his maſter's knees with tears of joy. The news of this happy event were

ſpread

ſpread through the town in a moment. Every body got up. The ſoldiers flocked about the governor's houſe. The ſtreets were crouded with people, asking each other, whether the king was really come. All the windows were illuminated, and the conduits ran with wine, amidſt the blaze of a thouſand flambeaus, and the repeated diſcharges of the artillery.

Mean while the king was put to bed, which was more than he had been for ſixteen days before. His legs were ſo much ſwollen with the great fatigue he had undergone, that, inſtead of pulling, they were obliged to cut off his boots. As he had neither linnen nor cloaths, they immediately furniſhed him with ſuch a wardrobe as the town could afford. After he had ſlept a few hours, he roſe and went directly to review his troops, and viſit his fortifications. And that very day, he diſpatched orders into all parts, for renewing the war againſt his enemies with greater vigour than ever. All theſe particulars, which are ſo conſiſtent with the extraordinary character of Charles XII. were firſt communicated to me by M. Fabricius, and afterwards confirmed by count Croiſſy, ambaſſador to the king of Sweden.

Europe was now in a condition very different from that in which it was when Charles left it, in 1709.

The war which had ſo long raged in the South, that is, in Germany, England, Holland, France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, was now at an end. The general peace which ſucceeded was owing to ſome private intrigues in the court of England. The earl of Oxford, an able miniſter, and lord Bolingbroke, one of the greateſt geniuſes, and one of the moſt eloquent orators of the age, had got the

the better of the duke of Marlborough, and prevailed upon the queen to make a peace with Lewis XIV. France being no longer at war with England, ſoon obliged the other powers to come to an accommodation.

Philip V. the grandſon of Lewis XIV. began to reign in peace over the ruins of the Spaniſh monarchy. The emperor of Germany, now become maſter of Naples and Flanders, was firmly eſtabliſhed in his vaſt dominions: and Lewis XIV. ſeemed to aim at nothing higher than to finiſh his long career of glory by a peaceable end.

Anne, queen of England, died on the tenth of Auguſt 1714, hated by half the nation, for having given peace to ſo many kingdoms. Her brother, James Stewart, an unhappy prince, excluded from the throne almoſt at his birth, not being in England at that time to claim the ſucceſſion, which new laws would have conferred upon him, if his party could have prevailed; George I. elector of Hanover, was unanimouſly acknowledged king of Great Britain. The throne devolved to that elector not by right of blood, tho' deſcended from a daughter of James, but by virtue of an act of parliament.

George, advanced in years when he was called to reign over a people whoſe language he did not underſtand, and to whom he was an utter ſtranger, he conſidered himſelf rather as elector of Hanover than king of England. All his ambition was to aggrandize his German dominions. He commonly went once a-year to viſit his hereditary ſubjects, by whom he was adored. In other reſpects, he took more pleaſure in living like a private man, than like a mighty ſovereign. The pomp of royalty appeared to him an inſupport-

able

able burden. He paſſed his time with a few old courtiers, with whom he lived in great familiarity. He was not the king that made the greateſt figure in Europe; but he was one of the wiſeſt princes of the age, and perhaps the only one that knew how to enjoy on a throne the pleaſures of friendſhip and private life. Such were the principal monarchs, and ſuch the ſituation of the ſouth of Europe.

The revolutions that happened in the North were of another nature. The kings in that part of the world were engaged in war, and leagued together againſt the king of Sweden.

Auguſtus had been long reſtored to the throne of Poland by the aſſiſtance of the czar, and with the joint conſent of the emperor of Germany, of Anne of England, and of the ſtates-general, who, though guarantees of the treaty of Altranſtad, when Charles XII. was able to impoſe laws, thought themſelves abſolved from that obligation, when they had nothing more to fear from him.

But Auguſtus did not enjoy an undiſturbed authority. No ſooner was he reſtored to the throne, than the people's apprehenſions of arbitrary power began to revive. The whole nation was in arms to oblige him to conform to the *pacta conventa*, a ſacred contract between the king and people, who ſeemed to have recalled their ſovereign for no other purpoſe than to declare war againſt him. In the beginning of theſe troubles, the name of Staniſlaus was not once mentioned: his party ſeemed to be annihilated; and the Poles retained no other remembrance of the king of Sweden than as of a torrent, which, in the violence of its *courſe*, had occaſioned a temporary change in the *face of nature*.

Pultowa

Pultowa and the abſence of Charles XII. had occaſioned the fall not only of Staniſlaus, but alſo of the duke of Holſtein, Charles's nephew, who had lately been deſpoiled of his dominions by the king of Denmark. The king of Sweden had had a ſincere regard for the father, and, of conſequence, could not fail to be deeply affected with the misfortunes of the ſon; the rather, as, glory being the end of all his actions, the fall of thoſe princes whom he had either made or reſtored, gave him as much pain as the loſs of his own provinces.

Every one was at liberty to enrich himſelf with the ruins of Charles's fortune. Frederick William, the new king of Pruſſia, who ſeemed to be as fond of war as his father had been of peace, was the firſt who put in for his ſhare of the ſpoils. He ſeized Stetin and part of Pomerania, as an equivalent for four hundred thouſand crowns which he had advanced to the czar and the king of Denmark. George, elector of Hanover, now become king of England, had likewiſe ſequeſtered into his hands the dutchy of Bremen and Verden, which the king of Denmark had aſſigned to him as a depoſit for ſixty thouſand piſtoles*. In this manner were divided the ſpoils of Charles XII. and whoever poſſeſſed any of his dominions as pledges, became, from their ſelfiſh and intereſted views, as dangerous enemies as thoſe who had taken them from him.

* The Engliſh parliament afterwards granted a ſum of money to complete the purchaſe; and thus Bremen and Verden were ſecured to the houſe of Hanover. This acquiſition may be conſidered as the firſt link of that political chain by which Great Britain hath been dragged back and *faſt bound to the continent.*

With regard to the czar, he was doubtleſs the moſt formidable of all his enemies. His former loſſes, his victories, his very faults, his unremitted perſeverance in acquiring knowlege, and in communicating that knowlege to his ſubjects, and his inceſſant labours, had juſtly entitled him to the character of a great man. Riga was already taken; Livonia, Ingria, Carelia, half of Finland, and all the provinces that had been conquered by Charles's anceſtors, were now ſubjected to the Ruſſian yoke.

Peter Alexiowitz, who, twenty years before, had not a ſingle veſſel in the Baltick, now ſaw himſelf maſter of thoſe ſeas, with a fleet of thirty ſhips of the line.

One of theſe ſhips had been built by his own hands. He was the beſt carpenter, the beſt admiral, and the beſt pilot in the North. There was not a difficult paſſage from the gulph of Bothnia to the Ocean, which he had not ſounded. And, having thus joined the labours of a common ſailor to the curious experiments of a philoſopher, and the grand deſigns of an emperor, he arrived, by degrees and a courſe of victories, to the rank of admiral, in the ſame manner as he had become a general in the land-ſervice.

While prince Galliczen, a general formed under his auſpices, and one of thoſe who ſeconded his enterprizes with the greateſt vigour, compleated the reduction of Finland, took the town of Vaſa, and beat the Swedes, the emperor put to ſea, in order to attempt the conqueſt of Aland, an iſland in the Baltick, about twelve leagues from Stockholm.

He ſet out on this expedition in the beginning of July 1714, while his rival Charles XII. was keeping his bed at Demotica. He embarked at Chron-

Cronſlot, an harbour which he had built a few years before, about four miles from Peterſburg. The new harbour, the fleet, the officers, the ſailors, were all the work of his own hands; and wherever he turned his eyes, he could behold nothing but what he himſelf had, in ſome meaſure, created.

On the fifteenth of July, the Ruſſian fleet, conſiſting of thirty ſhips of the line, eighty gallies, and an hundred half-gallies, reached the coaſt of Aland. On board of theſe ſhips were twenty thouſand ſoldiers: admiral Apraxin was commander in chief; and the Ruſſian emperor ſerved as rear-admiral. On the ſixteenth the Swediſh fleet, commanded by vice-admiral Erinchild, came up with the enemy; and, though weaker than them by two thirds, maintained a fight for the ſpace of three hours. The czar attacked the admiral's ſhip, and took her after a ſharp engagement.

The ſame day he landed ſixteen thouſand men on the iſle of Aland; and having taken a number of Swediſh ſoldiers, that had not been able to get on board of Erincheld's fleet, he carried them off in his own ſhips. He returned to his harbour of Cronſlot with Erincheld's large ſhip, three others of a leſs ſize, one frigate, and ſix gallies, all which he had taken in the engagement.

From Cronſlot he ſet ſail for Peterſburg, followed by his own victorious fleet, and the ſhips he had taken from the enemy. On his arrival at Peterſburg, he was ſaluted by a triple diſcharge of an hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. He then made a triumphant entry, which flattered his vanity ſtill more than that at Moſcow, as he received theſe honours in his favourite city, a place where but ten years before there was not a ſingle hut,

and where now there were thirty-four thouſand five hundred houſes; in a word, as he ſaw himſelf at the head not only of a victorious navy, but what is more, of the firſt Ruſſian fleet that had ever appeared in the Baltick, and amidſt the acclamations of a people, to whom, before his time, the very name of a fleet was not ſo much as known.

The entry into Peterſburg was accompanied with much the ſame ceremonies as that into Moſcow. The Swediſh vice-admiral was the chief ornament of this new triumph. Peter Alexiowitz appeared in the proceſſion as rear-admiral. A Ruſſian nobleman, called Romanodowſky, who commonly repreſented the czar on theſe ſolemn occaſions, was ſeated on a throne, ſurrounded with ſenators. To this nobleman the rear-admiral preſented an account of his victory; and, in reward of his ſervices, was declared vice-admiral. An odd ceremony, but extremely neceſſary, in a country where military ſubordination was one of the novelties which the czar wanted to introduce.

The emperor of Ruſſia, now victorious over the Swedes by ſea and land, and having aſſiſted in expelling them from Poland, began to domineer there in his turn. He acted as mediator between Auguſtus and the republic; a glory, perhaps, not inferior to that of creating a king. This honour, and, inded, all the good fortune of Charles, had fallen to the ſhare of the czar; who, it muſt be owned, made a better uſe of theſe advantages; for all his ſucceſſes were ſo managed, as to contribute to the intereſt of his country. If he took a town, the beſt artiſans in it carried their families and their induſtry to Peterſburg. The manufactures, the arts and ſciences of the pro-

provinces which he conquered from Sweden, were tranſported into Muſcovy. Thus were his dominions enriched by his victories; a circumſtance that makes him the moſt excuſeable of all conquerors.

Sweden, on the contrary, deſpoiled of almoſt all her foreign provinces, had neither commerce, money, nor credit. Her veteran troops, which were formerly ſo formidable, had either fallen in battle, or periſhed with hunger. Upwards of an hundred thouſand Swedes were ſlaves in the vaſt dominions of the czar; and near the ſame number had been ſold to the Turks and Tartars. The human ſpecies ſeemed viſibly to decline in the country; but the king's arrival at Stralſund inſpired them with freſh hopes.

The reſpect and admiration which they had formerly entertained for his ſacred perſon, were ſtill ſo ſtrongly rivetted in the minds of his ſubjects, that the youth came from the country in crowds, and voluntarily offered to enliſt, though there was not a ſufficient number of hands left to cultivate the lands.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHARLES XII.

KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK VIII.

THE CONTENTS.

CHARLES gives his ſiſter in marriage to the prince of HESSE: is beſieged in STRALSUND, and eſcapes to SWEDEN. Schemes of baron de GORTZ, his prime miniſter. Plan of a reconciliation with the CZAR, and of a deſcent upon England. CHARLES beſieges FREDERICSHALL, in NORWAY: is killed: his character. GORTZ is beheaded.

IN the midſt of theſe preparations, the king gave his only ſurviving ſiſter, Ulrica Eleonora, in marriage to Frederick prince of Heſſe-Caſſel. The queen dowager, grandmother of Charles XII. and the princeſs, and then in the eighteen year of her age, did the honours of the table at this ſolemnity, which was celebrated on the fourth of April 1715, in the palace of Stockholm; where ſhe died ſoon after.

The

The marriage was not honoured with the preſence of the king, who was then employed in finiſhing the fortifications of Stralſund, a place of great importance, and threatened with a ſiege by the kings of Pruſſia and Denmark. Nevertheleſs he made his brother-in-law generaliſſimo of all his forces in Sweden. This prince had ſerved the ſtates-general in their wars with the French, and was eſteemed a good general; a qualification which contributed not a little to procure him the ſiſter of Charles XII. in marriage.

Charles's misfortunes now came as thick upon him as his victories had formerly done. In the month of June 1715, the German troops of the king of England, with thoſe of Denmark, inveſted the ſtrong town of Wiſmar, while the combined army of the Danes and Saxons, amounting to thirty-ſix thouſand men, marched towards Stralſund, to form the ſiege of that place. The kings of Pruſſia and Denmark ſunk five Swediſh ſhips a little off Stralſund. The czar was then in the Baltick, with twenty large ſhips of war, and an hundred and fifty tranſports, on board of which were thirty thouſand men. He threatened a deſcent upon Sweden; one while approaching the coaſt of Helſimburg, and at another appearing before Stockholm. All Sweden was in arms upon the coaſts, and every moment expected an invaſion. At the ſame time the czar's land forces drove the Swedes from poſt to poſt, until they had diſpoſſeſſed them of all the places they held in Finland, towards the gulph of Bothnia. But Peter puſhed his conqueſts no farther.

At the mouth of the Oder, a river that divides Pomerania in two, and after waſhing the walls of Stetin falls into the Baltick, lies the little iſle

of Uſedom, a place of great importance on account of its ſituation, commanding the Oder both on the right and left; ſo that whoever is maſter of the iſland is likewiſe maſter of the navigation of the river. The king of Pruſſia had diſlodged the Swedes from this place, and taken poſſeſſion of it as well as of Stetin, which he kept ſequeſtered, and all, as he pretended, "For the ſake of peace." The Swedes had retaken Uſedom in May 1715. They had two forts in the iſland; one of which was the fort of Suine, upon a branch of the Oder, that bore the ſame name; the other, a place of greater conſequence, was called Pennamonder, and ſituated upon another branch of that river. To defend theſe two forts, and indeed the whole iſland, there were only two hundred and fifty Pomeranians, under the command of an old Swediſh officer, called Kuze-Slerp, a man whoſe name deſerves to be immortalized.

On the fourth of Auguſt, the king of Pruſſia ſent fifteen hundred foot and eight hundred dragoons to make a deſcent upon the iſland. They came and landed without oppoſition near the fort of Suine, which being the leaſt important of the two, the Swediſh commander abandoned it to the enemy; and as he could not ſafely divide his men, he retired with his little company to the caſtle of Pennamonder, determined to hold out to the laſt extremity.

There was therefore a neceſſity of beſieging it in form; for which purpoſe a train of artillery was embarked at Stetin, and the Pruſſian troops were reinforced with a thouſand foot and four hundred horſe. On the eighteenth the trenches were opened in two places, and the fort was briſkly battered with cannon and mortars. During the

the ſiege, a Swediſh ſoldier, who was ſent privately with a letter from Charles XII. found means to land on the iſland, and to ſlip into the fort. The letter he delivered to the commander. The purport was as follows: "Do not fire till the enemy come to the brink of the foſſe. Defend the place to the laſt extremity. I commend you to your good fortune. Charles."

Slerp having read the note, reſolved to obey, and to lay down his life, as he was ordered, for the ſervice of his maſter. On the twenty-ſecond at day-break the aſſault was given. The beſieged having kept in their fire till they ſaw the enemy on the brink of the foſſe, killed an immenſe number of them. But the ditch was full, the breach large, and the aſſailants too numerous; ſo that they entered the caſtle at two different places at once. The commander now thought of nothing but of ſelling his life dear, and obeying his maſter's orders. He abandoned the breaches through which the enemy entered; intrenched his little company, who had all the courage and fidelity to follow him behind a baſtion, and poſted them in ſuch a manner that they could not be ſurrounded. The enemy came up to him, and were greatly ſurprized that he did not aſk for quarter. He fought for a complete hour; and after having loſt the half of his men, was at laſt killed himſelf, together with his lieutenant and major. Upon this, the ſurviving few, amounting to an hundred ſoldiers and one officer, begged their lives, and were made priſoners of war. Charles's letter was found in the commander's pocket, and carried to the king of Pruſſia.

At the time that Charles loſt Uſedom, and the neighbouring iſles, which were quickly taken;

while Wiſmar was ready to ſurrender, and Sweden, deſtitute of a fleet, was daily threatned with an invaſion; he himſelf was in Stralſund, beſieged by an army of thirty-ſix thouſand men.

Stralſund, a town famous over all Europe for the ſiege which the king of Sweden ſuſtained there, is the ſtrongeſt place in Pomerania; and is ſituated between the Baltick and the lake of Franken, near the ſtreights of Gella. It is inacceſſible by land, except by a narrow cauſeway, defended by a citadel, and by fortifications which were thought to be impregnable. There was in it a garriſon of about nine thouſand men, and, what was more than all, the king of Sweden himſelf. The kings of Pruſſia and Denmark undertook the ſiege of this place, with an army of ſix and thirty thouſand men, compoſed of Pruſſians, Danes, and Saxons.

The honour of beſieging Charles XII. was ſo powerful a motive, that they ſoon ſurmounted every obſtacle, and opened the trenches in the night between the nineteenth and twentieth of October 1715. The king of Sweden declared, at the beginning of the ſiege, that for his own part, he could not comprehend, how a place well fortified, and provided with a ſufficient garriſon, could poſſibly be taken. Not but that in the courſe of his paſt victories he had taken ſeveral places himſelf, but hardly ever by a regular ſiege. The terror of his arms carried all before it. Beſides, he never judged of other people by himſelf; but always entertained too low an opinion of his enemies. The beſiegers carried on their works with ſurpriſing vigour and reſolution, and were greatly aſſiſted by a very ſingular accident.

It

It is well known that the Baltick ſea neither ebbs nor flows. The fortifications which covered the town, and which were defended on the weſt by an impaſſable moraſs, and by the ſea on the eaſt, ſeemed to be ſecure from any aſſault. It had hitherto eſcaped the obſervation of every one, that when the weſt wind blows ſtrong, the waves of the Baltic are driven back in ſuch a manner as to leave but three feet depth of water under the fortifications, which had always been ſuppoſed to be waſhed by a branch of the ſea, ſo deep as to be utterly impaſſable. A ſoldier having fallen from the top of the fortifications into the ſea, was ſurpriſed to find a bottom; and thinking that this diſcovery might make his fortune, he deſerted, and went to the quarters of count Wackerbarth, the Saxon general, to inform him that the ſea was fordable, and that he might eaſily penetrate to the Swediſh fortifications. It was not long before the king of Pruſſia availed himſelf of this piece of intelligence.

Next night about twelve o'clock, the weſt wind ſtill continuing to blow, lieutenant colonel Koppen entered the water, with eighteen hundred men. At the ſame time two thouſand advanced upon the cauſeway that led to the fort; all the Pruſſian artillery fired, and the Danes and Pruſſians gave an alarm on the other ſide.

The Swedes thought they could eaſily repulſe the two thouſand men whom they ſaw advancing with ſo much apparent raſhneſs upon the cauſeway; but all of a ſudden, Koppen, with his eighteen hundred men entered the fort on the ſide towards the ſea. The Swedes, ſurrounded and ſurpriſed, could make no reſiſtance; and the poſt was carried after a terrible ſlaughter. Some of

the Swedes fled to the town; the beſiegers purſued them thither, and entered pell-mell along with the fugitives. Two officers and four Saxon ſoldiers were already on the draw-bridge, which the Swedes had juſt time to raiſe; ſo that the men were taken, and the town ſaved for that time.

There were found in the fort twenty-four pieces of cannon, which were immediately turned againſt Stralſund. The ſiege was puſhed with ſuch vigour and reſolution as this ſucceſs could not fail to inſpire. The town was cannonaded and bombarded without intermiſſion.

Oppoſite to Stralſund, in the Baltic Sea, lies the iſle of Rugen, which ſerves as a bulwark to that place, and into which the garriſon and citizens might have retired, could they have found boats to tranſport them thither. This iſland was of the laſt importance to Charles. He plainly perceived, that ſhould it fall into the hands of the enemy, he would be immediately beſieged both by ſea and land, and perhaps reduced to ſo great extremities, that he muſt either bury himſelf in the ruins of Stralſund, or elſe become a priſoner to thoſe very enemies whom he had ſo long deſpiſed, and upon whom he had impoſed the moſt ſevere and rigorous terms. But notwithſtanding theſe gloomy proſpects, ſuch was the wretched ſituation of his affairs, that he had not been able to place a ſufficient garriſon in Rugen, where, in effect, there were no more than two thouſand men.

His enemies had been employed for three months paſt in making all the neceſſary preparations for a deſcent upon this iſland; and having at laſt finiſhed a great number of boats, the prince of

of Anhalt, favoured by the goodneſs of the weather, landed twelve thouſand men upon Rugen, on the fifteenth of November. The king, who ſeemed to be every where preſent, was then in the iſland, having lately joined his two thouſand men, who were intrenched near a ſmall harbour, three leagues from the place where the enemy had landed. He put himſelf at the head of this little troop, and obſerving the moſt profound ſilence, advanced at midnight towards the foe. The prince of Anhalt had already entrenched his forces, a precaution which ſeemed altogether unneceſſary. The inferior officers never dreamed of being attacked the very firſt night, as they imagined Charles to be at Stralſund; but the prince of Anhalt, who well knew what incredible things Charles was capable of attempting, had cauſed a deep foſſe to be ſunk, fenced with chevaux de friſe; and indeed took all his meaſures with as much circumſpection, as if he had had a ſuperior army to contend with.

At two in the morning, Charles reached the enemy's camp, without making the leaſt noiſe. His ſoldiers ſaid to each other, "Come let us pull up the chevaux de friſe." Theſe words being overheard by the centinels, the alarm was inſtantly given in the camp, and the enemy ſtood to their arms. The king, taking up the chevaux de friſe, perceived a deep ditch before him. "Ah! ſays he, is it poſſible? this is more than I expected." However this unexpected event did not diſconcert him. He was alike ignorant of the number of the enemy, and they of his. The darkneſs of the night ſeemed to favour the boldneſs of the attempt. He formed his reſolution in a moment, and jumped into the ditch, accom-

panied by the braveſt of his men, and inſtantly followed by all the reſt. The chevaux de friſe, which were preſently plucked up, the levelled earth, the trunks and branches of ſuch trees as they could find, and the carcaſes of the ſoldiers that were killed by random ſhot, ſerved for faſcines. The king, the generals, and the braveſt of the officers and ſoldiers, mounted upon the ſhoulders of others, as in an aſſault. The fight began in the enemy's camp. The irreſiſtible impetuoſity of the Swedes ſoon threw the Danes and Pruſſians into confuſion; but the numbers were too unequally matched. After a keen diſpute for a quarter of an hour, the Swedes were repulſed, and obliged to repaſs the foſſe. The prince of Anhalt purſued them into the plain, little thinking it was Charles XII. that fled before him. The unhappy monarch rallied his troops in the open field, and the battle was renewed with equal fury on both ſides. Grothuſen, the king's favourite, and general Dardoff, fell dead at his feet. In the heat of the fight Charles paſſed over the body of the latter, who was ſtill breathing; and During, who had accompanied him in his journey from Turky to Stralſund, was killed before his face.

In the midſt of the fray, a Daniſh lieutenant, whoſe name I have not been able to learn, knew the king; and ſeizing his ſword with one hand, and with the other dragging him by the hair, "Surrender yourſelf, ſays he, or you are a dead man." The king drew a piſtol from his belt, and, with his left hand, fired it at the officer, who died of the wound the next morning. The name of king Charles, which the Dane had pronounced, immediately drew a crowd of the enemy together.

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The king was ſurrounded, and received a muſket ſhot below his left breaſt. The wound, which he called a contuſion, was two fingers deep. Charles was on foot, and in the moſt imminent danger of either being killed or taken priſoner. At that critical moment count Poniatowſki fought near his majeſty's perſon. He had ſaved his life at Pultowa, and had now the good fortune to ſave it once more in the battle of Rugen, by putting him on his horſe.

The Swedes retired to a part of the iſland called Alteferra, where there was a fort, of which they were ſtill maſters. From thence the king paſſed over to Stralſund, obliged to abandon his brave troops, who had ſo courageouſly aſſiſted him in this daring enterprize, and who, two days after, were all made priſoners of war.

Among the priſoners was that unhappy French regiment, compoſed of the ſhattered remains of the battle of Hochſtet, which had entered into the ſervice of Auguſtus, and afterwards into that of the king of Sweden. Moſt of the ſoldiers were now incorporated into a new regiment, commanded by the prince of Anhalt's ſon, who was their fourth maſter.

The commander of this wandering regiment in the iſle of Rugen was that ſame count de Villelongue, who had ſo nobly expoſed his life at Adrianople to ſerve king Charles XII. He was taken priſoner, with his men, and but poorly rewarded in the ſequel for all his ſervices, labours, and ſufferings.

After all theſe prodigies of valour, which tended only to weaken his forces, the king ſhut up in Stralſund, which was every moment in danger of being ſtormed, behaved in much the ſame man-

ner as he had done at Bender. Unappalled by ſo many ſurrounding dangers, he employed the day in making ditches and entrenchments behind the walls, and by night he ſallied out upon the enemy. Mean while Stralſund was battered in breach: the bombs fell thick as hail upon the houſes, and half the town was reduced to aſhes. The citizens were ſo far from complaining, that filled with the higheſt veneration for their royal maſter, whoſe vigilance, temperance, and courage, they could not ſufficiently admire, they were all become ſoldiers under him. They accompanied him in all his ſallies, and ſerved him in place of a ſecond garriſon.

One day as the king was dictating ſome letters to his ſecretary, that were to be ſent to Sweden, a bomb fell on the houſe, pierced the roof, and burſt near the royal apartment. One half of the floor was ſhattered to pieces; but the cloſet in which the king was, being partly ſurrounded by a thick wall, received no damage; and what was remarkably fortunate, none of the ſplinters that flew about in the air, came in at the cloſet-door, which happened to be open. The report of the bomb, and the craſhing noiſe it occaſioned in the houſe, which ſeemed ready to tumble about their ears, made the ſecretary drop his pen. "What is the reaſon, ſays the king, with great compoſure, that you do not write?" The poor ſecretary could only bring out with a faultering voice; "The the bomb, ſir." "Well, replies the king, and what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on."

There was, at that time, an ambaſſador of France ſhut up with Charles in Stralſund. This was one Colbert, count de Croiſſy, a lieutenant-ge-

general in the French army, brother to the marquis de Torcy, the famous miniſter of ſtate, and a relation of the celebrated Colbert, whoſe name ought never to be forgotten in France. To ſend a man on an embaſſy to Charles XII. or into trenches was much the ſame. The king would talk with Croiſſy for hours together in places of the greateſt danger, while the ſoldiers were falling on every ſide of them by the fire of the bombs and cannon; Charles, in all appearance, inſenſible of the riſk he run, and the ambaſſador not chuſing to give his majeſty ſo much as a hint that there were more proper places to talk of buſineſs. This miniſter exerted his utmoſt efforts, before the ſiege commenced, to effect an accommodation between the kings of Sweden and Pruſſia; but the demands of the latter were too high, and the former would make no conceſſions. So that the count de Croiſſy derived no other advantage from his embaſſy to Charles XII. than the pleaſure of being intimately acquainted with that extraordinary man. He frequently lay by his majeſty upon the ſame cloak; and by ſharing with him in all his dangers and fatigues, had acquired a right of talking to him with greater freedom. Charles encouraged this boldneſs in thoſe he loved; and would ſometimes ſay to the count de Croiſſy, *Veni, maledicamus de rege:* "Come now let us make a little free with the character of Charles XII." This account I had from the ambaſſador himſelf.

Croiſſy continued in the town till the thirteenth of November, when having obtained from the enemy a paſſport for himſelf and his baggage, he took his leave of the king, who ſtill remained amidſt the ruins of Stralſund, with a garriſon di-

diminiſhed by one half, but firmly reſolved to ſtand an aſſault.

And two days after, an aſſault was actually made upon the horn-work. Twice did the enemy take it, and twice were they repulſed. In this rencounter the king fought amidſt his grenadiers; but at laſt ſuperior numbers prevailed, and the enemy remained maſters of the place. Charles continued in the town two days after this, expecting every moment a general aſſault. On the twenty-firſt he ſtayed till midnight upon a little ravelin that was entirely demoliſhed by the bombs and cannon. Next day the principal officers conjured him to quit a place which he could no longer defend. But to retreat was now become as dangerous as to ſtay. The Baltick was covered with Ruſſian and Daniſh ſhips. There were no veſſels in the harbour of Stralſund, but one ſmall bark with ſails and oars. The great danger which rendered this retreat ſo glorious, was the very thing that prompted Charles to attempt it. He embarked at midnight on the twentieth of December, 1715, accompanied by ten perſons only. They were obliged to break the ice with which the water of the harbour was covered; a hard and laborious taſk, which they were forced to continue for ſeveral hours before the bark could ſail freely. The enemies admirals had ſtrict orders not to allow Charles to eſcape from Stralſund; but to take him, dead or alive. Happily for him, they were under the wind, and could not come near him. He ran a ſtill greater riſk in paſſing by a place called la Baberte, in the iſle of Rugen, where the Danes had erected a battery of twelve cannon, from which they fired upon him. The mariners ſpread every ſail and

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plyed every oar in order to get clear of the enemy. But two men were killed at the king's ſide by one cannon ball, and the ſhip's maſt was ſhattered by another. Through all theſe dangers, however, did the king eſcape unhurt, and at laſt came up with two of his own ſhips that were cruiſing in the Baltick. Next day Stralſund was ſurrendered, and the garriſon made priſoners of war. Charles landed at Iſted in Scania, and forthwith repaired to Carelſcroon, in a condition very different from what he was in, when, about fifteen years before, he ſet ſail from that harbour in a ſhip of a hundred and twenty guns, to give laws to the North.

As he was ſo near his capital, it was expected that after ſuch a long abſence, he would pay it a viſit; but he was determined not to enter it again till he had obtained ſome ſignal victory. Beſides, he could not bear the thoughts of reviſiting a people by whom he was beloved, and whom nevertheleſs he was obliged to oppreſs, in order to enable him to make head againſt his enemies. He wanted only to ſee his ſiſter, with whom he appointed an interview on the banks of the lake Weter, in Oſtrogothia. Thither he rode poſt attended only by one ſervant, and after having ſpent a day with her returned to Carelſcroon.

From this place, where he paſſed the winter, he iſſued out orders for raiſing recruits through the whole kingdom. He thought that his ſubjects were born for no other purpoſe than to follow him to the field of battle, and he had actually accuſtomed them to entertain the ſame opinion. Some were inliſted who were not above fifteen years of age. In ſeveral villages there were none left but old men, women, and children; and in many

many places the women were obliged to plow the land alone.

It was ſtill more difficult to procure a fleet. In order to ſupply that defect as well as poſſible, commiſſions were granted to the owners of privateers, who, upon obtaining certain privileges unreaſonable in themſelves, and deſtructive to the community, equipped a few ſhips; and theſe poor efforts were the laſt that the declining ſtate of Sweden was now capable of making. To defray the expences of all theſe preparations, there was a neceſſity for encroaching upon the property of the ſubject; and every kind of extortion was practiſed under the ſpecious name of taxes and duties. Strict ſearch was made into every houſe, and one half of the proviſions that were found in them was conveyed to the king's magazines. All the iron in the kingdom was bought up for his uſe. This the government paid for in paper, and ſold it out for ready money. A tax was laid on all ſuch as had any mixture of ſilk in their cloaths, or wore periwigs or gilded ſwords; and the duty of hearth-money was immoderately high. The people, oppreſſed with ſuch a load of taxes, would have revolted under any other king; but the pooreſt peaſant in Sweden knew that his maſter led a life ſtill more hard and frugal than himſelf; ſo that every one ſubmitted chearfully to thoſe hardſhips which the king was the firſt to ſuffer.

All ſenſe of private misfortunes was ſwallowed up in the apprehenſion of public danger. The Swedes expected every moment to ſee their country invaded by the Ruſſians, the Danes, the Pruſſians, the Saxons, and even by the Engliſh; and their fear of this hoſtile viſit was ſo ſtrong and pre-

prevalent, that thoſe who had money or valuable effects took care to bury them in the earth.

An Engliſh fleet had already appeared in the Baltick, though its particular deſtination was not known; and the czar had given his word to the king of Denmark, that in the ſpring of 1716, the Ruſſians ſhould join the Danes, in order to make a deſcent upon Sweden.

But how great was the aſtoniſhment of all Europe, ever attentive to the fortune of Charles XII. when, inſtead of defending his own country, which was threatned with an invaſion by ſo many princes, they ſaw him in the month of March 1716, paſſing over into Norway, with twenty thouſand men.

From the time of Hannibal to that of Charles XII. the world had never ſeen any general, who, unable to make head againſt his enemies at home, had boldly carried the war into the heart of their own dominions. The prince of Heſſe, his brother-in-law, attended him in this expedition.

There is no travelling from Sweden to Norway but through the moſt dangerous by-ways; and when theſe are paſt, one meets with ſo many flaſhes of water formed by the ſea amongſt the rocks, that there is a neceſſity for making bridges every day. A handful of Danes might have ſtopped the progreſs of the whole Swediſh army; but this ſudden invaſion had not been foreſeen. Europe was ſtill more aſtoniſhed to ſee the czar, amidſt all theſe mighty events, remaining inactive, and not making a deſcent upon Sweden, as had formerly been ſtipulated between him and his allies.

This inactivity was owing to one of the greateſt and moſt difficult ſchemes that ever was formed by the mind of man.

Henry

Henry de Gortz, a native of Franconia, and baron of the empire, having done ſeveral good offices to the king of Sweden, during that monarch's abode at Bender, was now become his favourite, and firſt miniſter.

Never man was at once ſo bold and ſo artful; ſo full of expedients amidſt misfortunes; ſo unbounded in his deſigns, or ſo active in the proſecution of them. No project too great for his daring genius to attempt; no means too difficult for his ſagacity and penetration to diſcover; in purſuing his favourite ſchemes he was equally prodigal of preſents and promiſes, of oaths, of truth and of falſhood.

From Sweden he went to France, England, and Holland, to examine thoſe ſecret ſprings which he afterwards meant to put in motion. He was capable of throwing all Europe into combuſtion; and his inclination was equal to his power. What his maſter was at the head of an army, that was de Gortz in the cabinet; by which means he had acquired a greater aſcendant over Charles XII. than any miniſter before him had ever poſſeſſed.

Charles, who at twenty years of age had preſcribed orders to count Piper, was now content to receive inſtructions from baron de Gortz, reſigning himſelf to the direction of that miniſter with ſo much the leſs reſerve, as his misfortunes obliged him to liſten to the advice of others, and as Gortz never gave him any but ſuch as was ſuitable to his undaunted courage. He obſerved, that of all the ſovereigns united againſt Sweden, George, elector of Hanover, and king of England, was the prince againſt whom Charles was moſt highly incenſed; becauſe he was the only one to whom he had never done the leaſt injury; and be-

becauſe George had engaged in the quarrel under the pretext of compromiſing matters, but in reality with a view of preſerving Bremen and Verden, to which he ſeemed to have no other right than that of having bought them for a trifle from the king of Denmark, to whom, after all, they did not belong.

Nor was it long before he diſcovered that the czar was ſecretly diſſatisfied with his allies, who had all conſpired to hinder him from acquiring any poſſeſſions in Germany, where that monarch, already become too formidable, wanted only to obtain a footing. Wiſmar, the only town that ſtill remained to the Swedes on the frontiers of Germany, was, on the fourteenth of February 1716, ſurrendered to the Danes and Pruſſians, who would not ſo much as allow the Ruſſian troops that were in Mecklenburg, to be preſent at the ſiege. Such repeated marks of jealouſy for two years together, had alienated the czar's mind from the common cauſe, and perhaps prevented the ruin of Sweden. There are many inſtances of ſeveral ſtates in alliance being conquered by a ſingle power; but hardly any of a great empire ſubdued by ſeveral allies. If it ſhould happen to be humbled by their joint efforts, their inteſtine diviſions ſoon allow it to retrieve its former grandeur.

Ever ſince the year 1714, the czar had had it in his power to make a deſcent upon Sweden; but whether it was that he could not perfectly agree with the kings of Poland, England, Denmark, and Pruſſia, allies juſtly jealous of his growing power, or that he did not as yet think his troops ſufficiently diſciplined to attack in their own territories a people whoſe very peaſants had beat

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the flower of the Daniſh forces, he ſtill put off the execution of the enterprize.

But what had chiefly interrupted the progreſs of his arms was the want of money. The czar, though one of the moſt powerful monarchs in the univerſe, was far from being one of the richeſt; his revenues, at that time, not exceeding twenty-four millions of livres. He had diſcovered indeed ſome mines of gold, ſilver, copper, and iron; but the profits ariſing from theſe was ſtill uncertain, and the expence of the working them was intolerably great. He had likewiſe eſtabliſhed an extenſive commerce; but that in its infancy rather filled him with the agreeable hopes of what it might one day prove, than was really productive of any preſent advantage: nor did the provinces which he had lately conquered increaſe his revenues, in the ſame proportion as they augmented his power and glory. It required a long time to heal the wounds of Livonia, a country extremely fertile, but deſolated by fire, ſword, and diſtemper, and by a war of fifteen years continuance, deſtitute of inhabitants, and as yet chargeable to the conqueror. His finances were further drained by the large fleets he maintained, and by the new enterprizes which he was daily undertaking. He had even been reduced to the wretched expedient of raiſing the value of money, a remedy that can never cure the evils of ſtate, and is in a particular manner prejudicial to a country, whoſe exports fall ſhort of their imports.

Such was the foundation upon which de Gortz had built his ſcheme of a revolution. He ventured to adviſe the king of Sweden to purchaſe a peace from the Ruſſian emperor at any price, intimating to him, at the ſame time, that the czar was

was highly incenſed at the kings of Poland and England, and aſſuring him that he and Peter Alexiowitz, when joined together, would be able to ſtrike terror into the reſt of Europe.

There was no poſſibility of making a peace with the czar, without giving up a great many of thoſe provinces which lie to the eaſt and north of the Baltick ſea. But Gortz entreated the king to conſider, that by yielding up theſe provinces, which the czar already poſſeſſed, and which Charles at preſent was unable to recover, he might have the honour of reſtoring Staniſlaus to the throne of Poland, of replacing the ſon of James II. on that of England, and of re-eſtabliſhing the duke of Holſtein in the peaceable poſſeſſion of his dominions.

Charles, pleaſed with theſe mighty projects, upon which, however, he laid no great ſtreſs, gave carte blanche to his miniſter. Gortz ſet out from Sweden, furniſhed with full powers to act without controul, and to treat as his maſter's plenipotentiary with all thoſe princes with whom he ſhould think proper to negociate. The firſt ſtep was to ſound the court of Moſcow, which he did by means of a Scotchman, called Areſkine, firſt phyſician to the czar, and ſtrongly attached to the pretender's intereſt, as indeed moſt of the Scots were, except ſuch as ſubſiſted upon favours from the court of London *.

* The Scottiſh nation will not thank Mr. de Voltaire for this aſſertion, which is by no means conſiſtent with truth. Were it neceſſary it might be eaſily proved, that the whig party has greatly preponderated in Scotland ever ſince the Union.

This

This phyſician repreſented to prince Menzikoff the greatneſs and importance of the ſcheme, with all the warmth of a man who was ſo much intereſted in its ſucceſs. Prince Menzikoff reliſhed the propoſal, and the czar approved of it. Inſtead of making a deſcent upon Sweden, as had been ſtipulated between him and his allies, he ſent his troops to winter in Mecklenburg, whither he ſoon after repaired himſelf. This he did under the ſpecious pretext of terminating ſome diſputes that had lately ariſen between the duke and his nobility; but in reality with a view to proſecute his favourite ſcheme of obtaining a principality in Germany, and hoping he ſhould be able to perſuade the duke of Mecklenburg to ſell him his ſovereignty.

The allies were highly provoked at theſe proceedings; and the more ſo, as they did not chuſe to have ſuch a formidable neighbour as Peter Alexiowitz, who, could he once obtain any footing in Germany, might one day procure himſelf to be elected emperor, to the great oppreſſion of all the princes of the empire. But the more they were provoked, the more was the grand ſcheme of de Gortz forwarded. This miniſter, the better to conceal his ſecret intrigues, affected to negociate with the confederate princes, who were likewiſe amuſed with vain hopes from the czar.

Charles XII. and his brother-in-law, the prince of Heſſe, were all this while in Norway, at the head of twenty thouſand men. The country was defended by no more than eleven thouſand Danes, divided into ſeveral detached parties, who were all put to the ſword by the king and the prince of Heſſe.

Charles advanced towards Chriſtiania, the capital of the kingdom; and fortune began once more to

to ſmile upon him in this part of the globe. But he never took ſufficient care to provide for the ſubſiſtence of his troops. A Daniſh fleet and army were coming to the relief of Norway; and Charles being in want of proviſions, was obliged to return to Sweden, there to wait the iſſue of his miniſter's mighty projects.

The execution of the ſcheme required at once inviolable ſecrecy, and vaſt preparations, two things almoſt incompatible. Gortz even ranſacked the Aſiatic ſeas for an aſſiſtance, which, however odious in appearance, would nevertheleſs have been extremely proper for making a deſcent upon Scotland, and for furniſhing Sweden with ſhips, men, and money.

The pirates of all nations, and eſpecially thoſe of England, having entered into a mutual aſſociation, had long infeſted the ſeas of Europe and America. Driven at laſt from all their wonted haunts, and having no hopes of obtaining any quarter, they had lately retired to the coaſts of Madagaſcar, a large iſland to the eaſt of Africa. Theſe men were all of them deſperadoes, and moſt of them famous for actions which wanted nothing but juſtice to render them truly heroic. They were endeavouring to find out a prince that would receive them under his protection; but the laws of nations ſhut all the harbours in the world againſt them.

No ſooner were they informed that Charles XII. was returned to Sweden, than they began to flatter themſelves with the agreeable hopes, that that prince paſſionately fond of war, obliged at preſent to be engaged in it, and in great want as well of ſhips as ſoldiers, would be glad to make an agreement with them upon reaſonable terms.

With

With this view they ſent a deputy to Europe on board of a Dutch veſſel, to make a propoſal to baron de Gortz, that if they were ſure of meeting with a favouable reception in the port of Gottenburg, they would inſtantly repair there with ſixty ſhips loaded with riches *.

The baron prevailed upon the king to agree to the propoſal; and next year Cromſtrom and Mendal, two Swediſh gentlemen, were ſent to finiſh the treaty with the corſairs of Madagaſcar.

But a more honourable and a more powerful ſupport was ſoon after found in cardinal Alberoni, a man of an extraordinary genius, who governed Spain long enough for his own glory; but too ſhort a time for the grandeur and happineſs of the kingdom.

He readily embraced the propoſal of placing the ſon of James II. on the throne of England. Nevertheleſs, as he was but juſt entered into the miniſtry, and had the affairs of Spain to regulate, before he could think of throwing other kingdoms into confuſion, it was not likely that he would be able for a conſiderable time to put this grand machine in motion. But in leſs than two years he changed the face of affairs in Spain, reſtored that kingdom to her former degree of credit, among the other powers of Europe, prevailed upon the Turks, as is commonly ſuppoſed,

* This has ſo much the air of a fable, that we know not how to believe it. True it is, a few pirates fixed their habitation on the iſland of Madagaſcar: but they lived miſerably, ſingle, and ſeparate, like wild beaſts in a ſtate of nature, without plan, ſubordination, or ſociety, without force or ſhipping: for what ſhips they had taken, either periſhed, rotted, or were broken up by their own hands.

to attack the emperor of Germany, and attempted, at one and the ſame time, to deprive the duke of Orleans of the regency of France, and king George of the crown of England. So dangerous may one ſingle man prove, when he is veſted with abſolute authority in a powerful ſtate, and is endowed with courage and greatneſs of ſoul.

Gortz having thus ſcattered in the courts of Muſcovy and Spain the firſt ſparks of that flame which he intended to kindle, went privately to France, and from thence to Holland, where he had an interview with ſome of the pretender's adherents.

He informed himſelf more particularly of the ſtrength, the number, and diſpoſition of the malecontents in England, of the money they could furniſh, and the troops they could raiſe. The malecontents required only a reinforcement of ten thouſand men, with whoſe aſſiſtance, they ſaid, they ſhould be fully able to effectuate a revolution.

Count Gillembourg, the Swediſh ambaſſador in England, being furniſhed with proper inſtructions by baron Gortz, had ſeveral conferences at London, with the chiefs of the diſaffected party. He encouraged them with the moſt flattering hopes of ſucceſs, and readily promiſed them whatever they could wiſh to obtain; and they, on their part, were ſo forward as to furniſh conſiderable ſums of money, which Gortz received in Holland. He treated about the purchaſe of ſome ſhips, and bought ſix in Britain, with all kinds of arms.

He then ſent ſeveral officers privately into France, and among others the chevalier de Folard, who having made thirty campaigns in the French armies, without any conſiderable ad-

dition to his fortune, had lately offered his ſervice to the king of Sweden, not ſo much from any intereſted views, as from a deſire of ſerving under a king of ſuch a glorious reputation. Folard likewiſe hoped to recommend to that prince the improvements he had made in the art of war, which he had always ſtudied as a philoſopher; and he hath ſince publiſhed his diſcoveries in his commentary on Polybius. Charles XII. who had made war himſelf in a manner entirely new, and was never guided by cuſtom in any thing, was pleaſed with his notions; and reſolved to employ him in his projected invaſion of Scotland. The ſecret orders of baron de Gortz were faithfully executed in France by the chevalier de Folard. A great number of French, and a ſtill greater number of Iriſh officers engaged in this uncommon conſpiracy, which was hatching at one and the ſame time in England, France, and Muſcovy, and the branches of which were ſecretly extended from one end of Europe to the other.

Theſe preparations, however great, were only a ſample of what de Gortz intended to do; though it was a matter of no ſmall conſequence to have thus ſet the ſcheme a-going. But the point of the greateſt importance, and without which nothing could ſucceed, was to bring about a peace between the czar and Charles; to accompliſh which many difficulties were to be removed. Baron Oſterman, miniſter of ſtate in Muſcovy, refuſed at firſt to come into de Gortz's meaſures. The former was as cautious and circumſpect as the latter was bold and enterpriſing. The one, ſlow and regular in his politicks, was for allowing every thing time to ripen: the other of a daring genius, and impatient ſpirit, had no ſooner ſown the

the ſeed then he was preſently for reaping the harveſt. Oſterman fearing that the emperor, his maſter, dazzled with the ſplendor of this enterprize, would grant the Swedes a too advantageous peace, delayed the concluſion of it by a variety of obſtacles and procraſtinations.

Happily for baron de Gortz, the czar himſelf came to Holland in the beginning of the year 1717. His intention was to go from thence into France. He was deſirous of ſeeing that famous nation, which, for more than a hundred years paſt, hath been cenſured, envied, and imitated by all its neighbours. He wanted to gratify his inſatiable curioſity of ſeeing and learning every thing, and, at the ſame time, to exerciſe his politicks.

Gortz had two interviews with him at the Hague; and in theſe he made greater progreſs than he could have done in ſix months with the plenipotentiaries. Every thing wore a favourable aſpect. His mighty projects ſeemed to be covered under the veil of impenetrable ſecrecy; and he flattered himſelf that Europe would know them only by their being carried into execution. Mean while he talked of nothing but peace at the Hague, he openly declared that he would always conſider the king of England as the pacifier of the North; and he even preſſed, (in appearance at leaſt,) the holding of a congreſs at Brunſwick, in which the jarring intereſts of Sweden and her enemies might be amicably adjuſted.

Theſe intrigues were firſt diſcovered by the duke of Orleans, regent of France, who had ſpies in every part of Europe. Men of this character, who make a trade of ſelling the ſecrets of their friends, and get their livelihood by being informers,

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and frequently by inventing and propagating the groſſeſt lies and calumnies, were ſo much increaſed in France under his government, that one half of the nation were become ſpies upon the other. The duke of Orleans, who was connected with the king of England by perſonal ties, acquainted him with the ſecret plot that was hatching againſt him.

At the ſame time the Dutch, who began to take umbrage at the behaviour of de Gortz, communicated their ſuſpicions to the Engliſh miniſter. Gortz and Gillembourg were proſecuting their ſchemes with great vigour, when they were both arreſted, the one at Deventer, in Guelderland, and the other at London.

As Gillembourg, the Swediſh ambaſſador, had violated the law of nations, by conſpiring againſt the prince to whom he was ſent in a public character, the Engliſh made no ſcruple to violate the ſame law, by arreſting his perſon. But all the world was ſurpriſed to ſee the ſtates general impriſon the baron de Gortz, in order to gratify the king of England, an inſtance of complaiſance hardly to be paralleled in hiſtory. They even appointed the count de Welderen to examine him. This formality was only an aggravation of their former inſult, which being rendered entirely abortive, produced no other effect than to cover them with confuſion. "Do you know me?" ſays Gortz to the count de Welderen. "Yes, Sir," replies the Dutchman. "Well, then, ſays de Gortz, if you do know, you muſt be ſenſible that I will not ſpeak one word more than I pleaſe." The examination was carried no farther. All the foreign miniſters, and eſpecially the marquis de Monteleon, the Spaniſh ambaſſador in England, proteſted

teſted againſt the violence offered to the perſon of Gortz and Gillembourg. The Dutch were inexcuſeable. They had not only violated a moſt ſacred law, by ſeizing the prime miniſter of the king of Sweden, who had formed no plots againſt them; but they acted in direct oppoſition to the ſpirit of that ineſtimable liberty which hath drawn ſo many foreigners into their country, and is the foundation of all their greatneſs.

With regard to the king of England, he had acted conſiſtently with the ſtricteſt principles of juſtice, in impriſoning his enemy. He publiſhed in his own vindication, the letters of Gortz and Gillembourg, which were found among the papers of the latter. The king of Sweden was in Scania, when he received theſe printed letters, together with the news of the two miniſters being impriſoned. He aſked with a ſmile, if they had not likewiſe printed his letters; and gave immediate orders for arreſting the Engliſh reſident at Stockholm, with all his family and domeſticks. The Dutch reſident was forbid the court, and ſtrictly watched in all his motions. Charles, mean while, neither avowed nor diſclaimed the proceedings of de Gortz. Too proud to deny a ſcheme which he had once approved, and too wiſe to acknowledge a plot which had thus been ſtifled in its birth, he maintained a diſdainful ſilence towards England and Holland.

The czar took a very diffent courſe. As his name was not expreſly mentioned, but only obſcurely hinted at in the papers of Gortz and Gillembourg, he wrote a long letter to the king of England, complimenting him upon the diſcovery of the plot, and aſſuring him of the moſt inviolable friendſhip; and king George received

his proteſtations without believing them, though he thought it moſt prudent in the preſent caſe to pretend that he did. A plot contrived by private men is annihilated the moment it is diſcovered; but a conſpiracy formed by kings, the more it is known the ſtronger it grows.

The czar arrived at Paris in the month of May 1717, to view the beauties of art and nature; and to viſit the academies, public libraries, the cabinets of the curious, and the royal palaces, were not the only ends of his journey. He made a propoſal to the duke of Orleans for concluding a treaty, which, had it taken place, would have compleated the greatneſs of Muſcovy. His deſign was to compromiſe matters with the king of Sweden, who would yield to him ſome large provinces, to deprive the Danes of the empire of the Baltick Sea, to weaken the Engliſh by a civil war, and to make all the trade of the North to center in Ruſſia. He had even ſome thoughts of ſetting up Staniſlaus afreſh againſt Auguſtus, that ſo the fire being every where kindled, he might have it in his power either to quench or blow it up, as ſhould be moſt conducive to his intereſt. With this view he propoſed to the regent of France to act as mediator between Sweden and Muſcovy, and to make a league offenſive and defenſive with theſe two crowns, and that of Spain. This treaty, ſeemingly ſo natural and ſo advantageous to the ſeveral nations concerned, and which would have put the balance of power in Europe into their hands, was nevertheleſs rejected by the duke of Orleans. Nay, at that very time, he entered into engagements of a quite oppoſite nature. He made a league with the emperor of Germany, and with George king of England.

land. The reaſons of ſtate had ſo much altered the views and inclinations of all the princes of Europe, that the czar was ready to declare againſt his old ally, Auguſtus, and to eſpouſe the cauſe of Charles, his mortal enemy; while France, in order to oblige the Germans and the Engliſh, was going to make war upon the grand-ſon of Lewis XIV. after having ſo long ſupported him againſt theſe very enemies, at a prodigious expence of blood and treaſure. All that the czar could obtain by theſe indirect meaſures was to prevail upon the regent to interpoſe his good offices to procure the enlargement of Gortz and Gillembourg. He returned to his own dominions about the end of June, after having ſhewn the French a ſight they had never ſeen before, an emperor travelling for inſtruction. But the generality of that people were only ſtruck with his rude unpoliſhed manners, the reſult of his bad education; while the legiſlator, the great man, and the creator of a new nation, entirely eſcaped the notice of theſe ſuperficial obſervers.

What the czar ſought for in the duke of Orleans, he ſoon found in cardinal Alberoni, who now governed the Spaniſh councils with unlimited ſway. Alberoni deſired nothing ſo much as the reſtoration of the pretender. This he did both as he was miniſter of Spain, which had been ſo ill treated by the Engliſh; as he was a perſonal enemy to the duke of Orleans, who was leagued with England againſt Spain; and, in fine, as he was a prieſt of that church, for the ſake of which the pretender's father had ſo fooliſhly loſt his crown.

The duke of Ormond, as much beloved in England as the duke of Marlborough was ad-

mired, had left his country at the acceſſion of king George, and retired to Madrid. This nobleman was now veſted with full powers by the king of Spain and the pretender; and, accompanied by one Irnegan, another native of England, a man of fine addreſs, and an enterpriſing ſpirit, he went to meet the czar in his way to Mittau in Courland. He demanded the princeſs Anna Petrowna, the czar's daughter, in marriage for the ſon of James II.* hoping that this alliance would the more ſtrongly attach the czar to the intereſts of that unhappy prince. But this propoſal, inſtead of forwarding, retarded, at leaſt for ſome time, the progreſs of the negociations. Baron de Gortz, among his other projects, had long ſet apart this princeſs for the duke of Holſtein, to whom, in effect, ſhe was ſoon after married. The moment he was informed of the duke of Ormond's propoſal, he became jealous of its ſucceſs, and employed every art to render it abortive. He, as well as count Gillembourg, was ſet at liberty in the month of Auguſt, the king of Sweden not even deigning to offer the leaſt apology to the king of England, nor to expreſs the ſlighteſt diſapprobation of his miniſter's conduct.

At the ſame time, the Engliſh reſident and all his family were releaſed at Stockholm, where they

* The truth of all theſe particulars is confirmed by cardinal Alberoni himſelf, in a letter of thanks which he wrote to the author. M. Norberg, whoſe ignorance of the affairs of Europe, can only be equalled by the poverty of his genius, alledges that the duke of Ormond left England not upon the acceſſion of George I. but immediately after the death of queen Anne; as if forſooth George I. had not been the immediate ſucceſſor of that queen.

had

had been treated with much more ſeverity than Gillembourg had been at London.

Gortz, being now at liberty, behaved like an implacable enemy, prompted not only by the powerful motives by which he had been formerly actuated, but inſtigated by a ſpirit of revenge, on account of his late impriſonment. He inſtantly poſted away to the czar, and, by his artful inſinuations, obtained a greater aſcendant over that prince than ever. He aſſured him, that in leſs than three months, he would, in conjunction with a ſingle plenipotentiary from Ruſſia, remove every obſtacle that retarded the concluſion of a peace with Sweden. Taking a map in his hand, which had been drawn by the czar himſelf, and making a line from Wibourg, all the way to the frozen ſea, running along the lake Ladoga, he undertook to perſuade his maſter to give up all the country lying to the eaſtward of that line, as well as Carelia, Ingria, and Livonia. He then hinted at a propoſal of marriage between his czariſh majeſty's daughter and the duke of Holſtein, flattering the czar with the agreeable hopes that the duke might poſſibly be prevailed upon to yield him up his dominions for an equivalent, by which acquiſition he would become a member of the empire, and that either himſelf or ſome of his deſcendants might one day obtain the imperial crown. By theſe means he gratified the ambitious views of the Ruſſian monarch, and deprived the pretender of all hopes of marrying the czarinian princeſs, at the ſame time that he opened to him a more tempting project in England, and thus accompliſhed all his own projects at once.

The czar named the iſle of Aland for holding the conference between Oſterman, his miniſter of

ſtate, and baron de Gortz. He deſired the duke of Ormond to return to Spain, that he might not give too great cauſe of offence to the Engliſh, with whom he had no intention of coming to an open rupture, till he ſhould be ready to make the projected invaſion. But Irnegan, the duke's confidant, was allowed to ſtay at Peterſburg, where he lived with ſo much privacy and caution, that he never came abroad in the day time, nor ever converſed with any of the czar's miniſters, except in the diſguiſe of a peaſant or Tartar.

Immediately after the duke of Ormond's departure, the czar acquainted the king of England with the high compliment he had payed him in diſmiſſing the greateſt man in the pretender's faction; and baron Gortz returned to Sweden, flushed with hopes of ſucceſs.

Gortz found his maſter at the head of thirty-five thouſand regular troops, and all the coaſts guarded by the militia. The king wanted nothing but money. But the public credit, as well at home as abroad, was entirely exhauſted. France, which had furniſhed him with ſome ſupplies, during the laſt years of Lewis XIV. refuſed to contribute any more under the regency of the duke of Orleans, who purſued a cauſe very different from that of Lewis. Spain promiſed him ſome remittances; but was not yet in a condition to afford any thing conſiderable.

De Gortz therefore carried a ſcheme into execution which he had tried before his journey to France and Holland. This was to give to copper the value of ſilver; ſo that a piece of the former metal, whoſe intrinſic value was only a half-penny, ſhould, when ſtamped with the king's *mark*, paſs for forty pence; as the governors of be-

beſieged towns frequently pay the ſoldiers and citizens in leathern money, in expectation of being one day able to reimburſe them in real coin. This fictitious kind of money, which owes its birth to neceſſity, and can only be rendered current by its being punctually paid in real ſpecie, is like bills of exchange, the imaginary value of which may eaſily exceed the ſolid funds that are in a nation.

Theſe expedients are of great uſe in a free country. They have often ſaved a republic, but ſeldom, or never, fail to ruin a monarchy; for, as the people ſoon begin to grow ſuſpicious, the miniſter is obliged to break his word: the ideal money multiplies a-pace: private men bury their money in the earth; and the whole machine of government falls into a confuſion which is often productive of the moſt pernicious conſequences, as was but too plainly exemplified in the fate of Sweden.

At firſt the baron de Gortz iſſued out his new coin with equal diſcretion and reſerve; but, by the rapidity of a motion which he could not reſtrain, he was ſoon hurried beyond the limits which he had originally preſcribed to himſelf. All kinds of goods and proviſions having riſen to an immoderate price, he was obliged to encreaſe the quantity of his copper coin. But the more it was encreaſed, the leſs was its value; and Sweden, deluged as it were by this falſe money, ſet up a general cry againſt baron de Gortz. The people, who always regarded their ſovereign with a kind of veneration, could not find in their hearts to hate him, and therefore made the weight of their reſentment to fall on a miniſter, who, both as a

foreigner and chief director of the finances, was doubly expoſed to the public odium.

But what entirely compleated his ruin was a tax he attempted to impoſe on the clergy. The clergy, who are too apt to join their own cauſe to that of the Supreme Being, called him an atheiſt, becauſe he demanded their money. Some of the new copper coin being ſtamped with the figures of the heathen gods, they thence took occaſion to call thoſe pieces the gods of baron de Gortz.

To this public odium under which he laboured, was added the jealouſy of the miniſters; the more implacable in their reſentment as their power was the leſs. The king's ſiſter, and the prince her huſband, dreaded him, as a man attached from his birth to the duke of Holſtein, and might one day be able to place the crown of Sweden on his head. In a word, he had incurred the hatred of the whole nation, Charles alone excepted; but this general averſion ſerved only to enſure to him the friendſhip of the king, whoſe maxim it always was to be the more inflexible the more he was contradicted. Accordingly, he now relied upon the baron with an almoſt implicit confidence; gave him an abſolute power in the interior government of the kingdom; and committed to his care whatever related to the negociations with the czar, preſſing him above all things to haſten the conference that was to be held in the iſle of Aland.

And, indeed, Gortz had no ſooner regulated the finances, (a work which had hitherto detained him at Stockholm) than he ſet out on his journey for the place appointed, in order to finiſh with the czar's miniſter the grand ſcheme he had projected.

The preliminary articles of that alliance, which was

was wholly to have changed the face of affairs in Europe, were found among de Gortz's papers after his death, and were as follow;

The czar was to keep the whole of Livonia, and part of Ingria and Carelia to himſelf, and to reſtore the reſt to Sweden. He was to join his efforts with thoſe of Charles XII. in order to reſtore Staniſlaus to the throne of Poland, and to enter that country with eighty thouſand Ruſſians, to dethrone the very king in whoſe defence he had waged a war of ten years continuance. He was to furniſh the king of Sweden with a number of ſhips ſufficient to tranſport ten thouſand Swedes to England, and thirty thouſand to Germany. The united forces of Peter and Charles were to attack the king of England in his German dominions, eſpecially in Bremen and Verden; and were likewiſe to be employed in re-eſtabliſhing the duke of Holſtein, and compelling the king of Pruſſia to agree to a treaty, by which he would have been deprived of part of thoſe territories which he had ſeized. From the time that this alliance was made, Charles aſſumed ſuch lofty airs, as if his victorious troops, reinforced by thoſe of the czar, had already carried all his ſchemes into execution. He required the emperor of Germany, in a peremptory manner, to fulfil the treaty of Altmanſtad. But the court of Vienna would hardly deign to give an anſwer to the propoſal of a prince from whom ſhe had nothing to fear.

The king of Poland did not enjoy the ſame tranquillity; but ſaw the clouds gathering all around him. The Poliſh nobility had formed a confederacy againſt him; and, ever ſince his reſtoration, he had perpetually been engaged either in wars or treaties with his ſubjects. The czar,

who

who was now become a dangerous mediator, had an hundred gallies near Dantzick, and forty thouſand men on the frontiers of Poland. All the North was filled with jealouſy and apprehenſion. Fleming, of all men in the world the moſt apt to diſtruſt, and himſelf the moſt to be diſtruſted, was the firſt who ſuſpected the deſigns of the czar and the king of Sweden in favour of Staniſlaus. He therefore reſolved to have this prince ſeized in the dutchy of Deux-Ponts, as James Sobieſky had formerly been in Sileſia. Saiſſan, a Frenchman, one of thoſe reſtleſs and enterpriſing ſpirits, who wander into foreign parts to try their fortunes, had lately brought a ſmall number of his countrymen, bold and daring like himſelf, into the ſervice of the king of Poland. He imparted a project to Fleming, by which he undertook, with the aſſiſtance of thirty French officers, to ſeize Staniſlaus in his own palace, and carry him a priſoner to Dreſden. The project was approved. Enterprizes of that nature were not then uncommon. Some of thoſe deſperate fellows who are called Bravos in Italy, had performed the like atchievements in the Milaneſe, during the laſt war between France and Germany: and, even ſince that time, ſeveral French refugees in Holland had ventured to penetrate to Verſailles, in order to carry off the dauphin, and actually had ſeized the perſon of the firſt equerry, almoſt under the windows of the caſtle where Lewis XIV. reſided.

Accordingly, Saiſſan diſpoſed his men and poſt-horſes in the beſt manner he could contrive, in order to ſeize and carry off Staniſlaus. But the enterprize was diſcovered the night before it was to have been carried into execution. Several of the deſperadoes ſaved themſelves by flight, and the

reſt were taken priſoners. They had no right to expect to be treated as priſoners of war, but rather as common robbers. Staniſlaus, inſtead of puniſhing them as their crime deſerved, contented himſelf with reproaching them with their baſeneſs, and even that he did with the greateſt politeneſs and humanity. Nay, what is more, he gave them money to defray the expences of their return to Poland, and, by that act of generoſity, plainly ſhewed that his rival Auguſtus had but too much reaſon to fear him*.

Mean while Charles ſet out on a ſecond expedition to Norway, in the month of October 1718. He had taken all his meaſures with ſo much prudence and precaution, that he hoped he ſhould be able, in the ſpace of ſix months, to make himſelf maſter of that kingdom. He rather choſe to go and conquer rocks amidſt ice and ſnow, in the depth of winter, which kills the animals even in Sweden, where the cold is leſs ſevere, than to recover his beautiful provinces in Germany. Theſe he expected he ſhould ſoon be able to retake in conſequence of his alliance with the czar; and, in any event, it was a much more tempting object of ambition to wreſt a kingdom from his victorious foe.

At the mouth of the river Tiſtendall, near the bay of Denmark, and between the towns of Ba-

* Here M. Norberg accuſes the author of treating crowned heads with too little reſpect; as if this faithful account contained in it any thing injurious, or as if we were obliged to relate aught but truth of departed kings. What! does he imagine that hiſtory ſhould reſemble a ſermon preached before a ſovereign, in which the flattering orator loads his royal hearers with unmerited praiſes?

hus and Anſlo, ſtands Frederickſhall, a place of great ſtrength and importance, and conſidered as the key of the kingdom. To this town Charles laid ſiege, in the month of December. The ſoldiers, benumbed with cold, were hardly able to break the ground, which was ſo much hardened by the froſt, that it was almoſt as difficult to pierce it, as if they had been opening trenches in a rock. But nothing could reſiſt the reſolution and perſeverance of the Swedes, while they ſaw their king at their head, and ſharing in all their labours. Never, indeed, did Charles undergo greater fatigues. His conſtitution, ſtrengthened by eighteen years of ſevere labour, was hardened to ſuch a degree, that he ſlept in the open field in Norway in the midſt of winter, covered only with a cloak, and without doing the leaſt prejudice to his health. Several of the ſoldiers on duty dropt down dead with cold; and though the reſt were almoſt frozen to death, yet as they ſaw their king partaking in all their hardſhips, they durſt not utter a ſingle word of complaint. Having heard, a little before this expedition, of a certain woman in Scania, called Joan Dotter, who had lived for ſeveral months, without any other nouriſhment than water; he, who had all his life ſtudied to inure himſelf to the worſt extremes that human nature can ſupport, reſolved to try how long he could faſt without fainting. Accordingly he faſted five whole days, without either eating or drinking; and, on the morning of the ſixth, rode two leagues, and then alighted at the tent of the prince of Heſſe, his brother in-law, where he eat heartily, without feeling the leaſt diſorder, either from his long faſt of five days,

or

or from the plentiful meal which now ſucceeded *.

With ſuch a body of iron, inſpired by a ſoul alike enterpriſing and inflexible in every condition, he could not fail to be formidable to all his neighbours.

On the eleventh of December, being St. Andrew's day, he went at nine in the evening to view the trenches; and not finding the parallel ſo far advanced as he expected, he could not help expreſſing his ſurprize and diſpleaſure. Mr. Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the ſiege, aſſured him that the place would be taken in eight days. "Well! we ſhall ſee," ſays the king, and went on with the engineer to ſurvey the works. He ſtopped at a place where a branch of the trenches formed an angle with the parallel. He kneeled on the inner *talus*, and reſting his elbow on the parapet, continued for ſome time to view the men who were carrying on the trenches by ſtar-light.

Circumſtances, in their own nature trivial, become important when they relate to the death of ſuch a man as Charles XII. I muſt therefore take upon me to ſay, that the whole of the converſation, reported by ſo many writers to have paſſed between the king and Megret the engineer, is abſolutely falſe. The following account I can affirm, upon the beſt authority, to be the real truth of the matter.

The king ſtood with almoſt the half of his body expoſed to a battery of cannon pointed directly

* Norberg alledges that it was to cure a pain in his breaſt, that Charles ſubmitted to this long abſtinence. Confeſſor Norberg is ſurely a moſt wretched phyſician.

againſt the angle where he was. He was attended by two Frenchmen only; one of whom was M. Siquier, his aid-de-camp, a man of courage and conduct, who had entered into his ſervice in Turky, and was particularly attached to the prince of Heſſe; the other was this engineer. The cannon fired upon them with grape-ſhot, to which the king, as he ſtood behind them, was moſt expoſed. A little behind them was count Swerin, who commanded the trenches. While Swerin was giving orders to count Poſſe, a captain of the guards, and to one Culbert, his aid-de-camp, Siquier and Megret ſaw the king fall upon the parapet, with a deep ſigh. They ran to him; but he was already dead. A ball of half a pound had ſtruck him on the right temple, and made a hole ſufficient to receive three fingers at once. His head reclined upon the parapet; his left eye beat in, and the right one entirely beat out of its ſocket. Though he expired the moment he received the wound, yet, by a kind of inſtinctive motion, he had graſped the hilt of his ſword in his hand, and ſtill lay in that poſture. At ſight of this ſhocking ſpectacle, Megret, a man of a ſingular turn of mind, and of great indifference of temper, ſaid, "Come, gentlemen, the farce is ended, let us now go to ſupper." Siquier ran immediately and informed count Swerin of what had happened. They all agreed to conceal the news of his death from the ſoldiers, till ſuch time as the prince of Heſſe ſhould be acquainted with it. The body was wrapt up in a grey cloak. Siquier put his hat and wig on the king's head; and in this condition Charles was carried, under the name of one captain Carlsberg, through the midſt of his troops.

troops, who thus ſay their dead king paſs them, without ever dreaming that it was his majeſty.

The prince gave inſtant orders that no one ſhould ſtir out of the camp, and that all the paſſes to Sweden ſhould be ſtrictly guarded, that ſo he might have time to take the neceſſary meaſures for placing the crown on his wife's head, and to exclude the duke of Holſtein, who might lay claim to it.

Thus fell Charles XII. king of Sweden, at the age of thirty-ſix years and an half, after having experienced all the grandeur of proſperity, and all the hardſhips of adverſity, without being either ſoftened by the one, or the leaſt diſturbed by the other. Almoſt all his actions, even thoſe of his private life, border on the marvellous. Perhaps he was the only man, moſt certainly he was the only king, that ever lived without failings. He carried all the virtues of the hero to ſuch an exceſs as renders them no leſs dangerous than the oppoſite vices. His reſolution, hardened into obſtinacy, occaſioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turky. His liberality, degenerating into profuſion, ruined Sweden. His courage, puſhed the length of temerity, was the cauſe of his death. And, during the laſt years of his reign, the means he employed to ſupport his authority, differed little from tyranny. His great qualities, any one of which would have been ſufficient to immortalize another prince, proved pernicious to his country. He never was the aggreſſor; but, in taking vengeance on thoſe who had injured him, his reſentment got the better of his prudence. He was the firſt *man who ever* aſpired to the title of *conqueror, without the* leaſt deſire of enlarging his dom-

dominions. His only end in ſubduing kingdoms was to have the pleaſure of giving them away. His paſſion for glory, for war, and revenge, prevented him from being a good politician; a quality, without which the world had never before ſeen any one a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, he was modeſt and humble; and after a defeat firm and undaunted. Severe to himſelf as well as to others, he too little regarded either his own life and labours, or thoſe of his ſubjects: an extraordinary rather than a great man, and more worthy to be admired than imitated. From the hiſtory of his life however, ſucceeding kings may learn, that a quiet and happy government is infinitely preferable to ſo much glory.

Charles XII. was of a tall ſtature and portly figure; he had a fine forehead, large blue eyes full of ſweetneſs, and a handſome noſe. But the lower part of his face was diſagreeable, and too often disfigured by a frequent laugh, which ſcarce opened his lips; and as to hair and beard, he had hardly any at all. A profound ſilence reigned at his table. Notwithſtanding the inflexible obſtinacy of his temper, he always retained that baſhfulneſs which goes by the name of falſe modeſty. He was but little qualified to make a figure in converſation, becauſe, having addicted himſelf entirely to war and action, he was utterly unacquainted with the pleaſures of ſociety. Till the time of his reſidence among the Turks, which furniſhed him with a good deal of leiſure, he had read nothing but Cæſar's Commentaries and the hiſtory of Alexander. It is true he had wrote ſome remarks on the art of war, and particularly on his own campaigns from 1700 to 1709. This he owned to the chevalier de Folard, but ſaid that the

the manuſcript had been loſt in the unfortunate battle of Pultowa. Some people would make us believe that Charles was a good mathematician. That he was poſſeſſed of great depth and penetration of thought, cannot be denied; but the arguments they produce to prove his knowledge in mathematics are by no means concluſive. He wanted to alter the method of counting by tens, and to ſubſtitute in its place the number ſixty-four, becauſe that number contains both a ſquare and a cube, and being divided by two is reducible to an unit. This, if it proves any thing, only ſhews that he always delighted in what was difficult and extraordinary.

With regard to his religion, though the ſentiments of a prince ought to have no influence on other men, and though the opinion of a monarch ſo illiterate as Charles, is of little conſequence in theſe matters, yet in this, as well as in other particulars, we muſt gratify the curioſity of mankind, who are anxious to know whatever relates to a prince of his character. I am informed, by the gentleman who hath furniſhed me with the greateſt part of the materials which compoſe this hiſtory, that Charles XII. was a ſerious Lutheran till the year 1707. Happening then to be at Leipſick, he there met with the famous philoſopher Mr. Leibnitz, a man who thought and ſpoke with equal freedom, and had already inſtilled his notions into more princes than one. I cannot believe, what is commonly reported, that Charles XII. conceived an indifference for Lutheraniſm from the converſation of this philoſopher, who never had the honour to talk with him above a quarter of an hour; but I have been told by M. Fabricius, who lived with him in great familiarity

for

for ſeven years ſucceſſively, that having ſeen, during his abode among the Turks, ſuch an infinite variety of religions, he became more lax in his principles. This fact is likewiſe confirmed by Motraye in his voyages. The ſame too is the opinion of the count de Croiſſy, who hath often told me, that of all his old principles, Charles retained none but that of abſolute predeſtination, a doctrine that favoured his courage, and juſtified his temerity. The czar was of much the ſame way of thinking, with regard to fate and religion; but talked of theſe ſubjects more frequently, as indeed he did of every thing elſe with his favourites, in a very familiar manner; for he had this advantage over Charles, that he was a good philoſopher and an eloquent ſpeaker.

Here I cannot help taking notice of a moſt uncharitable ſuſpicion, too readily embraced by the weak and credulous, and too induſtriouſly propagated by the malicious and ill-natured, to wit, that the death of princes is always owing to poiſon or aſſaſſination. It was then the current report in Germany, that Mr. Siquier was the man who killed the king of Sweden. That brave officer was long grieved at this injurious aſperſion; and, as he was one day talking to me on the ſubject: "I might have killed the king of Sweden, (ſaid he) but, had I been capable of forming ſuch a barbarous reſolution, ſo great was my veneration for that illuſtrious hero, that I could not have had the courage to carry it into execution."

I know, indeed, that Siquier himſelf gave occaſion to this heavy charge, which, even to this day, many of the Swedes believe to be well founded. He told me, that being ſeized with a violent fever at Stockholm, he cried out that he had

had killed the king of Sweden; and that, in the height of his phrenzy, he even opened the window, and publicly begged pardon for the regicide. When he was informed, in the courſe of his recovery, of what he had ſaid in his illneſs, he was almoſt ready to die with grief. This anecdote I did not chuſe to publiſh during his life-time. I ſaw him a little before he expired, and think I can ſafely affirm, that, far from killing Charles XII. he would have ſuffered a thouſand deaths to ſave the life of that hero. Had he actually committed ſuch a horrid crime, it muſt have been to ſerve ſome prince, who, no doubt, would have liberally rewarded him for ſuch a piece of treachery; but he died in France ſo extremely poor, that he even ſtood in need of my aſſiſtance. If theſe reaſons are not thought ſufficient to vindicate his memory, let it be conſidered, that the ball by which Charles fell could not come from a piſtol, and yet that Siquier had no other way to give the fatal blow, than by a piſtol concealed under his garments.

The king was no ſooner dead, than the ſiege of Frederickſhall was raiſed, and a total change took place in the government. The Swedes, who conſidered the glory of their ſovereign rather as a burden than an advantage, applied their whole attention towards concluding a peace with their enemies, and ſuppreſſing that abſolute power which baron de Gortz had ſo much abuſed to their ruin. The ſtates, by a free and voluntary choice, elected the ſiſter of Charles XII. for their queen, and obliged her, by a ſolemn act, to renounce all hereditary right to the crown, that ſo ſhe might hold it by the ſuffrages of the people. She bound herſelf by the moſt ſacred oaths never

to attempt the re-eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power; and at laſt, ſacrificing the love of royalty to conjugal affection, yielded the crown to her husband, who was choſen king by the ſtates, and mounted the throne on the ſame conditions with his royal conſort.

The baron de Gortz was taken into cuſtody immediately after the death of Charles, and condemned by the ſenate of Stockholm to loſe his head, at the foot of the common gallows; an act of revenge, perhaps, rather than of juſtice, and a cruel inſult to the memory of a king whom Sweden ſtill admires.

ZADIG;

OR,

FATE.

An ORIENTAL HISTORY.

AND,

The WORLD as it GOES,

The VISION of BABOUC.

Written by himſelf,

APPROBATION.

I The underwritten, who have obtained the character of a learned, and even of an ingenious man, have read this manuſcript, which, in ſpite of myſelf, I have found to be curious, entertaining, moral, philoſophical, and capable of affording pleaſure even to thoſe who hate romances. I have therefore decried it; and have aſſured the Cadi-leſquier that it is an abominable performance.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

SULTANA SHERAA.

BY SADI.

The 18th of the Month SCHEWAL, in the 837th Year of the HEGIRA.

DELIGHT of the eyes, torment of the heart, and light of the mind, I kiſs not the duſt of thy feet, becauſe thou never walkeſt; or walkeſt only on the carpets of Iran, or in paths ſtrewed with roſes. I offer thee the tranſlation of a book, wrote by an ancient ſage; who, having the happineſs to have nothing to do, amuſed himſelf in compoſing the hiſtory of Zadig; a work which performs more than it promiſes. I beſeech thee to

read and examine it; for, though thou art in the ſpring of life, and every pleaſure courts thee to its embrace; though thou art beautiful, and thy beauty be embelliſhed by thy admirable talents; tho' thou art praiſed from evening to morning, and, on all theſe accounts, haſt a right to be devoid of common ſenſe; yet thou haſt a ſound judgment, and a fine taſte; and I have heard thee reaſon with more accuracy than the old derviſes, with their long beards and pointed bonnets. Thou art diſcreet, without being diſtruſtful; gentle without weakneſs; and beneficent with diſcernment. Thou loveſt thy friends, and makeſt thyſelf no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charms from the ſhafts of detraction; thou neither ſayeſt nor doeſt any ill, notwithſtanding that both are ſo much in thy power. In a word, thy ſoul hath always appeared to me to be as pure and unſullied as thy beauty. Beſides, thou haſt ſome little knowlege in philoſophy, which makes me be-

believe that thou wilt take more pleaſure than others of thy ſex in peruſing the work of this venerable ſage.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee, a language which neither thou nor I underſtand. It was afterwards tranſlated into the Arabic, to amuſe the famous ſultan Oulougbeg, much about the time that the Arabians and Perſians began to write the Thouſand and One Nights, the Thouſand and One Days, *&c.* Ouloug was fond of reading Zadig; but the ſultanas were fonder of the Thouſand and One. "How can you prefer (would the wiſe Ouloug ſay to them) thoſe ſtories which have neither ſenſe nor meaning?" "It is for that very reaſon (replied the ſultanas) that we like them."

I flatter myſelf that thou wilt not reſemble theſe thy predeceſſors; but that thou wilt be a true Ouloug. I even hope, that when thou art tired with thoſe general converſations, which differ from the

Thouſand and One in nothing but in being leſs agreeable, I ſhall have the honour to entertain thee for a moment with a rational diſcourſe. Hadſt thou been Thaleſtris, in the time of Scander the ſon of Philip; hadſt thou been the queen of Sheba in the time of Solomon, theſe are the very kings that would have paid thee a viſit.

I pray the heavenly powers, that thy pleaſures may be unmixed, thy beauty never fading, and thy happineſs without end.

SADI.

ZADIG*.

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

The BLIND of One EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural diſpoſition, ſtrengthened and improved by education. Tho' rich and young, he had learned to moderate his paſſions: he had nothing ſtiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the ſtrict rules of reaſon; but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakneſs of mankind. It was matter of ſurprize, that, notwithſtanding his ſprightly wit,

* The reader will at once perceive that this piece is a diverting picture of human life, in which the author has ingeniouſly contrived to ridicule and ſtigmatize the follies and vices that abound in every ſtation.

he never expoſed by his raillery thoſe vague, incoherent, and noiſy diſcourſes, thoſe raſh cenſures, ignorant deciſions, coarſe jeſts, and all that empty jingle of words, which, at Babylon, went by the name of converſation. He had learned, in the firſt book of Zoroaſter, that ſelf-love is a foot-ball ſwelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the moſt terrible tempeſts iſſue forth. Above all, Zadig never boaſted of his conqueſts among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair ſex. He was generous; and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful, remembering the grand precept of Zoroaſter; "When thou eateſt, give to the dogs, ſhould they even bite thee." He was as wiſe as it is poſſible for man to be; for he ſought to live with the wiſe. Inſtructed in the ſciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he underſtood the principles of natural philoſophy, ſuch as they were then ſuppoſed to be; and knew as much of metaphyſics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly perſuaded, notwithſtanding the new philoſophy of the times, that the year conſiſted of three hundred and ſixty-five days and ſix hours, and that the ſun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his ſentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the ſtate, to believe that the ſun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modeſty and meekneſs*.

* Alluding to the ſtory of Galileo, who was impriſoned in the inquiſition at Rome under pope Urban VIII. for having

Poſſeſſed as he was of great riches, and conſequently of many friends, bleſſed with a good conſtitution, a handſome figure, a mind juſt and moderate, and a heart noble and ſincere, he fondly imagined that he might eaſily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the firſt match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection for this lady, and ſhe loved him with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs. The happy moment was almoſt arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they ſaw ſome men approaching, armed with ſabres and arrows. Theſe were the attendants of young Orcan, the miniſter's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but thinking himſelf a much more accompliſhed man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealouſy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was deſperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he reſolved to carry her off. The raviſhers ſeized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her; and made the blood flow from a perſon, the ſight of which would have ſoftened the tygers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out,

having taught the motion of the earth, and obliged to retract that doctrine.

"My dear husband! they tear me from the man I adore." Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himself with all the strength that courage and love could inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, "O Zadig, (said she) I loved thee formerly as my intended husband; I now love thee as the preserver of my honour and my life." Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth express more moving sentiments, in those glowing words inspired by a sense of the greatest of all favours, and by the most tender transports of a lawful passion. Her wound was slight, and was soon cured. Zadig was more dangerously wounded; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a considerable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were constantly bathed in tears; she anxiously waited the happy moment when those of Zadig should be able to meet hers; but an abscess growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He visited the patient, and declared that he would lose his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. "Had it been the right eye, (said he) I could easily have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incureable." All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig,

dig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abſceſs broke of its own accord; and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as ſoon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a viſit to her in whom all his hopes of happineſs were centered, and for whoſe ſake alone he wiſhed to have eyes. Semira had been in the country for three days paſt. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that ſhe had an unconquerable averſion to one-eyed men, had, the night before, given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell ſpeechleſs to the ground. His ſorrows brought him almoſt to the brink of the grave. He was long indiſpoſed; but reaſon, at laſt, got the better of his affliction; and the ſeverity of his fate ſerved even to conſole him.

"Since (ſaid he) I have ſuffered ſo much from the cruel capriee of a woman educated at court, I muſt now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen." He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greateſt prudence, and of the beſt family in town. He married her, and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the moſt tender union. He only obſerved that ſhe had a little levity; and was too apt to find that thoſe young men who had the moſt handſome perſons were likewiſe poſſeſſed of moſt wit and virtue.

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The NOSE.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible paſſion, and uttering the moſt violent exclamations. "What aileth thee, (ſaid he) my dear ſpouſe? what is it that can thus have diſcompoſed thee?" "Alas, (ſaid ſhe) thou wouldeſt be as much enraged as I am, hadſt thou ſeen what I have juſt beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Coſrou, who, within theſe two days, hath raiſed a tomb to her young huſband, near the rivulet that waſhes the ſkirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterneſs of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet ſhould continue to run near it." "Well, (ſaid Zadig) ſhe is an excellent woman, and loved her huſband with the moſt ſincere affection." "Ah! (replied Azora) didſt thou but know in what ſhe was employed when I went to wait upon her!" "In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was ſhe turning the courſe of the rivulet?" Azora broke out into ſuch long invectives, and loaded the young widow with ſuch bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleaſed with this oſtentation of virtue.

Zadig had a friend, named Cador, one of thoſe young men in whom his wife diſcovered more probity and merit than in others. He made him his confident, and ſecured his fidelity as much as poſſible, by a conſiderable preſent. Azora having paſſed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The ſervants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her huſband died ſuddenly the night before; that

that they were afraid to ſend her an account of this mournful event; and that they had juſt been depoſiting his corps in the tomb of his anceſtors, at the end of the garden. She wept; ſhe tore her hair; and ſwore ſhe would follow him to the grave. In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept leſs, and dined together. Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greateſt part of his eſtate; and that he ſhould think himſelf extremely happy in ſharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a paſſion, and at laſt became more mild and gentle. They ſat longer at ſupper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praiſed the deceaſed; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During ſupper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his ſide. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to ſerve him, cauſed all kinds of eſſences to be brought, with which ſhe anointed him, to try if ſome of them might not poſſibly eaſe him of his pain. She lamented that the great Hermes was not ſtill in Babylon. She even condeſcended to touch the ſide in which Cador felt ſuch exquiſite pain. "Art thou ſubject to this cruel diſorder?" ſaid ſhe to him with a compaſſionate air. "It ſometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief; and that is, to apply to my ſide the noſe of a man who is lately dead." A ſtrange remedy, indeed!" ſaid Azora. "Not more ſtrange (replied he) than the ſachels of Arnou againſt

againſt the apoplexy*." This reaſon, added to the great merit of the young man, at laſt determined the lady. "After all, (ſays ſhe) when my husband ſhall croſs the bridge Tchinavar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Aſrael will not refuſe him a paſſage becauſe his noſe is a little ſhorter in the ſecond life than it was in the firſt." She then took a razor; went to her husband's tomb; bedewed it with her tears; and drew near to cut off the noſe of Zadig, whom ſhe found extended at full length in the tomb. Zadig aroſe, holding his noſe with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other. "Madam, (ſaid he) don't exclaim ſo violently againſt young Coſrou: the project of cutting off my noſe is equal to that of turning the courſe of a rivulet†."

The Dog and the Horse.

ZADIG found by experience, that the firſt month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey; and that the ſecond is the moon of wormwood. He was, ſome time after, obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleaſed; and he then ſought for happineſs in the ſtudy of na-

* There was at that time a Babylonian named Arnou, who, according to his advertiſements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented all kinds of apoplexies, by a little bag hung about the neck.

† One ſees the author had in his eye the well known fable of the Epheſian matron.

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ture. "No man (ſaid he) can be happier than a philoſopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he diſcovers are his own. He nouriſhes and exalts his ſoul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender ſpouſe will not come to cut off his noſe."

Poſſeſſed of theſe ideas, he retired to a country-houſe on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himſelf in calculating how many inches of water flow in a ſecond of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouſe, more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making ſilk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly ſtudied the properties of plants and animals; and ſoon acquired a ſagacity that made him diſcover a thouſand differences where other men ſee nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he ſaw one of the queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by ſeveral officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men diſtracted, eagerly ſearching for ſomething they had loſt of great value. "Young man, (ſaid the firſt eunuch) haſt thou ſeen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modeſty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the firſt eunuch. "It is a very ſmall ſhe ſpaniel, (added Zadig;) ſhe has lately whelped; ſhe limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears." "Thou haſt ſeen her," ſaid the firſt eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have

have not ſeen her; nor did I ſo much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the ſame time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the fineſt horſe in the king's ſtable had eſcaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntſman, and all the other officers, ran after him with as much eagerneſs and anxiety as the firſt eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntſman addreſſed himſelf to Zadig, and aſked him if he had not ſeen the king's horſe paſſing by. "He is the fleeteſt horſe in the king's ſtable, (replied Zadig;) he is five feet high, with very ſmall hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the ſtuds on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his ſhoes are ſilver, of eleven penny-weight." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntſman. "I have not ſeen him *, (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntſman, and the firſt eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had ſtolen the king's horſe, and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the aſſembly of the grand deſterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to ſpend the reſt of his days in Siberia †. Hardly was the ſentence paſſed, when the horſe and the bitch were both found. The

* This, however, was a mere equivocation; for, though he had not actually ſeen the horſe, it will afterwards appear that he muſt have known what road he followed.

† Here the author ſeems to have forgot himſelf; otherwiſe he would never have dreamed of inflicting a Ruſſian puniſhment on a Babylonian criminal; far leſs of ſending him in exile from the banks of the Euphrates into the deſerts of Siberia.

judges

judges were reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of reverſing their ſentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having ſaid that he had not ſeen what he had ſeen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cauſe before the council of the grand deſterham, when he ſpoke to the following effect:

"Ye ſtars of juſtice, abyſs of ſciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardneſs of iron, the ſplendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold; ſince I am permitted to ſpeak before this auguſt aſſembly, I ſwear to you by Oromades, that I have never ſeen the queen's reſpectable bitch, nor the ſacred horſe of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the moſt illuſtrious chief huntſman. I obſerved on the ſand the traces of an animal, and could eaſily perceive them to be thoſe of a little dog. The light and long furrows impreſſed on little eminences of ſand between the marks of the paws, plainly diſcovered that it was a bitch, whoſe dugs were hanging down, and that therefore ſhe muſt have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently bruſhed the ſurface of the ſand near the marks of the fore-feet, ſhewed me that ſhe had very long ears; and as I remarked, that there was always a ſlighter impreſſion made on the ſand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our auguſt queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expreſſion.

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"With regard to the horſe of the king of kings, you will be pleaſed to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I obſerved the marks of a horſe's ſhoes, all at equal diſtances. This muſt be a horſe, ſaid I to myſelf, that gallops excellently. The duſt on the trees in a narrow road that was but ſeven feet wide was a little bruſhed off, at the diſtance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horſe, ſaid I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whiſked to the right and left, has ſwept away the duſt. I obſerved under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horſe had touched them, and that he muſt therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it muſt be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its boſſes againſt a ſtone which I knew to be a touch-ſtone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his ſhoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was ſhod with ſilver eleven deniers fine." All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound diſcernment. The news of this ſpeech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the Magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a ſorcerer, the king ordered his officers to reſtore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The regiſter, the attornies and bailiffs, went to his houſe with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only *retained* three hundred and ninety-eight of them

to

to defray the expences of juſtice; and their ſervants demanded their fees.

Zadig ſaw how extremely dangerous it ſometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore reſolved that on the next occaſion of the like nature, he would not tell what he had ſeen.

Such an opportunity ſoon offered. A priſoner of ſtate made his eſcape, and paſſed under the windows of Zadig's houſe. Zadig was examined and made no anſwer. But it was proved that he had looked at the priſoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite cuſtom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence. "Great God! ſaid he to himſelf, what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horſe have paſſed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"

The ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG reſolved to comfort himſelf by philoſophy and friendſhip, for the evils he had ſuffered from fortune. He had in the ſuburbs of Babylon a houſe elegantly furniſhed, in which he aſſembled all the arts and all the pleaſures worthy the purſuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening, his table was ſurrounded by good company. But he ſoon found what very dangerous gueſts theſe men of letters are. A warm diſpute aroſe on one of Zoroaſter's

after's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, ſaid ſome of them, prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no ſuch animal in nature?" "There muſt neceſſarily be ſuch an animal, ſaid the others, ſince Zoroaſter forbids us to eat it." Zadig would fain have reconciled them by ſaying: "If there are griffins let us not eat them; if there are no griffins we cannot poſſibly eat them; and thus either way we ſhall obey Zoroaſter."

A learned man, who had compoſed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was beſides the chief theurgite, haſted away to accuſe Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor, the greateſt blockhead, and therefore the greateſt fanatick among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled Zadig to do honour to the ſun, and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaſter with greater ſatisfaction. The friend Cador, (a friend is better than a hundred prieſts,) went to Yebor and ſaid to him, "Long live the ſun and the griffins; beware of puniſhing Zadig; he is a ſaint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuſer is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean." "Well, ſaid Yebor, ſhaking his bald pate, we muſt empale Zadig for having thought contemptuouſly of griffins, and the other for having ſpoke diſreſpectly of rabbits." Cador huſhed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great intereſt in the college of the magi. No body was empaled. This lenity occaſioned great murmuring among ſome of the doctors, who from thence

thence predicted the fall of Babylon*. "Upon what does happineſs depend, ſaid Zadig; I am perſecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no exiſtence." He curſed thoſe men of learning, and reſolved for the future to live with none but good company.

He aſſembled at his houſe the moſt worthy men, and the moſt beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious ſuppers, often preceded by conſorts of muſick, and always animated by polite converſation, from which he knew how to baniſh that affectation of wit, which is the ſureſt method of preventing it entirely, and of ſpoiling the pleaſure of the moſt agreeable ſociety. Neither the choice of his friends nor that of the diſhes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the ſubſtance to the ſhadow; and by theſe means he procured that real reſpect to which he did not aſpire.

Oppoſite to his houſe lived one Arimazes, a man whoſe deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his ſtill more deformed mind. His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy. Having never been able to ſucceed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himſelf on all around him, by loading them with the blackeſt calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a ſet of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered Zadig's court in the evening filled him with uneaſineſs; the ſound of his praiſes enraged him ſtill more.

* This is a ſevere ſatire upon thoſe cruel bigots who perſecute all ſuch as preſume to differ from eſtabliſhed opinions, though purely ſpeculative.

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He ſometimes went to Zadig's houſe, and ſat down at table without being deſired; where he ſpoiled all the pleaſure of the company, as the harpies are ſaid to infect the viands they touch. It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainmeut to a lady, who, inſtead of accepting it, went to ſup with Zadig. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig in the palace, they accoſted a miniſter, who invited Zadig to ſupper, without inviting Arimazes. The moſt implacable hatred has ſeldom a more ſolid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *Envious*, reſolved to ruin Zadig, becauſe he was called the *Happy*. "The opportunity of doing miſchief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year," as ſayeth the wiſe Zoroaſter.

The envious man went to ſee Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he ſaid many gallant things, without any other intention than that of ſaying them. The converſation turned upon a war which the king had juſt brought to a happy concluſion againſt the prince of Hircania, his vaſſal. Zadig, who had ſignalized his courage in this ſhort war, beſtowed great praiſes on the king, but greater ſtill on the lady. He took out his pocket-book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable perſon to read. His friends begged they might ſee them; but modeſty, or rather a well regulated ſelf-love, would not allow him to grant their requeſt. He knew that extemporary verſes are never approved by any but by the perſon in whoſe honour they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had wrote them

them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of roſe buſhes, where the reſt of the company ſought for them in vain. A ſlight ſhower falling ſoon after, obliged them to return to the houſe. The envious man, who ſtaid in the garden, continued to ſearch, till at laſt he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in ſuch a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete ſenſe, and even a verſe of a ſhorter meaſure; but what was ſtill more ſurpriſing, theſe ſhort verſes were found to contain the moſt injurious reflections on the king: they ran thus:

Par les plus grands forfaits
Sur le trône affermi,
Dans la publique paix
C'eſt le ſeul ennemi.

By crimes of deepeſt dye
Eſtabliſh'd on the throne,
Of peace the enemy
Is he, and he alone.

The envious man was now happy for the firſt time of his life. He had it in his power to ruin a perſon of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the ſatire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into priſon. His trial was ſoon finiſhed, without his being permitted to ſpeak for himſelf. As he was going to receive his ſentence, the envious man threw himſelf in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verſes were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himſelf on being a good poet; but it filled him with inexpreſſible concern to find that he was condemned for high

treaſon, and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in priſon for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to ſpeak, becauſe his writing ſpoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution, through an immenſe crowd of ſpectators, who durſt not venture to expreſs their pity for him; but who carefully examined his countenance, to ſee if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconſolable; for they could not ſucceed to his eſtate. Three-fourths of his wealth were confiſcated into the king's treaſury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Juſt as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a roſe buſh in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book, to which it ſtuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerneſs, and read the words, which formed no ſenſe, and ſeemed to be the endings of verſes. He loved poetry; and there is always ſome mercy to be expected from a prince of that diſpoſition. The adventure of the parrot ſet him a thinking. The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, cauſed it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly: they then read the verſes as Zadig had wrote them.

The

Par les plus grands forfaits j'ai vû troubler la terre.
Sur le trône affermi le roi ſait tout domter.
Dans la publique paix l'amour ſeul fait la guerre:
C'eſt le ſeul ennemi qui ſoit à redouter.

By crimes of deepeſt dye—the wretched world's
in thral,
Eſtabliſh'd on the throne—our monarch's pow'rs
rever'd;
Of peace the enemy—Love, potent lord o'er all
Is he, and he alone,—we chiefly ought to fear.

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig ſhould be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady ſhould be ſet at liberty. Zadig fell proſtrate on the ground before the king and queen; humbly begged their pardon for having made ſuch bad verſes, and ſpoke with ſo much propriety, wit, and good ſenſe, that their majeſties deſired they might ſee him again. He did himſelf that honour, and inſinuated himſelf ſtill farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig reſtored him back the whole of it; and this inſtance of generoſity gave no other pleaſure to the envious man than that of having preſerved his eſtate. The king's eſteem for Zadig encreaſed every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleaſure, and conſulted him in all affairs of ſtate. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderneſs, that might one day prove dangerous to herſelf, to the king her auguſt conſort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig now began to think that happineſs was not ſo unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

The GENEROUS.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a grand feſtival, which returned every five years. It wa a cuſtom in Babylon ſolemnly to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the moſt generous action. The grandees and the magi were the judges. The firſt ſatrape, who was charged with the government of the city, publiſhed the moſt noble actions that had paſſed under his adminiſtration. The competition was decided by votes; and the king pronounced the ſentence. People came to this ſolemnity from the extremities of the earth. The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious ſtones, his majeſty at the ſame time making him this compliment: "Receive this reward of thy generoſity, and may the gods grant me many ſubjects like to thee."

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, ſurrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came to theſe games, where glory was acquired not by the ſwiftneſs of horſes, nor by ſtrength of body, but by virtue. The firſt ſatrape recited with an audible voice, ſuch actions as might intitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatneſs of ſoul with which Zadig had reſtored the envious man his fortune, becauſe it was not judged to be an action worthy of diſputing the prize.

He firſt preſented a judge, who having made a citizen loſe a conſiderable cauſe by a miſtake, for

for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own eſtate, which was juſt equal to what the other had loſt.

He next produced a young man, who being deſperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whoſe paſſion for her had almoſt brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the ſame time had given him the lady's fortune.

He afterwards produced a ſoldier, who, in the wars of Hircania, had given a ſtill more noble inſtance of generoſity. A party of the enemy having ſeized his miſtreſs, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity. At that very inſtant he was informed that another party, at the diſtance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother; he therefore left his miſtreſs with tears in his eyes, and flew to the aſſiſtance of his mother. At laſt, he returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was juſt going to plunge his ſword in his own boſom; but his mother remonſtrating againſt ſuch a deſperate deed, and telling him that he was the only ſupport of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to the ſoldier. But the king took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, "The action of the ſoldier, and thoſe of the other two, are doubtleſs very great, but they have nothing in them ſurpriſing. Yeſterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before diſgraced Coreb, my miniſter and favourite. I complained of him in the moſt violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers

aſſured me that I was too gentle, and ſeemed to vie with each other in ſpeaking ill of Coreb. I aſked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our hiſtories of many people who have atoned for an error by the ſurrender of their fortune; who have reſigned a miſtreſs; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who ſpoke favourably of a diſgraced miniſter, that laboured under the diſpleaſure of his ſovereign. I give to each of thoſe whoſe generous actions have been now recited, twenty thouſand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it pleaſe your majeſty, ſaid Zadig, thyſelf alone deſerveſt the cup: thou haſt performed an action of all others the moſt uncommon and meritorious, ſince, notwithſtanding thy being a powerful king, thou waſt not offended at thy ſlave, when he preſumed to oppoſe thy paſſion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his eſtate to his client; the lover who had reſigned his miſtreſs to his friend; and the ſoldier who had preferred the ſafety of his mother to that of his miſtreſs, received the king's preſents, and ſaw their names inrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day was celebrated by feaſts that laſted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is ſtill preſerved in Aſia. Zadig ſaid, "Now I am happy at laſt;" but he found himſelf fatally deceived.

The

The MINISTER.

THE king had loſt his firſt miniſter, and choſe Zadig to ſupply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for ſince the foundation of the empire there had never been ſuch a young miniſter. But all the courtiers were filled with jealouſy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a ſpitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his noſe. Zadig having thanked the king and queen for their goodneſs, went likewiſe to thank the parrot. "Beautiful bird, ſaid he, 'tis thou that haſt ſaved my life, and made me firſt miniſter. The queen's bitch and the king's horſe did me a great deal of miſchief; but thou haſt done me much good. Upon ſuch ſlender threads as theſe do the fates of mortals hang! but, added he, this happineſs perhaps will vaniſh very ſoon." "Soon, replied the parrot." Zadig was ſomewhat ſtartled at this word. But as he was a good natural philoſopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his ſpirits, and reſolved to execute his duty to the beſt of his power.

He made every one feel the ſacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the miniſter's diſpleaſure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it, it was the law; the rigor of which, however, whenever it was too ſevere, he always took care to ſoften; and when

laws were wanting, the equity of his deciſions was ſuch as might eaſily have made them paſs for thoſe of Zoroaſter.

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the riſk of ſparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent. He imagined that laws were made as well to ſecure the people from the ſuffering of injuries, as to reſtrain them from the commiſſion of crimes. His chief talent conſiſted in diſcovering the truth, which all men ſeek to obſcure. This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his adminiſtration. A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his eſtate equally between his two ſons, after having diſpoſed of their ſiſter in marriage, and left a preſent of thirty thouſand pieces of gold to that ſon who ſhould be found to have loved him beſt. The eldeſt raiſed a tomb to his memory; the youngeſt encreaſed his ſiſter's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one ſaid that the eldeſt ſon loved his father beſt, and the youngeſt his ſiſter; and that the thirty thouſand pieces belonged to the eldeſt.

Zadig ſent for both of them, the one after the other. To the eldeſt he ſaid, "Thy father is not dead; he is recovered of his laſt illneſs, and is returning to Babylon." "God be praiſed, replied the young man, but his tomb coſt me a conſiderable ſum." Zadig afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the youngeſt. "God be praiſed, ſaid he, I will go and reſtore to my father all that I have; but I could wiſh that he would leave my ſiſter what I have given her." "Thou ſhalt reſtore nothing, replied Zadig, and

and thou ſhalt have the thirty thouſand pieces; for thou art the ſon who loves his father beſt."

A young lady poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune had given a promiſe of marriage to two magi; and after having, for ſome months, received the inſtructions of both, ſhe proved with child. They were both deſirous of marrying her. "I will take for my huſband, ſaid ſhe, the man who has put me in a condition to give a ſubject to the ſtate." "I am the man that has done the work, ſaid the one." "I am the man that has done it, ſaid the other." "Well, replied the lady, I will acknowledge for the infant's father him that can give it the beſt education." The lady was delivered of a ſon. The two magi contended who ſhould bring him up, and the cauſe was carried before Zadig. Zadig ſummoned the two magi to attend him. "What will you teach your pupil? ſaid he to the firſt." "I will teach him, ſaid the doctor, the eight parts of ſpeech, logick, aſtrology, pneumaticks, what is meant by ſubſtance and accident, abſtract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre-eſtabliſhed harmony." "For my part, ſaid the ſecond, I will endeavour to give him a ſenſe of juſtice, and to make him worthy the friendſhip of good men." Zadig then cried, "Whether thou art his father or not, thou ſhalt have his mother."

The DISPUTES and the AUDIENCES.

IN this manner he daily diſcovered the ſubtilty of his genius and the goodneſs of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He paſſed for the happieſt man in the world. The whole empire reſounded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praiſed him for his juſtice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the prieſts confeſſed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor. They were now ſo far from proſecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There had reigned in Babylon, for the ſpace of fifteen hundred years, a violent conteſt that had divided the empire into two ſects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremoſt*; the other held this cuſtom in deteſtation, and always entered with the right foot firſt. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the ſolemn feaſt of the ſacred fire was to be celebrated, to ſee which ſect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmoſt ſuſpence and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent diſcourſe, that the ſovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the perſons of men,

* This is probably a glance at the diſputes about Janſeniſm, which, though in themſelves inſignificant, have divided France into two inveterate factions.

makes no diſtinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his diſcourſe was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with ſufficient agility. "He is dry, ſaid they, and void of genius: he does not make the ſea to fly, and ſtars to fall, nor the ſun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental ſtile." Zadig contented himſelf with having the ſtile of reaſon. All the world favoured him, not becauſe he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reaſon, or was a man of real merit, but becauſe he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the ſame happy addreſs the grand difference between the white and the black magi. The former maintained, that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned towards the eaſt in winter: the latter aſſerted that God abhorred the prayers of thoſe who turned towards the weſt in ſummer. Zadig decreed that every man ſhould be allowed to turn as he pleaſed.

Thus he found out the happy ſecret of finiſhing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The reſt of the day he employed in ſuperintending and promoting the embelliſhments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the ſpectators, and comedies that ſhook their ſides with laughter; a cuſtom which had long been diſuſed, and which his good taſte now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artiſts themſelves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents.

In the evening the king was highly entertained with his converſation, and the queen ſtill more. "Great miniſter!" ſaid the king. "Amiable miniſter," ſaid the queen; and both of them added, "It would have been a great loſs to the ſtate, had ſuch a man been hanged."

Never was man in power obliged to give ſo many audiences to the ladies. Moſt of them came to conſult him about——no buſineſs at all, that ſo they might have ſome buſineſs with him. The wife of the envious man was among the firſt. She ſwore to him by Mitra, by Zenda Veſta, and by the ſacred fire, that ſhe deteſted her huſband's conduct: ſhe then told him in confidence that he was a jealous brutal wretch; and gave him to underſtand, that heaven puniſhed him for his crimes, by refuſing him the precious effects of the ſacred fire, by which alone man can be rendered like the gods. At laſt ſhe concluded by dropping her garter. Zadig took it up with his uſual politeneſs; but did not tie it about the lady's leg; and this ſlight fault, if it may be called a fault, was the cauſe of the moſt terrible misfortunes. Zadig never thought of it more; but the lady thought of it with great attention.

Never a day paſſed without ſeveral viſits from the ladies. The ſecret annals of Babylon pretend that he once yielded to the temptation; but that he was ſurpriſed to find that he enjoyed his miſtreſs without pleaſure, and embraced her without diſtraction. The lady to whom he gave, almoſt without being ſenſible of it, theſe marks of his favour, was a maid of honour to queen Aſtarte. This tender Babylonian ſaid to herſelf by way of conſo-

"The

"This man muſt have his head filled with a prodigious heap of buſineſs, ſince even in making love he cannot avoid thinking on public affairs." Zadig happened, at the very inſtant when moſt people ſay nothing at all, and others only pronounce a few ſacred words, to cry out, "The queen." The Babylonian thought that he was at laſt happily come to himſelf, and that he ſaid, "My queen." But Zadig, who was always too abſent, pronounced the name of Aſtarte. The lady, who in this happy ſituation interpreted every thing in her own favour, imagined that he meant to ſay, "Thou art more beautiful than queen Aſtarte." After receiving ſome handſome preſents, ſhe left the ſeraglio of Zadig, and went to relate her adventure to the envious woman, who was her intimate friend, and who was greatly piqued at the preference given to the other. "He would not ſo much as deign, ſaid ſhe, to tie this garter about my leg, and I am therefore reſolved never to wear it more." "O ho, ſaid the happy lady to the envious one, your garters are the ſame with the queen's! do you buy them from the ſame weaver?" This hint ſet the envious lady a thinking; ſhe made no reply, but went to conſult with her envious huſband.

Mean while Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always diſtracted, as well when he gave audience, as when he ſat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this abſence of mind; and that was his only ſorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himſelf down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones

that

that gave him great uneaſineſs, and that he afterwards repoſed himſelf on a ſoft bed of roſes, from which there ſprung a ſerpent, that wounded him to the heart with its ſharp and venomed tongue. "Alas, ſaid he, I have long lain on theſe dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roſes; but what ſhall be the ſerpent?"

JEALOUSY.

ZADIG's calamities ſprung even from his happineſs, and eſpecially from his merit. He every day converſed with the king and Aſtarte his auguſt conſort. The charms of his converſation were greatly heightened by that deſire of pleaſing, which is to the mind what dreſs is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance inſenſibly made an impreſſion on Aſtarte, which ſhe did not at firſt perceive. Her paſſion grew and flouriſhed in the boſom of innocence. Without fear or ſcruple, ſhe indulged the pleaſing ſatisfaction of ſeeing and hearing a man, who was ſo dear to her huſband, and to the empire in general. She was continually praiſing him to the king. She talked of him to her women, who were always ſure to improve on her praiſes. And thus every thing contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, of which ſhe did not ſeem to be ſenſible. She made ſeveral preſents to Zadig, which diſcovered a greater ſpirit of gallantry than ſhe imagined. She intended to ſpeak to him only as a queen ſatisfied with his ſervices; and her expreſſions were ſometimes thoſe of a woman in love.

As-

Aſtarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had ſuch a ſtrong averſion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had reſolved to cut off her huſband's noſe. Her unreſerved familiarity; her tender expreſſions, at which ſhe began to bluſh; and her eyes, which, though ſhe endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inſpired Zadig with a paſſion that filled him with aſtoniſhment. He ſtruggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philoſophy, which had always ſtood him in ſtead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the diſorders of his love-ſick heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majeſty, preſented themſelves to his mind, as ſo many avenging gods. He ſtruggled; he conquered; but this victory, which he was obliged to purchaſe afreſh every moment, coſt him many ſighs and tears. He no longer dared to ſpeak to the queen with that ſweet and charming familiarity which had been ſo agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His converſation was conſtrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered thoſe of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame. They ſeemed to ſay, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

Zadig left the royal preſence full of perplexity and deſpair, and having his heart oppreſſed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear.

In

In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the ſecret to his friend Cador, in the ſame manner as a man, who, having long ſupported the fits of a cruel diſeaſe, diſcovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more ſevere fit, and by the cold ſweat that covers his brow.

"I have already diſcovered, ſaid Cador, the ſentiments which thou wouldeſt fain conceal from thyſelf. The ſymptoms by which the paſſions ſhew themſelves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, ſince I have read thy heart, whether the king will not diſcover ſomething in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the moſt jealous man in the world. Thou canſt reſiſt the violence of thy paſſion with greater fortitude than the queen, becauſe thou art a philoſopher, and becauſe thou art Zadig. Aſtarte is a woman: ſhe ſuffers her eyes to ſpeak with ſo much the more imprudence, as ſhe does not as yet think herſelf guilty. Conſcious of her own innocence, ſhe unhappily neglects thoſe external appearances which are ſo neceſſary. I ſhall tremble for her ſo long as ſhe has nothing wherewithal to reproach herſelf. Were ye both of one mind, ye might eaſily deceive the whole world. A growing paſſion which we endeavour to ſuppreſs, diſcovers itſelf in ſpite of all our efforts to the contrary; but love, when gratified, is eaſily concealed." Zadig trembled at the propoſal of betraying the king, his benefactor; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime againſt him. Mean while, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig ſo frequently,

and

and with such a blushing and downcast look; she was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king's presence; and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked, that his wife's shoes were blue, and that Zadig's shoes were blue; that his wife's ribbons were yellow; and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow; and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy. In his jealous mind suspicions were turned into certainty.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man persuaded his wife to send the king her garter, which resembled these of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring. The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, though dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his insignificance, to go wherever he pleased; and, as a domestic animal, was a witness of what passed in the most profound secrecy. This little mute was strongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and surprize he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal sentence that

that in a few hours was to be carried into execution? He could not write, but he could paint; and excelled particularly in drawing a ſtriking reſemblance. He employed a part of the night in ſketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece repreſented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowſtring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbands; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig ſtrangled at her feet. The horizon repreſented a riſing ſun, to expreſs that this ſhocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As ſoon as he had finiſhed the picture, he ran to one of Aſtarte's women, awaked her, and made her underſtand, that ſhe muſt immediately carry it to the queen.

At midnight a meſſenger knocks at Zadig's door; awakes him; and gives him a note from the queen. He doubts whether it is not a dream; and opens the letter with a trembling hand. But how great was his ſurprize! and who can expreſs the conſternation and deſpair into which he was thrown, upon reading theſe words: "Fly, this inſtant, or thou art a dead man. Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbands. I have not been guilty; but I find that I muſt die like a criminal."

Zadig was hardly able to ſpeak. He ſent for Cador, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cador forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis. "Shouldeſt thou dare (ſaid he) to go in ſearch of the queen, thou wilt haſten her death. Shouldeſt

Shouldeſt thou ſpeak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her deſtiny; follow thy own. I will ſpread a report that thou haſt taken the road to India. I will ſoon follow thee, and inform thee of all that ſhall have paſſed in Babylon." At that inſtant, Cador cauſed two of the ſwifteſt dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of theſe he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a ſingle domeſtic; and Cador, plunged in ſorrow and aſtoniſhment, ſoon loſt ſight of his friend.

This illuſtrious fugitive arriving on the ſide of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the ſight; nor did he recover his ſenſes but to ſhed a torrent of tears, and to wiſh for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engroſſed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliеſt woman and the greateſt queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himſelf, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how haſt thou ſerved me! Two women have baſely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual ſource of calamity and affliction; and I have only been raiſed to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the moſt horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with theſe gloomy reflections, his eyes overſpread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleneſs of death, and his

his ſoul plunged in an abyſs of the blackeſt deſpair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

The WOMAN Beaten.

ZADIG directed his courſe by the ſtars. The conſtellation of Orion, and the ſplendid Dog-ſtar, guided his ſteps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired thoſe vaſt globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as ſo many little ſparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as ſomething ſo grand and noble. He then repreſented to himſelf the human ſpecies, as it really is, as a parcel of inſects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image ſeemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him ſenſible of the nothingneſs of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His ſoul launched out into infinity, and detached from the ſenſes, contemplated the immutable order of the univerſe. But when, afterwards, returning to himſelf, and entering into his own heart, he conſidered that Aſtarte had perhaps died for him, the univerſe vaniſhed from his ſight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compaſs of nature but Aſtarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of ſublime philoſophy and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domeſtic was already in the firſt village,

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in ſearch of a lodging. Mean while, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that ſkirted the village, he ſaw, at a ſmall diſtance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling upon heaven and earth to her aſſiſtance; and a man in a furious paſſion, purſuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithſtanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady aſked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he ſurveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquiſite beauty, and even to have a ſtrong reſemblance to the unhappy Aſtarte, he felt himſelf inſpired with compaſſion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. "Aſſiſt me, (cried ſhe to Zadig with the deepeſt ſighs) deliver me from the hands of the moſt barbarous man in the world; ſave my life." Moved by theſe pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himſelf between her and the barbarian. As he had ſome knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addreſſed him in that tongue: "If (ſaid he) thou haſt any humanity, I conjure thee to pay ſome regard to her beauty and weakneſs. How canſt thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the maſter-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears?" "Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewiſe in love with her; I muſt be revenged on thee too." So ſaying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twiſted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to ſtab the ſtranger. Zadig, who was in cold blood,

eaſily

eaſily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He ſeized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian ſtrove to draw it back; Zadig to wreſt it from the Egyptian; and in the ſtruggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his ſword; Zadig does the ſame. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, ſeated on a turf, re-adjuſts her head-dreſs, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in ſtrength; Zadig in addreſs. The one fought like a man whoſe arm was directed by his judgment; the other like a madman, whoſe blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig cloſes with him, and diſarms him; and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavours to throw himſelf upon him, he ſeizes him, preſſes him cloſe, and throws him down; and then holding his ſword to his breaſt, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poniard, and wounds Zadig at the very inſtant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at ſuch brutal behaviour, plunged his ſword in the boſom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible ſhriek and a violent ſtruggle, inſtantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and ſaid to her with a gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cauſe; thou art now delivered from the moſt violent man I ever ſaw; what further, madam, wouldeſt thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied ſhe) die; thou haſt killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (ſaid Zadig) thou hadſt a ſtrange

a ſtrange kind of a man for a lover; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, becauſe thou hadſt entreated me to give thee aſſiſtance." "I wiſh he were beating me ſtill, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation;) I well deſerved it; for I had given him cauſe to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou waſt in his place." Zadig, ſtruck with ſurprize, and inflamed with a higher degree of reſentment than he had ever felt before, ſaid, "Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deſerveſt that I ſhould beat thee in my turn for thy perverſe and impertinent behaviour; but I ſhall not give myſelf the trouble." So ſaying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few ſteps, when he turned back at the noiſe of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon ſeeing the woman, cried, "It is the very ſame; ſhe reſembles the deſcription that was given us." They gave themſelves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but inſtantly ſeized the lady. She called out to Zadig; "Help me once more, generous ſtranger; I aſk pardon for having complained of thy conduct; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. "Apply to others, (ſaid he) thou ſhalt not again enſnare me by thy wiles." Beſides, he was wounded; his blood was ſtill flowing; and he himſelf had need of aſſiſtance; and the ſight of four Babylonians, probably ſent by king Moabdar, filled him with apprehenſion. He therefore haſtened towards the village, unable

unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers ſhould come to ſeize this Egyptian woman, but ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the lady's behaviour.

SLAVERY.

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded by the people. Every one ſaid, "This is the man that carried off the beautiful Miſſouf, and aſſaſſinated Clitofis." "Gentlemen, (ſaid he) God preſerve me from carrying off your beautiful Miſſouf; ſhe is too capricious for me: and with regard to Clitofis, I did not aſſaſſinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, becauſe I humbly interceded for the beautiful Miſſouf, whom he beat moſt unmercifully. I am a ſtranger, come to ſeek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I ſhould begin by carrying off a woman, and aſſaſſinating a man."

The Egyptians were then juſt and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-houſe. They firſt of all ordered his wound to be dreſſed; and then examined him and his ſervant apart, in order to diſcover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an aſſaſſin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a ſlave. His two camels were ſold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was diſtributed

among the inhabitants; and his perſon, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was expoſed to ſale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchaſe; but as the ſervant was fitter for labour than the maſter, he was ſold at a higher price. There was no compariſon between the two men. Thus Zadig became a ſlave ſubordinate to his own ſervant. They were linked together by a chain faſtened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant to his houſe. By the way Zadig comforted his ſervant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his uſual cuſtom, ſome reflections on human life. "I ſee (ſaid he) that the unhappineſs of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto every thing has turned out to me in a moſt unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having ſeen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I ſhould once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been ſent to execution for having made ſome verſes in praiſe of the king. I have been upon the point of being ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had yellow ribbands; and now I am a ſlave with thee, becauſe a brutal wretch beat his miſtreſs. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchants muſt neceſſarily have ſlaves; and why not I as well as another, ſince, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he muſt treat his ſlaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he ſpoke thus, his heart was entirely engroſſed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc ſet out for Arabia Deſerta, with his ſlaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the deſert of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc ſet a much greater value on the ſervant than the maſter, becauſe the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of diſtinction were ſhewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the ſervants; and Zadig had his ſhare among the reſt. Setoc laughed to ſee all his ſlaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the liberty to explain to him the cauſe, and to inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was aſtoniſhed, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raiſed his curioſity, encreaſed it ſtill further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the ſpecific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of ſeveral uſeful animals; and the means of rendering thoſe uſeful that are not naturally ſo. At laſt Setoc began to conſider Zadig as a ſage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly ſo much eſteemed. He treated him well, and had no cauſe to repent of his kindneſs.

As ſoon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe, he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he had lent to a Jew in preſence of two witneſſes; but as the witneſſes were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himſelf, and piouſly thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian.

Setoc

Setoc imparted this troubleſome affair to Zadig, who was now become his council. "In what place (ſaid Zadig) didſt thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?" "Upon a large ſtone, (replied the merchant) that lies near mount Oreb." "What is the character of thy debtor?" ſaid Zadig. "That of a knave," returned Setoc. "But I aſk thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic; cautious or imprudent?" "He is, of all bad payers, (ſaid Setoc) the moſt lively fellow I ever knew." "Well, (reſumed Zadig) allow me to plead thy cauſe." In effect, Zadig having ſummoned the Jew to the tribunal, addreſſed the judge in the following terms: "Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the name of my maſter, five hundred ounces of ſilver, which he refuſes to repay." "Haſt thou any witneſſes?" ſaid the judge. "No, they are dead; but there remains a large ſtone upon which the money was counted; and if it pleaſe thy grandeur to order the ſtone to be ſought for, I hope that it will bear witneſs. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the ſtone arrives: I will ſend for it at my maſter's expence." "With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himſelf to the diſcuſſion of other affairs.

When the court was going to break up, the judge ſaid to Zadig, "Well, friend, is not thy ſtone come yet?" The Hebrew replied with a ſmile; "Thy grandeur may ſtay here till the morrow, and after all not ſee the ſtone. It is more than ſix miles from hence; and it would require fifteen men to move it." "Well, (cried Zadig) did not I ſay that the ſtone would bear witneſs? ſince this man knows where it is, he

thereby confeſſes that it was upon it that the money was counted." The Hebrew was diſconcerted, and was ſoon after obliged to confeſs the truth. The judge ordered him to be faſtened to the ſtone, without meat or drink, till he ſhould reſtore the five hundred ounces, which were ſoon after paid.

The ſlave Zadig and the ſtone, were held in great repute in Arabia.

The FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC, charmed with the happy iſſue of this affair, made his ſlave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an eſteem for him as ever the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He diſcovered in his maſter a good natural diſpoſition, much probity of heart, and a great ſhare of good ſenſe; but he was ſorry to ſee, that, according to the ancient cuſtom of Arabia, he adored the hoſt of heaven; that is, the ſun, moon, and ſtars. He ſometimes ſpoke to him on this ſubject with great prudence and diſcretion. At laſt he told him, that theſe bodies were like all other bodies in the univerſe, and no more deſerving of our homage, than a tree or a rock. "But (ſaid Setoc) they are eternal beings; and it is from them we derive all we enjoy. They animate nature; they regulate the ſeaſons; and beſides are removed at ſuch an immenſe diſtance from us, that we cannot help revering them." "Thou receiveſt more advantage

vantage (replied Zadig) from the waters of the Red Sea, which carries thy merchandize to the Indies. Why may not it be as ancient as the ſtars? and if thou adoreſt what is placed at a diſtance from thee, thou oughteſt to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity of the earth." "No, (ſaid Setoc) the brightneſs of the ſtars commands my adoration."

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to ſup with Setoc; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before theſe lighted tapers, and ſaid; "Eternal and ſhining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me." Having thus ſaid, he ſat down at the table, without taking the leaſt notice of Setoc; "What art thou doing?" ſaid Setoc to him in amaze. "I act like thee, (replied Zadig) I adore theſe candles, and neglect their maſter and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound ſenſe of this apologue. The wiſdom of his ſlave ſunk deep into his ſoul; he no longer offered incenſe to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a ſhocking cuſtom, ſprung originally from Scythia, and which, being eſtabliſhed in the Indies by the credit of the brachmans, threatened to over-run all the Eaſt. When a married man died, and his beloved wife aſpired to the character of a ſaint, ſhe burned herſelf publickly on the body of her huſband. This was a ſolemn feaſt, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood; and that tribe in which moſt women had been burned, was the moſt reſpected. An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whoſe name was Almona, and who

was very devout, publiſhed the day and hour when ſhe intended to throw herſelf into the fire, amidſt the ſound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonſtrated againſt this horrible cuſtom; he ſhewed Setoc how inconſiſtent it was with the happineſs of mankind, to ſuffer young widows to burn themſelves every other day, widows who were capable of giving children to the ſtate, or at leaſt of educating thoſe they already had; and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to aboliſh ſuch a barbarous practice. "The women (ſaid Setoc) have poſſeſſed the right of burning themſelves for more than a thouſand years; and who ſhall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered ſacred? Is there any thing more reſpectable than ancient abuſes?" "Reaſon is more ancient, (replied Zadig;) mean while, ſpeak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow."

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having inſinuated himſelf into her good graces by ſome compliments on her beauty, and told her what a pity it was to commit ſo many charms to the flames, he at laſt praiſed her for her conſtancy and courage. "Thou muſt, ſurely, have loved thy husband (ſaid he to her) with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs." "Who, I? (replied the lady) I loved him not at all. He was a brutal, jealous, inſupportable wretch; but I am firmly reſolved to throw myſelf on his funeral pile." "It would appear then, (ſaid Zadig) that there muſt be a very delicious pleaſure in being burnt alive." "Oh! it makes nature ſhudder, (replied the lady;) but that muſt be overlooked. I am a devotee; I ſhould

loſe my reputation; and all the world would deſpiſe me, if I did not burn myſelf." Zadig having made her acknowledge that ſhe burned herſelf to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long diſcourſe, calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went ſo far as to inſpire her with ſome degree of good-will for the perſon who ſpoke to her. "And what wilt thou do at laſt, (ſaid he) if the vanity of burning thyſelf ſhould not continue? "Alas! (ſaid the lady) I believe I ſhould deſire thee to marry me."

Zadig's mind was too much engroſſed with the idea of Aſtarte, not to elude this declaration; but he inſtantly went to the chiefs of the tribes, told them what had paſſed, and adviſed them to make a law, by which a widow ſhould not be permitted to burn herſelf, till ſhe had converſed privately with a young man for the ſpace of an hour. Since that time, not a ſingle woman hath burned herſelf in Arabia. They were indebted to Zadig alone for deſtroying in one day a cruel cuſtom, that had laſted for ſo many ages; and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia.

The SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not ſeparate himſelf from this man, in whom dwelt wiſdom, carried him to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richeſt merchants in the earth reſorted. Zadig was highly pleaſed to ſee ſo many men of different countries united in the ſame place. He conſidered the whole univerſe as one large family aſſembled at Balzora. The ſecond day, he ſat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and ſeveral other ſtrangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian gulph, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themſelves underſtood. The Egyptian ſeemed to be in a violent paſſion. "What an abominable country is Balzora! (ſaid he;) they refuſe me a thouſand ounces of gold on the beſt ſecurity in the world." "How! (ſaid Setoc) on what ſecurity have they refuſed thee this ſum?" "On the body of my aunt, (replied the Egyptian;) ſhe was the moſt notable woman in Egypt; ſhe always accompanied me in my journies; ſhe died on the road; I have converted her into one of the fineſt mummies in the world; and, in my own country, I could have as much as I pleaſe, by giving her as a pledge. It is very ſtrange that they will not here lend me ſo much as a thouſand ounces of gold on ſuch a ſolid ſecurity." Angry as he was, he was going to help himſelf to a bit of excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a ſorrowful tone; "Ah! what art thou

going

going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy. "Take care that thou doeſt not, (replied the Indian.) It is poſſible that the ſoul of the deceaſed may have paſſed into this fowl, and thou wouldeſt not, ſurely, expoſe thyſelf to the danger of eating thy aunt*. To boil fowls is a manifeſt outrage on nature." "What doſt thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian.) We adore a bull; and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it poſſible?" ſaid the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more poſſible, (returned the other;) we have done ſo for theſe hundred and thirty-five thouſand years; and nobody amongſt us has ever found fault with it." "A hundred and thirty-five thouſand years! (ſaid the Indian) This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thouſand years ſince India was firſt peopled, and we are ſurely more ancient than you: Brama† prohibited our eating of ox-fleſh before you thought of putting it on your ſpits or altars." "This Brama of yours, (ſaid the Egyptian) is a pleaſant ſort of an animal truly, to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of cheſs." "Thou art miſtaken, (ſaid a Chaldean who ſat near him;)

* Many caſts or tribes of Indians, eſpecially the Bramins, believe in the metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls.

† Brama, or Brahma, is one of the principal deities of the Tonquineſe.

it is to the fiſh Oannes* that we owe theſe great advantages; and it is juſt that we ſhould render homage to none but him. All the world will tell thee, that he is a divine being, with a golden tail and a beautiful human head, and that, for three hours every day, he left the water to preach on dry land. He had ſeveral children who were kings, as every one knows. I have a picture of him at home, which I worſhip with becoming reverence. We may eat as much beef as we pleaſe; but it is ſurely a great ſin to dreſs fiſh for the table. Beſides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to diſpute with me. The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty-five thouſand years, and the Indians but eighty thouſand, while we have almanacks of four thouſand ages. Believe me; renounce your follies; and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes."

The man of Cathay took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid; "I have a great reſpect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celtics, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beau-

* Beroſus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, ſays, that in the beginning of the Chaldean empire, an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fiſh, with the head and feet of a man. He converſed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts, and ſciences. He taught them to form ſocieties, build cities, erect temples, meaſure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilize the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at ſunſet always retired into the ſea. This fable probably alludes to ſome ſtrangers who arrived on the coaſt in a ſhip, and took ſome pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants.

tiful

tiful fiſh Oannes; but I ſhould think that Li, or Tien *, as he is commonly called, is ſuperior to all the bulls in the earth, and all the fiſh in the ſea. I ſhall ſay nothing of my native country; it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, put together. Neither ſhall I diſpute about the antiquity of our nation; becauſe it is of little conſequence whether we are ancient or not; it is enough if we are happy; but, were it neceſſary to ſpeak of almanacks, I could ſay that all Aſia takes ours; and that we had very good ones before arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are, (ſaid the Greek;) do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its preſent condition?" The Greek ſpoke for a long time; but was at laſt interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty deeply while the reſt were diſputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and ſaid with an oath, that there were none but Teutat † and the miſſletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a diſpute; that, for his own part, he had always ſome miſſletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his anceſtors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was

* Chineſe words. The firſt properly ſignifies natural light, or reaſon; and the laſt heaven, or God.

† Teutat is the ſame with Mercury. *Teut*, in the Celtic language, ſignifies People, and *tat* a Father. The word Mercury, according to Pezron, comes from the Gauliſh words *merc* and *ur*, the firſt importing Merchandize; the other ſignifying a Man; very little different from the Latin words *merx* and *vir*.

true they had ſometimes eat human fleſh, but that, notwithſtanding that circumſtance, his nation deſerved to be held in great eſteem; and that, in fine, if any one ſpoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners. The quarrel was now become warm; and Setoc ſaw the table ready to be ſtained with blood. Zadig, who had been ſilent during the whole diſpute, aroſe at laſt. He firſt addreſſed himſelf to the Celtic, as the moſt furious of all the diſputants: he told him that he had reaſon on his ſide, and begged a few miſletoes. He then praiſed the Greek for his eloquence; and ſoftened all their exaſperated ſpirits. He ſaid but little to the man of Cathay, becauſe he had been the moſt reaſonable of them all. At laſt he ſaid; "You were going, my friends, to quarrel about nothing; for you are all of one mind." At this word they all cried out together. "Is it not true, (ſaid he to the Celtic) that you adore not this miſletoe, but him that made both the miſletoe and the oak?" "Moſt undoubtedly," replied the Celtic. "And thou, Mr. Egyptian, doſt not thou revere, in a certain bull, him who gave the bulls?" "Yes," ſaid the Egyptian. "The fiſh Oannes (continued he) muſt yield to him who made the ſea and the fiſhes. The Indian and the Cathaian (added he) acknowledge, like you, a firſt principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were ſaid by the Greek; but I am ſure he will admit a ſuperior being, on whom form and matter depend." The Greek, whom they all admired, ſaid that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning. "You are all then (replied Zadig) of one opinion; and have no cauſe to quarrel."

All

All the company embraced him. Setoc, after having ſold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig; who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his abſence, and was now going to be burned by a ſlow fire*.

The RENDEZVOUS.

DURING his journey to Balzora, the prieſts of the ſtars had reſolved to puniſh him. The precious ſtones and ornaments of the young widows whom they ſent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right; and the leaſt they could now do, was to burn Zadig, for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accuſed him of entertaining erroneous ſentiments of the heavenly hoſt. They depoſed againſt him, and ſwore that they had heard him ſay, that the ſtars did not ſet in the ſea. This horrid blaſphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing theſe impious words; and they would certainly have tore them, had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the exceſs of their zeal and indignation, they contented themſelves with condemning him to be burnt by a ſlow fire. Setoc, filled with deſpair at this unhappy event, employed all his intereſt to ſave his friend; but in vain: he was ſoon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow

* This is levelled againſt the inquiſition.

Almona, who had now conceived a great fondneſs for life, for which ſhe was obliged to Zadig, reſolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuſe of which he had fully convinced her. She revolved the ſcheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any perſon whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if ſhe could ſave him at all, ſhe muſt do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herſelf; ſhe heightened her beauty by the richeſt and gayeſt apparel; and went to demand a private audience of the chief prieſt of the ſtars. As ſoon as ſhe was introduced to the venerable old man, ſhe addreſſed him in theſe terms: "Eldeſt ſon of the great bear; brother of the bull; and couſin of the great dog; (ſuch were the titles of this pontiff) I come to acquaint thee with my ſcruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myſelf on the funeral pile of my dear huſband; for, indeed, what had I worth preſerving? periſhable fleſh, thou ſeeſt, that it is already entirely withered." So ſaying, ſhe drew up her long ſleeves of ſilk, and ſhewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant ſhape and a dazzling whiteneſs. "Thou ſeeſt (ſaid ſhe) that theſe are little worth." The prieſt found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes ſaid ſo, and his mouth confirmed it: he ſwore that he had never in his life ſeen ſuch beautiful arms. "Alas! (ſaid the widow) my arms, perhaps, are not ſo bad as the reſt, but thou wilt confeſs that my neck is not worthy of the leaſt regard." She then diſcovered the moſt

charming

charming boſom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a roſe-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteneſs of new-waſhed lambs would have ſeemed of a duſky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languiſhing with the gentle luſtre of a tender fire; her cheeks animated with the fineſt purple, mixed with the whiteneſs of the pureſt milk; her noſe, which had no reſemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, like two borders of coral, incloſing the fineſt pearls in the Arabian Sea; all conſpired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, ſeeing him enflamed, entreated him to pardon Zadig. "Alas! (ſaid he) my charming lady, ſhould I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no ſervice; as it muſt neceſſarily be ſigned by three others, my brethren." "Sign it, however," ſaid Almona. "With all my heart, (ſaid the prieſt) on condition that thy favours ſhall be the price of my ready compliance." "Thou doeſt me too much honour, (ſaid Almona;) be pleaſed only to come to my chamber after ſun-ſet, and when the bright ſtar of Sheat ſhall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a roſe-coloured ſopha; and thou mayeſt then uſe thy ſervant as thou art able." So ſaying, ſhe departed with the ſignature, and left the old man full of love and diſtruſt of his own abilities. He employed the reſt of the day in bathing; he drank a liquor compoſed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious ſpices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with impatience till the ſtar Sheat ſhould make its appearance.

Mean

Mean while, Almona went to the ſecond pontiff. He aſſured her that the ſun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven were but glimmering meteors in compariſon of her charms. She asked the ſame favour of him; and he propoſed to grant it on the ſame terms. She ſuffered herſelf to be overcome; and appointed the ſecond pontiff to meet her at the riſing of the ſtar Algenib. From thence ſhe went to the third and fourth prieſt, always taking their ſignatures, and making an aſſignation from ſtar to ſtar. She then ſent a meſſage to the judges, entreating them to come to her houſe, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her ſummons. She ſhewed them the four names, and told them at what price the prieſts had ſold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was ſurprized at finding his brethren there, but ſtill more at ſeeing the judges, before whom their ſhame was now manifeſt. Zadig was ſaved; and Setoc was ſo charmed with the ingenuity and addreſs of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himſelf at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, ſwearing an eternal friendſhip, and promiſing, that the firſt of them that ſhould acquire a large fortune ſhould ſhare it with the other.

Zadig directed his courſe along the frontiers of Aſſyria, ſtill muſing on the unhappy Aſtarte, and reflecting on the ſeverity of fortune, which ſeemed determined to make him the ſport of her cruelty, and the object of her perſecution. "What, (ſaid he to himſelf) four hundred ounces of gold for having ſeen a bitch! condemned

demned to loſe my head for four bad verſes in praiſe of the king! ready to be ſtrangled, becauſe the queen had ſhoes of the colour of my bonnet! reduced to ſlavery for having ſuccoured a woman who was beat! and on the point of being burnt for having ſaved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"

The ROBBER.

ARRIVING on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, he paſſed by a pretty ſtrong caſtle, from which a party of armed Arabians ſallied forth. They inſtantly ſurrounded him, and cried, "All thou haſt belongs to us, and thy perſon is the property of our maſter." Zadig replied by drawing his ſword; his ſervant, who was a man of courage, did the ſame. They killed the firſt Arabians that preſumed to lay hands on them; and, though the number was redoubled, they were not diſmayed, but reſolved to periſh in the conflict. Two men defended themſelves againſt a multitude; and ſuch a combat could not laſt long. The maſter of the caſtle, whoſe name was Arbogad, having obſerved from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high eſteem for this heroic ſtranger. He deſcended in haſte, and went in perſon to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that paſſes over my lands (ſaid he) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou ſeemeſt to be a

man

man of ſuch undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law." He then conducted him to his caſtle, ordering his men to treat him well; and in the evening Arbogad ſupped with Zadig. The lord of the caſtle was one of thoſe Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed ſome good actions, amidſt a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generoſity; entrepid in action; affable in company; a debauchée at table, but gay in his debauchery; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleaſed with Zadig, whoſe lively converſation lengthened the repaſt. At laſt Arbogad ſaid to him; "I adviſe thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue; thou canſt not do better; this is not a bad trade; and thou mayeſt one day become what I am at preſent." "May I take the liberty of aſking thee (ſaid Zadig) how long thou haſt followed this noble profeſſion?" "From my moſt tender youth, replied the lord. I was ſervant to a pretty good-natured Arabian; but could not endure the hardſhips of my ſituation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no ſhare of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I imparted the cauſe of my uneaſineſs to an old Arabian, who ſaid to me; 'My ſon, do not 'deſpair; there was once a grain of ſand that 'lamented that it was no more than a neglected 'atom in the deſerts; at the end of a few years 'it became a diamond; and it is now the 'brighteſt ornament in the crown of the king 'of the Indies.' This diſcourſe made a deep impreſſion on my mind; I was the grain of ſand, and I reſolved to become the diamond. I began

began by ſtealing two horſes; I ſoon got a party of companions; I put myſelf in a condition to rob ſmall caravans; and thus, by degrees, I deſtroyed the difference which had formerly ſubſiſted between me and other men. I had my ſhare of the good things of this world; and was even recompenſed with uſury for the hardſhips I had ſuffered. I was greatly reſpected; and became the captain of a band of robbers. I ſeized this caſtle by force. The ſatrape of Syria had a mind to diſpoſſeſs me of it; but I was too rich to have any thing to fear. I gave the ſatrape a handſome preſent, by which means I preſerved my caſtle, and encreaſed my poſſeſſions. He even appointed me treaſurer of the tributes which Arabia Petræa pays to the king of kings. I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality; but take the freedom to diſpenſe with that of paymaſter.

The grand deſterham of Babylon ſent hither a petty ſatrape in the name of king Moabdar, to have me ſtrangled. This man arrived with his orders: I was appriſed of all; I cauſed to be ſtrangled in his preſence the four perſons he had brought with him to draw the nooſe; after which I asked him how much his commiſſion of ſtrangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to about three hundred pieces of gold. I then convinced him that he might gain more by ſtaying with me. I made him an inferior robber; and he is now one of my beſt and richeſt officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy ſucceſs may be equal to his; never was there a better ſeaſon for plunder, ſince king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confuſion."

"Moabdar

I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces: and this robber is happy. O fortune! O deſtiny! A robber is happy, and the moſt beautiful of nature's works hath, perhaps, periſhed in a barbarous manner, or lives in a ſtate worſe than death. O Aſtarte! what is become of thee?"

At day-break, he queſtioned all thoſe he met in the caſtle; but they were all buſy; and he received no anſwer. During the night they had made a new capture; and they were now employed in dividing the ſpoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confuſion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the moſt gloomy and mournful reflections.

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of diſquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Aſtarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had ſeized on the frontiers of Egypt; in a word, on all the misfortunes and diſappointments he had hitherto ſuffered.

The FISHERMAN.

AT a few leagues diſtance from Arbogad's caſtle, he came to the banks of a ſmall river, ſtill deploring his fate, and conſidering himſelf as the moſt wretched of mankind. He ſaw a fiſherman lying on the brink of the river, ſcarcely holding in his weak and feeble hand a net, which he ſeemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"I am certainly, ſaid the fiſherman, the moſt unhappy man in the world. I was univerſally allowed to be the moſt famous dealer in cream-cheeſe in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the moſt handſome wife that any man in my ſtation could have; and by her I have been betrayed. I had ſtill left a paltry houſe, and that I have ſeen pillaged and deſtroyed. At laſt I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other reſource than fiſhing, and yet I cannot catch a ſingle fiſh. O my net! no more will I throw thee into the water; I will throw myſelf in thy place." So ſaying, he aroſe and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himſelf into the river, and thus finiſh his life.

"What, ſaid Zadig to himſelf, are there men as wretched as I?" His eagerneſs to ſave the fiſherman's life was as ſudden as this reflection. He runs to him, ſtops him, and ſpeaks to him with a tender and compaſſionate air. It is commonly ſuppoſed that we are leſs miſerable when we have companions in our miſery. This, according to Zoroaſter, does not proceed from malice, but neceſſity. We feel ourſelves inſenſibly

fibly drawn to an unhappy perſon, as to one like ourſelves. The joy of the happy would be an inſult; but two men in diſtreſs are like two ſlender trees, which mutually ſupporting each other, fortify themſelves againſt the ſtorm. "Why, ſaid Zadig to the fiſherman, doſt thou ſink under thy misfortunes?" "Becauſe, replied he, I ſee no means of relief. I was the moſt conſiderable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the aſſiſtance of my wife, I made the beſt cream-cheeſe in the empire. Queen Aſtarte and the famous miniſter, Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had ſent them ſix hundred cheeſes, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had diſappeared. I ran to the houſe of lord Zadig, whom I had never ſeen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Deſterham, who being furniſhed with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, ſome of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead; ſome ſaid ſhe was in priſon; and others pretended that ſhe had made her eſcape; but they all agreed in aſſuring me that I would not be paid for my cheeſe. I went with my wife to the houſe of lord Orcan, who was one of my cuſtomers, and begged his protection in my preſent diſtreſs. He granted it to my wife; but refuſed it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheaſes that begun my misfortune; and the luſtre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteneſs. For this reaſon Orcan detained her, and drove me from his houſe. In my deſpair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She

ſaid to the bearer, "Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little; I have heard his name mentioned; they ſay he makes excellent cream-cheeſe; deſire him to ſend me ſome, and he ſhall be paid."

"In my diſtreſs I reſolved to apply to juſtice. I had ſtill ſix ounces of gold remaining: I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I conſulted; two to the procurator who undertook my cauſe; and two to the ſecretary of the firſt judge. When all this was done, my buſineſs was not begun; and I had already expended more money than my cheeſe and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to ſell my houſe, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

"My houſe was well worth ſixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbours ſaw that I was poor, and obliged to ſell it, the firſt to whom I applied, offered me thirty ounces, the ſecond twenty, and the third ten. Bad as theſe offers were, I was ſo blind, that I was going to ſtrike a bargain, when a prince of Harcania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My houſe was firſt ſacked and then burnt.

"Having thus loſt my money, my wife, and my houſe, I retired into this country, where thou now ſeeſt me. I have endeavoured to gain a ſubſiſtence by fiſhing; but the fiſh make a mock of me as well as the men. I catch none; I die with hunger; and had it not been for thee, auguſt comforter, I ſhould have periſhed in the river."

The fiſherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption; at every moment, Zadig, moved and tranſported, ſaid; "What

"What knoweſt thou nothing of the queen's fate?" "No, my lord, replied the fiſherman, but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeſes; that I have loſt my wife, and am now reduced to deſpair." "I flatter myſelf, ſaid Zadig, that thou wilt not loſe all thy money. I have heard of this Zadig; he is an honeſt man; and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee: but with regard to thy wife, who is not ſo honeſt, I adviſe thee not to ſeek to recover her. Believe me, go to Babylon; I ſhall be there before thee, becauſe I am on horſeback, and thou art on foot. Apply to the illuſtrious Cador; tell him thou haſt met his friend; wait for me at his houſe: go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy.

"O powerful Oromazes! continued he, thou employeſt me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me conſolation?" So ſaying, he gave the fiſherman half the money he had brought from Arabia. The fiſherman, ſtruck with ſurprize, and raviſhed with joy, kiſſed the feet of the friend of Cador, and ſaid, "Thou art ſurely an angel ſent from heaven to ſave me!"

Mean while Zadig continued to make freſh enquiries, and to ſhed tears. "What, my lord, cried the fiſherman, art thou then ſo unhappy, thou who beſtoweſt favours?" "An hundred times more unhappy than thee, replied Zadig." "But how is it poſſible, ſaid the good man, that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?" "Becauſe, replied Zadig, thy greateſt miſery aroſe from poverty; and mine is ſeated in the heart." "Did Orcan take thy

wife from thee?" ſaid the fiſherman. This word recalled to Zadig's mind the whole of his adventures. He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, and ending with his arrival at the caſtle of the robber Arbogad. "Ah, ſaid he to the fiſherman, Orcan deſerves to be puniſhed: but it is commonly ſuch men as thoſe that are the favourites of fortune. However, go thou to the houſe of lord Cador, and there wait my arrival." They then parted: the fiſherman walked, thanking heaven for the happineſs of his condition; and Zadig rode, accuſing fortune for the hardneſs of his lot.

The BASILISK.

ARriving in a beautiful meadow, he there ſaw ſeveral women, who were ſearching for ſomething with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to aſk if he might have the honour to aſſiſt them in their ſearch. "Take care that thou doſt not, replied the Syrian, what we are ſearching for can be touched only by women." "Strange, ſaid Zadig, may I preſume to aſk thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch." "It is a baſiliſk, ſaid ſhe." "A baſiliſk, madam! and for what purpoſe, pray, doſt thou ſeek for a baſiliſk?" "It is for our lord and maſter Ogul, whoſe caſtle thou ſeeſt on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his moſt humble ſlaves. The lord Ogul is ſick. His phyſician hath ordered him to eat a

baſiliſk, ſtewed in roſe-water; and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promiſed to chooſe for his well beloved wife the woman that ſhall bring him a baſiliſk: let me go on in my ſearch; for thou ſeeſt what I ſhall loſe, if I am prevented by my companions.

Zadig left her and the other Aſſyrians to ſearch for their baſiliſk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a ſmall rivulet, he found another lady lying on the graſs, and who was not ſearching for any thing. Her perſon ſeemed to be majeſtick; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound ſighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand ſhe held a ſmall rod with which ſhe was tracing characters on the fine ſand that lay between the turf and the brook. Zadig had the curioſity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he ſaw the letter Z, then an A; he was aſtoniſhed: then appeared a D; he ſtarted. But never was ſurprize equal to his, when he ſaw the two laſt letters of his name. He ſtood for ſome time immoveable. At laſt breaking ſilence with a faultering voice, "O generous lady! pardon a ſtranger, an unfortunate man, for preſuming to aſk thee by what ſurpriſing adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand." At this voice and theſe words, the lady liſted up her veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, ſent forth a cry of tenderneſs, ſurprize, and joy, and ſinking under the various emotions which at once aſſaulted her ſoul, fell ſpeechleſs into his *arms*. It was Aſtarte herſelf; it was

the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses; when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness: "O ye immortal powers! cried he, who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me? at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?" He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow a-fresh: she twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted: she asked by what strange accident they were brought together; and suddenly prevented his answers by other questions: she waved the account of her own misfortunes, and desired to be informed of those of Zadig. At last, both of them having a little composed the tumult of their souls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. "But, O unhappy and respectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, cloathed in the habit of a slave, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are searching for a basilisk, which, by order of the physician is to be stewed in rose-water?"

"While

"While they are ſearching for their baſiliſk, ſaid the fair Aſtarte, I will inform thee of all I have ſuffered, for which heaven has ſufficiently recompenſed me, by reſtoring thee to my ſight. Thou knoweſt that the king, my huſband, was vexed to ſee thee the moſt amiable of mankind; and that for this reaſon, he one night reſolved to ſtrangle thee and poiſon me. Thou knoweſt how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the orders of his ſublime majeſty. Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a ſecret paſſage. He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi, his brother, ſhut me up in that huge ſtatue, whoſe baſe reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whoſe top riſes to the ſummit of the dome. I was there buried in a manner; but was ſerved by the magi, and ſupplied with all the neceſſaries of life. At break of day his majeſty's apothecary entered my chamber with a potion compoſed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black hellebore, and aconite; and another officer went to thine with a bowſtring of blue ſilk. Neither of us were to be found. Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuſe us both. He ſaid that thou hadſt taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis; on which the king's guards were immediately diſpatched in purſuit of us both.

"The couriers who purſued me did not know me. I had hardly ever ſhewn my face to any but *thee, and* to thee only in the preſence, and *by the order of* my huſband. They conducted them-

themſelves in the purſuit by the deſcription that had been given them of my perſon. On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the ſame ſtature with me, and poſſeſſed perhaps of greater charms. She was weeping and wandering. They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar. Their miſtake at firſt threw the king into a violent paſſion; but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handſome, and was comforted. She was called Miſſouf. I have ſince been informed, that this name in the Egyptian language, ſignifies the capricious fair one. She was ſo in reality; but ſhe had as much cunning as caprice. She pleaſed Moabdar, and gained ſuch an aſcendancy over him as to make him chuſe her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colours. She gave herſelf up, without ſcruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and on his refuſal, ſhe perſecuted him with the moſt unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her maſter of the horſe to make her a pye of ſweetmeats. In vain did he repreſent that he was not a paſtry-cook; he was obliged to make it, and loſt his place, becauſe it was baked a little too hard. The poſt of maſter of the horſe ſhe gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did ſhe govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loſs of me. The king, who till the moment of his reſolving to poiſon me and ſtrangle thee, had been a tolerably good *kind* of man, ſeemed now to have drowned

all

all his virtues in his immoderate fondneſs for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feaſt held in honour of the ſacred fire. I ſaw him implore the gods in behalf of Miſſouf, at the feet of the ſtatue in which I was incloſed. I raiſed my voice, I cried out, "The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reaſonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance." "At theſe words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became diſordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Miſſouf, conſpired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reaſon entirely forſook him.

"His madneſs, which ſeemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the ſignal to a revolt. The people roſe, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been ſo long immerſed in idleneſs and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody, civil war. I was taken from the heart of my ſtatue, and placed at the head of a party. Cador flew to Memphis, to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of theſe fatal events, returned with his army, and made a third party in Chaldæa. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Miſſouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myſelf had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Miſſouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtleſs be pleaſed to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian;

but thou wilt be ſorry to be informed that he deſigned me for his ſeraglio. He told me, with a blunt and reſolute air, that as ſoon as he had finiſhed a military expedition, which he was juſt going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great muſt have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already diſſolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I anſwered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble ſentiments could inſpire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven ſtamped on perſons of my condition, a mark of grandeur, which, with a ſingle word or glance, could reduce to the lowlineſs of the moſt profound reſpect, thoſe raſh and forward perſons, who preſume to deviate from the rules of politeneſs. I ſpoke like a queen; but was treated like a maid-ſervant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to ſpeak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handſome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that ſo my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he ſhould be at leaſure to honour me with them. I told him, that, rather than ſubmit to his deſires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a ſmile, that women, he believed, were not ſo blood-thirſty; and that he was accuſtomed to ſuch violent expreſſions; and then left me with the air of a man who had juſt put another parrot into his aviary. What a ſtate for the firſt queen of the univerſe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At

At these words Zadig threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Astarte raised him with great tenderness, and thus continued her story. "I now saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the foolish woman with whom I was confined. She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt. From the description she gave of your person, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumstance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had fought for her. I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore resolved to repair thither. Beautiful Missouf, said I, thou art more handsome than I, and will please the prince of Hircania much better. Assist me in contriving the means of my escape; thou wilt then reign alone; thou wilt at once make me happy, and rid thyself of a rival. Missouf concerted with me the means of my flight; and I departed secretly with a female Egyptian slave.

"As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle, where lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God sent him into the world for no other purpose than to sit at table. He is so extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of suffocation. His physician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digestion, governs him with a despotic sway when he has eat too much. He has persuaded him that a basilisk stewed in rose-water will effect a complete cure. The lord Ogul

hath promiſed his hand to the female ſlave that brings him a baſiliſk. Thou ſeeſt that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour, and never was I leſs deſirous of finding the baſiliſk than ſince heaven hath reſtored thee to my ſight."

This account was ſucceeded by a long converſation between Aſtarte and Zadig, conſiſting of every thing that their long ſuppreſſed ſentiments, their great ſufferings, and their mutual love could inſpire into hearts the moſt noble and tender; and the genii who preſide over love, carried their words to the ſphere of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul, without having found the baſiliſk. Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and ſpoke to him in the following terms: "May immortal health deſcend from heaven to bleſs all thy days! I am a phyſician: at the firſt report of thy indiſpoſition I flew to thy caſtle, and have now brought thee a baſiliſk ſtewed in roſe-water. Not that I pretend to marry thee. All I aſk is the liberty of a Babylonian ſlave, who hath been in thy poſſeſſion for a few days; and, if I ſhould not be ſo happy as to cure thee, magnificent lord Ogul, I conſent to remain a ſlave in her place."

The propoſal was accepted. Aſtarte ſet out for Babylon with Zadig's ſervant, promiſing, immediately upon her arrival, to ſend a courier to inform him of all that had happened. Their parting was as tender as their meeting. The moment of meeting, and that of parting, are the two greateſt epochas of life, as ſayeth the great book of Zend. Zadig loved the queen with as much ardour as he profeſſed; and the

queen

queen loved Zadig more than ſhe thought proper to acknowledge.

Mean while Zadig ſpoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my baſiliſk is not to be eaten; all its virtue muſt enter through thy pores. I have incloſed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine ſkin. Thou muſt ſtrike this ball with all thy might, and I muſt ſtrike it back for a conſiderable time; and by obſerving this regimen for a few days, thou wilt ſee the effects of my art." The firſt day, Ogul was out of breath, and thought he ſhould have died with fatigue. The ſecond he was leſs fatigued, and ſlept better. In eight days he recovered all the ſtrength, all the health, all the agility and chearfulneſs of his moſt agreeable years. "Thou haſt played at ball, and haſt been temperate, ſaid Zadig, know that there is no ſuch thing in nature as a baſiliſk; that temperance and exerciſe are the two great preſervatives of health; and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philoſopher's ſtone, judicial aſtrology, or the theology of the magi."

Ogul's firſt phyſician obſerving how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a deſign, in conjunction with the apothecary, to ſend Zadig to ſearch for a baſiliſk in the other world. Thus, after having ſuffered ſuch a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of loſing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner; and was to have been poiſoned in the ſecond courſe; but, during the firſt, he happily received a courier from the

fair Aſtarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, ſays the great Zoroaſter, he hath always the good fortune to extricate himſelf out of every kind of difficulty and danger."

The COMBATS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all thoſe tranſports of joy, which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princeſs who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared, that the queen ſhould marry the man whom they ſhould chuſe for their ſovereign. They were reſolved that the firſt place in the world, that of being huſband to Aſtarte and king of Babylon, ſhould not depend on cabals and intrigues. They ſwore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, ſhould be found to be poſſeſſed of the greateſt valour and the greateſt wiſdom. Accordingly, at the diſtance of a few leagues from the city, a ſpacious place was marked out for the liſts, ſurrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a ſeparate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be ſeen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and thoſe that were ſo happy as to conquer

conquer four, were then to engage with one another; ſo that he who remained the laſt maſter of the field, ſhould be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the ſame arms, and to explain the ænigmas propoſed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afreſh, till a man ſhould be found who was conqueror in both theſe combats; for they were abſolutely determined to have a king poſſeſſed of the greateſt wiſdom and the moſt invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be ſtrictly guarded: ſhe was only allowed to be preſent at the games, and even there ſhe was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to ſpeak to any of the competitors, that ſo they might neither receive favour, nor ſuffer injuſtice.

Theſe particulars Aſtarte communicated to her lover, hoping that, in order to obtain her, he would ſhew himſelf poſſeſſed of greater courage and wiſdom than any other perſon. Zadig ſet out on his journey, beſeeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his underſtanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He cauſed his device to be inſcribed among thoſe of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained; and then went to repoſe himſelf in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend Cador, who, after the fruitleſs ſearch he had made for him in Egypt, was now returned to Babylon, ſent to his tent a complete ſuit of armour, which was a preſent from the

queen,

queen, as alſo from himſelf, one of the fineſt horſes in Perſia. Zadig preſently perceived that theſe preſents were ſent by Aſtarte; and from thence his courage derived freſh ſtrength, and his love the moſt animating hopes.

Next day, the queen being ſeated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; and that of Zadig was the laſt. The firſt who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but poſſeſſed of little courage, of leſs addreſs, and hardly of any judgment at all. His ſervants had perſuaded him that ſuch a man as he ought to be king; he had ſaid in reply, "Such a man as I ought to reign;" and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was inſtantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horſe, that it was not for ſuch a man as him that heaven reſerved the ſcepter of Babylon. The firſt knight that ran againſt him threw him out of his ſaddle; the ſecond laid him flat on his horſe's buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himſelf, but with ſo bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burſt out a-laughing. The third knight diſdained to make uſe of his lance; but, making a paſs at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half-round, laid him proſtrate on the ſand. The ſquires of the games ran to him laughing, and

and replaced him in his ſaddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other ſide. He was conducted back with ſcornful ſhouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to paſs the night; and as he limped along, with great difficulty, he ſaid; "What an adventure for ſuch a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themſelves with greater ability and ſucceſs. Some of them conquered two combatants; a few of them vanquiſhed three; but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At laſt Zadig fought in his turn. He ſucceſſively threw four knights out of their ſaddles, with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be ſeen who ſhould be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the firſt were gold and blue, with a plume of the ſame colour; thoſe of the laſt were white. The wiſhes of all the ſpectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whoſe heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the ſucceſs of the white colour.

The two champions made their paſſes and vaults with ſo much agility; they mutually gave and received ſuch dexterous blows with their lances; and ſat ſo firmly in their ſaddles, that every body but the queen wiſhed there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horſes being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourſe to this ſtratagem. He paſſes behind the blue prince; ſprings upon the buttocks of his horſe; ſeizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himſelf in the ſaddle; and wheels around Otamus as he lay extended

extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus riſes in a violent paſſion, and draws his ſword; Zadig leaps from his horſe with his ſabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where ſtrength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the ſtuds of their braſſets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great diſtance by the violence of a thouſand furious blows. They ſtrike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breaſt; they retreat; they advance; they meaſure ſwords; they cloſe; they ſeize each other; they bend like ſerpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flaſhes from their blows. At laſt Zadig, having recovered his ſpirits, ſtops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and diſarms him; and Otamus cries out; "It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughteſt to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The knight in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to ſerve them at table. It may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themſelves, to enjoy the ſweets of repoſe till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himſelf known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was ſo much fatigued that he could not help ſleeping. He had,

bad, who lay near him, never cloſed his eyes. He aroſe in the night; entered his apartment; took the white arms and the device of Zadig; and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that ſo great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected; however, he was proclaimed, while Zadig was ſtill aſleep. Aſtarte, ſurpriſed and filled with deſpair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almoſt empty, when Zadig awoke: he ſought for his arms; but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himſelf, having nothing elſe near him. Aſtoniſhed and enraged, he put it on in a furious paſſion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that ſtill remained in the amphitheatre and the circus, received him with hoots and hiſſes. They ſurrounded him, and inſulted him to his face. Never did man ſuffer ſuch cruel mortifications. He loſt his patience; with his ſabre he diſperſed ſuch of the populace as dared to affront; but he knew not what courſe to take. He could not ſee the queen; he could not reclaim the white armour ſhe had ſent him, without expoſing her; and thus, while ſhe was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and diſtraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully perſuaded that his ſtar had deſtined him to inevitable miſery, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armour. "This (ſaid he) is the conſequence of my having ſlept too long. Had I ſlept leſs, I ſhould now have been king of Babylon,

bylon, and in poſſeſſion of Aſtarte. Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto ſerved only to make me miſerable." He then let fall ſome ſecret murmurings againſt providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel deſtiny, which oppreſſed the good, and proſpered knights in green armour. One of his greateſt mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armour which had expoſed him to ſuch contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to paſs by, he ſold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb, he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with deſpair, and ſecretly accuſing providence, which thus continued to perſecute him with unremitting ſeverity.

The HERMIT.

WHILE he was thus ſauntering, he met a hermit, whoſe white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig ſtopt, and made him a profound obeiſance. The hermit returned the compliment with ſuch a noble and engaging air, that Zadig had the curioſity to enter into converſation with him. He aſked him what book it was that he had been reading? "It is the book of deſtinies, (ſaid the hermit;) wouldſt thou chooſe to look into it?" He put the book into the hands

hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly verſed as he was in ſeveral languages, could not decypher a ſingle character of it. This only redoubled his curioſity. "Thou ſeemeſt (ſaid this good father) to be in great diſtreſs." "Alas! (replied Zadig) I have but too much reaſon." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee, (reſumed the old man) perhaps I may be of ſome ſervice to thee. I have often poured the balm of conſolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy." Zadig felt himſelf inſpired with reſpect for the air, the beard, and the book of the hermit. He found, in the courſe of the converſation, that he was poſſeſſed of ſuperior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of juſtice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakneſs, and of virtue and vice, with ſuch a ſpirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himſelf drawn toward him by an irreſiſtible charm. He earneſtly entreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I aſk the ſame favour of thee, (ſaid the old man;) ſwear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do thou wilt not leave me for ſome days." Zadig ſwore, and they ſet out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a ſuperb caſtle. The hermit entreated a hoſpitable reception for himſelf and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have eaſily miſtaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of diſdainful civility. He preſented them to a principal domeſtic, who ſhewed them his maſter's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower

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end of the table, without being honoured with the leaſt mark of regard by the lord of the caſtle; but they were ſerved like the reſt, with delicacy and profuſion. They were then preſented with water to waſh their hands, in a golden baſon adorned with emeralds and rubies. At laſt they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domeſtic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

"The maſter of the houſe (ſaid Zadig, as they were proceeding on the journey) appears to be a generous man, though ſomewhat too proud: he nobly performs the duties of hoſpitality." At that inſtant he obſerved, that a kind of large pocket which the hermit had, was filled and diſtended; and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden baſon adorned with precious ſtones, which the hermit had ſtolen. He durſt not then take any notice of it; but he was filled with a ſtrange ſurprize.

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a paultry houſe, inhabited by a rich miſer; and begged the favour of an hoſpitable reception for a few hours. An old ſervant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the ſtable, where he gave them ſome rotten olives, mouldy bread, and ſour beer. The hermit eat and drank with as much ſeeming ſatisfaction as he had done the evening before: and then addreſſing himſelf to the old ſervant, who watched them both, to prevent their ſtealing any thing, and rudely preſſed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces

pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility. "Pray, (added he) allow me to speak to thy master." The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. "Magnificent lord! (said the hermit) I cannot but return thee my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou hast entertained us. Be pleased to accept of this golden bason, as a small mark of my gratitude." The miser started, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his surprize, instantly departed with his young fellow-traveller. "Father, (said Zadig) what is the meaning of all this? thou seemest to me to be entirely different from other men; thou stealest a golden bason adorned with precious stones, from a lord who received thee magnificently, and givest it to a miser who treats thee with indignity." "Son, (replied the old man) this magnificent lord, who receives strangers only from vanity and ostentation, will hereby be rendered more wise; and the miser will learn to practise the duties of hospitality. Be surprised at nothing; but follow me." Zadig knew not as yet, whether he was in company with the most foolish or the most prudent of mankind; but the hermit spoke with such an ascendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuse to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a house built with equal elegance and simplicity, where nothing savoured either of prodigality or avarice. The master of it was a philosopher, who had retired from the world; and who cultivated in peace

peace the ſtudy of virtue and wiſdom, without any of that rigid and moroſe ſeverity, ſo commonly to be found in men of his character. He had choſen to build this country-houſe, in which he received ſtrangers with a generoſity free from oſtentation. He went himſelf to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he deſired them to repoſe themſelves a little. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repaſt, during which he ſpoke with great judgment of the laſt revolutions in Babylon. He ſeemed to be ſtrongly attached to the queen; and wiſhed that Zadig had appeared in the liſts to diſpute the crown: "But the people (added he) do not deſerve to have ſuch a king as Zadig." Zadig bluſhed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the courſe of the converſation, that the things of this world did not always anſwer the wiſhes of the wiſe. The hermit ſtill maintained that the ways of providence were inſcrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they underſtood but the ſmalleſt part.

They talked of the paſſions: "Ah! (ſaid Zadig) how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds (replied the hermit) that ſwell the ſails of the ſhip; it is true they ſometimes ſink her; but without them ſhe could not ſail at all. The bile makes us ſick and cholerick; but without the bile we could not live. Every thing in this world is dangerous; and yet every thing is neceſſary."

The converſation turned on pleaſure; and the hermit proved that it was a preſent beſtowed by the

the deity: "For (ſaid he) man cannot give himſelf either ſenſations or ideas: he receives all; and pain and pleaſure proceed from a foreign cauſe, as well as his being."

Zadig was ſurpriſed to ſee a man, who had been guilty of ſuch extravagant actions, capable of reaſoning with ſo much judgment and propriety. At laſt, after a converſation equally entertaining and inſtructive, the hoſt led back his two gueſts to their apartment, bleſſing heaven for having ſent him two men poſſeſſed of ſo much wiſdom and virtue. He offered them money, with ſuch an eaſy and noble air as could not poſſibly give any offence. The hermit refuſed it, and ſaid that he muſt now take his leave of him, as he propoſed to ſet out for Babylon before it was light. Their parting was tender; Zadig, eſpecially, felt himſelf filled with eſteem and affection for a man of ſuch an amiable character.

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they ſpent a long time in praiſing their hoſt. At break of day, the old man awaken'd his companion. "We muſt now depart, (ſaid he;) but, while all the family are ſtill aſleep, I will leave this man a mark of my eſteem and affection." So ſaying, he took a candle and ſet fire to the houſe. Zadig, ſtruck with horror, cried aloud, and endeavoured to hinder him from committing ſuch a barbarous action; but the hermit drew him away by a ſuperior force; and the houſe was ſoon in flames. The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a conſiderable diſtance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquillity. "Thanks be to God, (ſaid he) the houſe of my dear hoſt

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is entirely deſtroyed! Happy man!" At theſe words Zadig was at once tempted to burſt out a laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away. But he did none of all theſe; for, ſtill ſubdued by the powerful aſcendancy of the hermit, he followed him, in ſpite of himſelf, to the next ſtage.

This was at the houſe of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handſome and promiſing youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her houſe as well as ſhe could. Next day, ſhe ordered her nephew to accompany the ſtrangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in paſſing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As they were croſſing the bridge, "Come, (ſaid the hermit to the youth) I muſt ſhew my gratitude to thy aunt." He then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river. The boy ſunk, appeared again on the ſurface of the water, and was ſwallowed up by the current. "O monſter! O thou moſt wicked of mankind!" cried Zadig. "Thou promiſedſt to behave with greater patience, (ſaid the hermit, interrupting him.) Know, that under the ruins of that houſe which providence hath ſet on fire, the maſter hath found an immenſe treaſure: know, that this young man, whoſe life providence hath ſhortened, would have aſſaſſinated his aunt in the ſpace of a year, and thee in that of two." "Who told thee ſo, barbarian? (cried Zadig;) and though thou hadſt read this event in thy book of deſtinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never *did thee* any harm?"

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While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he obſerved that the old man had no longer a beard; and that his countenance aſſumed the features and complexion of youth. The hermit's habit diſappeared; and four beautiful wings covered a majeſtic body reſplendent with light. "O ſent of heaven! O divine angel! (cried Zadig, humbly proſtrating himſelf on the ground) haſt thou then deſcended from the Empyrean, to teach a weak mortal to ſubmit to the eternal decrees of providence?" "Men, (ſaid the angel Jeſrad) judge of all, without knowing any thing; and, of all men, thou beſt deſerveſt to be enlightened." Zadig begged to be permitted to ſpeak: "I diſtruſt myſelf, (ſaid he) but may I preſume to aſk the favour of thee to clear up one doubt that ſtill remains in my mind; would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him?" "Had he been virtuous, (replied Jeſrad) and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to be aſſaſſinated himſelf, together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her." "But why (ſaid Zadig) is it neceſſary that there ſhould be crimes and misfortunes, and that theſe misfortunes ſhould fall on the good?" "The wicked (replied Jeſrad) are always unhappy: they ſerve to prove and try the ſmall number of the juſt that are ſcattered through the earth; and there is no evil that is not productive of ſome good." "But, (ſaid Zadig) ſuppoſe there were nothing but good, and no evil at all." "Then (replied Jeſrad) this earth would be another earth: the chain of events would be ranged in another

order, and directed by wiſdom; but this other order, which would be perfect, can exiſt only in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach. The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that reſembles another. This immenſe variety is the effect of his immenſe power. There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanſe of heaven, that are exactly ſimilar; and all that thou ſeeſt on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all. Men think that this child who hath juſt periſhed, is fallen into the water by chance; and that it is by the ſame chance that this houſe is burnt: but there is no ſuch thing as chance; all is either a trial, or a puniſhment, or a reward, or a foreſight. Remember the fiſherman, who thought himſelf the moſt wretched of mankind. Oromazes ſent thee to change his fate. Ceaſe then, frail mortal, to diſpute againſt what thou oughteſt to adore." "But," (ſaid Zadig) ——— As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth ſphere. Zadig on his knees adored providence, and ſubmitted. The angel cried to him from on high, "Direct thy courſe towards Babylon."

The ÆNIGMAS.

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whoſe head the thunder had burſt, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when thoſe who had fought at the tournaments were aſſembled in the grand veſtibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to anſwer the queſtions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As ſoon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crouded around him. Every eye was fixed on him; every mouth bleſſed him; and every heart wiſhed him the empire. The envious man ſaw him paſs; he frowned and turned aſide. The people conducted him to the place where the aſſembly was held. The queen, who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the moſt violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehenſion. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confuſed murmur aroſe at the ſight of Zadig. They were equally ſurpriſed and charmed to ſee him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the aſſembly.

"I have fought as well as the other knights, (ſaid Zadig) but another here wears my arms; and while I wait for the honour of proving the truth of my aſſertion, I demand the liberty of preſenting myſelf to explain the ænigmas." The queſtion was put to the vote; and his reputation for probity was ſtill ſo deeply impreſſed

in their minds, that they admitted him without ſcruple.

The firſt queſtion propoſed by the grand magi was, "What, of all things in the world, is the longeſt and the ſhorteſt; the ſwifteſt and the ſloweſt; the moſt diviſible, and the moſt extended; the moſt neglected, and the moſt regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to ſpeak. He replied, that ſo great a man as he did not underſtand ænigmas; and that it was ſufficient for him to have conquered by his ſtrength and valour. Some ſaid that the meaning of the ænigma was fortune; ſome, the earth; and others, the light. Zadig ſaid that it was time: "Nothing (added he) is longer, ſince it is the meaſure of eternity; nothing is ſhorter, ſince it is inſufficient for the accompliſhment of our projects; nothing more ſlow to him that expects; nothing more rapid to him that enjoys; in greatneſs it extends to infinity; in ſmallneſs it is infinitely diviſible; all men neglect it; all regret the loſs of it; nothing can be done without it; it conſigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being tranſmitted to poſterity; and it immortalizes ſuch actions as are truly great." The aſſembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

The next queſtion was: "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others when we know not where we are, and which we loſe without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone gueſſed that it was life; and explained all

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the other ænigmas with the ſame facility. Itobad always ſaid that nothing was more eaſy, and that he could have anſwered them with the ſame readineſs, had he choſen to have given himſelf the trouble. Queſtions were then propoſed on juſtice, on the ſovereign good, and on the art of government. Zadig's anſwers were judged to be the moſt ſolid. "What a pity is it, (ſaid they) that ſuch a great genius ſhould be ſo bad a knight!"

"Illuſtrious lords, (ſaid Zadig) I have had the honour of conquering in the tournaments. It is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Itobad took poſſeſſion of it during my ſleep. He probably thought that it would fit him better than the green. I am now ready to prove in your preſence, with my gown and ſword, againſt all that beautiful white armour which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greateſt confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuiraſs, and braſſarts, he would obtain an eaſy victory over a champion in a cap and night-gown. Zadig drew his ſword, ſaluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his, without ſaluting any one. He ruſhed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear. He was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows, by oppoſing the ſtrongeſt part of his ſword to the weakeſt of that of his adverſary, in ſuch a manner that Itobad's ſword was broken. Upon which Zadig, ſeizing his enemy by the waiſt,

threw him on the ground; and fixing the point of his ſword at the extremity of his breaſt-plate; "Suffer thyſelf to be diſarmed, (ſaid he) or thou art a dead man." Itobad, always ſurpriſed at the diſgraces that happened to ſuch a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great compoſure his magnificent helmet, his ſuperb cuiraſs, his fine braſſarts, his ſhining cuiſhes; cloathed himſelf with them; and in this dreſs ran to throw himſelf at the feet of Aſtarte. Cador eaſily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous conſent of the whole nation, and eſpecially by that of Aſtarte, who, after ſo many calamities, now taſted the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her huſband. Itobad went home to be called Lord in his own houſe. Zadig was king, and was happy. He recollected what the angel Jeſrad had ſaid to him. He even remembered the grain of ſand that became a diamond. The queen and Zadig adored providence. He left the capricious beauty, Miſſouf, to run through the world. He ſent in ſearch of the robber, Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable poſt in his army, promiſing to advance him to the firſt dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profeſſion of a robber.

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was preferred, and diſtinguiſhed according to his great ſervices. He was the friend of the king; and the

the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine houſe was given to the fiſherman; and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large ſum of money, and to reſtore him his wife; but the fiſherman, who was now become wiſe, took only the money.

But, neither could the beautiful Semira be comforted, for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; nor did Azora ceaſe to lament her having attempted to cut off his noſe: their griefs, however, he ſoftened by his preſents. The envious man died of rage and ſhame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and plenty. This was the happieſt age of the earth. It was governed by love and juſtice. The people bleſſed Zadig, and Zadig bleſſed heaven.

The WORLD as it GOES,

The VISION of BABOUC*.

Written by himſelf.

AMONG the genii, who preſide over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the firſt ranks, and had the department of Upper Aſia. He one morning deſcended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and ſaid to him; "Babouc, the follies and vices of the Perſians have drawn upon them our indignation; yeſterday was held an aſſembly of the genii of Upper Aſia, to conſider whether we ſhould chaſtiſe Perſepolis, or deſtroy it entirely. Go to that city; examine every thing; return and give me a faithful account; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants." "But, lord, (ſaid Babouc with great humility) I have never been in Perſia, nor do I

* This appears to be a ſatire on the city of Paris.

know a ſingle perſon in that country." "So much the better, (ſaid the angel) thou wilt be the more impartial; thou haſt received from heaven the ſpirit of diſcernment, to which I now add the power of inſpiring confidence. Go, ſee, hear, obſerve, and fear nothing; thou ſhalt every where meet with a favourable reception."

Babouc mounted his camel, and ſet out with his ſervants. After having travelled ſome days, he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Perſian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He firſt addreſſed himſelf to a ſoldier, whom he found at a diſtance from the main army; and aſked him what was the occaſion of the war. "By all the gods, (ſaid the ſoldier) I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my buſineſs; my trade is to kill and be killed, to get a livelihood. It is of no conſequence to me whom I ſerve. To-morrow, perhaps, I may go over to the Indian camp; for it is ſaid they give their ſoldiers nearly half a copper drachma a day more than we have in this curſed ſervice of Perſia: if thou deſireſt to know why we fight, ſpeak to my captain."

Babouc, having given the ſoldier a ſmall preſent, entered the camp. He ſoon became acquainted with the captain, and aſked him the ſubject of the war. "How canſt thou imagine that I ſhould know it? (ſaid the captain) or of what importance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Perſepolis; I hear that war is declared; I inſtantly leave my family, and, having nothing elſe to do, go, according to our cuſtom, to raiſe my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death." "But are not thy compa-

nions (ſaid Babouc) a little better informed than thee?" "No, (ſaid the officer) there are none but our principal ſatrapes, that know the true cauſe of our cutting one another's throats."

Babouc, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, introduced himſelf to the generals, and ſoon became familiarly acquainted with them. At laſt one of them ſaid; "The cauſe of this war, which for twenty years paſt hath deſolated Aſia, ſprang originally from a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the concubines of the great king of Perſia, and the clerk of a factory belonging to the great king of India. The diſpute was about a claim, which amounted nearly to the thirtieth part of a daric. Our firſt miniſter and that of India maintained the rights of their maſters with becoming dignity: the diſpute grew warm: both parties ſent into the field an army of a million of ſoldiers. This army muſt be every year recruited with upwards of four hundred thouſand men. Maſſacres, burning of houſes, ruin and devaſtation, are daily multiplied; the univerſe ſuffers; and their mutual animoſity ſtill continues. The firſt miniſters of the two nations frequently proteſt, that they have nothing in view but the happineſs of mankind; and every proteſtation is attended with the deſtruction of a town, or the deſolation of a province *.

Next day, on a report being ſpread that peace was going to be concluded, the Perſian and Indian generals made haſte to come to an engagement. The battle was long and bloody.

* Such indeed are the trifling cauſes, which often produce horror, miſery, and devaſtation.

Baboue beheld every crime, and every abomination: he was witneſs to the arts and ſtratagems of the principal ſatrapes, who did all that lay in their power to expoſe their general to the diſgrace of a defeat. He ſaw officers killed by their own troops, and ſoldiers ſtabbing their already expiring comrades, in order to ſtrip them of a few bloody garments, torn and covered with dirt. He entered the hoſpitals, to which they were conveying the wounded, moſt of whom died through the inhuman negligence of thoſe who were well paid by the king of Perſia to aſſiſt theſe unhappy men. "Are theſe men, (cried Babouc) or are they wild beaſts? Ah! I plainly ſee that Perſepolis will be deſtroyed."

Full of this thought, he went over to the camp of the Indians, where, according to the prediction of the genii, he was as well received as in that of the Perſians; but he ſaw there the very ſame crimes which had already filled him with horror. "Oh! (ſaid he to himſelf) if the angel Ithuriel ſhould exterminate the Perſians, the angel of India muſt certainly deſtroy the Indians." But being afterwards more particularly informed of all that paſſed in both armies, he heard of ſuch acts of generoſity, humanity, and greatneſs of ſoul, as at once ſurpriſed and charmed him: "Unaccountable mortals! as ye are, (cried he) how can you thus unite ſo much baſeneſs and ſo much grandeur, ſo many virtues and ſo many vices?"

Mean while the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had gained a complete victory, but who, *for their own* private intereſt, had ſhed the

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blood of ſo many of their fellow-creatures went to ſollicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in publick writings, which announced the return of virtue and happineſs to the earth. "God be praiſed, (ſaid Babouc) Perſepolis will now be the abode of ſpotleſs innocence, and will not be deſtroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haſte, without delay, to this capital of Aſia."

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He entered that immenſe city by the ancient gate, which was entirely barbarous, and offended the eye by its diſagreeable ruſticity. All that part of the town ſavoured of the time when it was built; for, notwithſtanding the obſtinacy of men, in praiſing ancient at the expence of modern times, it muſt be owned, that the firſt eſſays in every art are rude and unfiniſhed.

Babouc mingled in a croud of people, compoſed of the moſt naſty and deformed of both ſexes, who were thronging with a ſtupid air into a large and gloomy incloſure. By the conſtant hum; by the geſtures of the people; by the money which ſome perſons gave to others for the liberty of ſitting down, he imagined that he was in a market, where chairs were ſold; but obſerving ſeveral women fall down on their knees, with an appearance of looking directly before them, while in reality they were leering at the men by their ſides, he was ſoon convinced that he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarſe, ſavage, and diſcordant voices, made the vault re-eccho with ill-articulated ſounds, that produced the ſame effect as the braying of wild

aſſes, when, in the plains of Pictavia, they anſwer the cornet that calls them together. He ſtopped his ears; but he was ready to ſhut his eyes and hold his noſe, when he ſaw ſeveral labourers enter the temple with crows and ſpades, who removed a large ſtone, and threw up the earth on both ſides, from whence exhaled a peſtilential vapour: at laſt ſome others approached, depoſited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the ſtone upon it. "What! (cried Babouc), do theſe people bury their dead in the place where they adore the Deity? What! are their temples paved with carcaſſes? I am no longer ſurpriſed at thoſe peſtilential diſeaſes * that frequently depopulate Perſepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breaths of ſuch numbers of the living, aſſembled and crowded together in the ſame place, are ſufficient to poiſon the whole terreſtrial globe. Oh! what an abominable city is Perſepolis! The angels probably intend to deſtroy it, in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous, and better ſingers. Providence may have its reaſons for ſo doing; to its diſpoſal let us leave all future events."

* Indeed one would imagine that the European churches, eſpecially in this kingdom, had been contrived in order to diſguſt the people, and deter them from public worſhip. The chilling dampneſs which reigns in every church, eſpecially in the winter, is not more pernicious to the health, than the earthy, cadaverous ſmell is to the ſenſe; and the eye is entertained with a variety of funereal epitaphs and ornaments, which cannot fail to excite ſuperſtitious horror, in minds naturally ſuſceptible of gloomy impreſſions.

Mean-

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Mean while the ſun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, for whom her huſband, an officer in the army, had given him ſome letters: but he firſt took ſeveral turns in Perſepolis; where he ſaw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and reſounding with harmonious muſick; he beheld publick fountains, which, tho' ill-placed, ſtruck the eye by their beauty; ſquares where the beſt kings that had governed Perſia ſeemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out; "When ſhall we ſee our beloved maſter?" He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the ſuperb and commodious quays; the palaces raiſed on both ſides; and an immenſe houſe, where thouſands of old ſoldiers, covered with ſcars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praiſes to the god of armies *. At laſt he entered the houſe of the lady, who, with a ſet of faſhionable people, waited his company to dinner. The houſe was neat and elegant; the repaſt delicious; the lady young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment ſaid to himſelf, "The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of deſtroying ſuch a charming city."

* We perceive our author has an eye to the celebrated fountain on the *Pont Neuf*, the Place des Victoires, the two great bridges over the Seine, with the ſtone quays on each ſide, the palace of the Louvre, and the hoſpital for invalids.

In

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In the mean time he obſerved that the lady, who had begun by tenderly aſking news about her huſband, ſpoke ſtill more tenderly to a young magi, towards the concluſion of the repaſt. He ſaw a magiſtrate, who, in preſence of his wife, paid his court with great vivacity to a widow, while that indulgent widow had one arm around the magiſtrate's neck, and held out her other hand to a young citizen, remarkable for his modeſty and graceful appearance. The magiſtrate's wife roſe firſt from table, to go to converſe in an adjoining cloſet with her director, who came too late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, a man of great eloquence, ſpoke to her with ſuch vehemence and holy zeal, that when ſhe returned, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her gait irregular, and her voice trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the genii Ithuriel had but too much reaſon. The talent he poſſeſſed of gaining confidence let him that ſame day into all the ſecrets of the lady. She confeſſed to him her affection for the young magi, and aſſured him that in all the houſes in Perſepolis, he would meet with much the ſame behaviour as he had found in hers. Babouc concluded that ſuch a ſociety could not poſſibly ſubſiſt; that jealouſy, diſcord, and vengeance, muſt deſolate every houſe; that tears and blood muſt be daily ſhed; that the huſbands muſt certainly kill the gallants of their wives, or be killed by them; and, in fine, that Ithuriel would

do

do well to deſtroy immediately a city abandoned to continual diſaſters.

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Such were the gloomy ideas that poſſeſſed his mind, when a grave man in a black gown appeared at the gate, and humbly begged to ſpeak to the young magiſtrate. This ſtripling, without riſing or taking the leaſt notice of the old gentleman, gave him ſome papers, with a haughty and careleſs air, and then diſmiſſed him. Babouc aſked who this man was. The miſtreſs of the houſe ſaid to him in a low voice, "He is one of the beſt advocates in the city, and hath ſtudied the laws theſe fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a ſatrape of the law for two days, hath ordered him to make an extract of a proceſs he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it." "This giddy youth acts wiſely, ſaid Babouc, in aſking counſel of an old man. But why is not the old man himſelf the judge?" "Thou art ſurely in jeſt, ſaid they; thoſe who have grown old in laborious and inferior poſts, are never raiſed to places of dignity. This young man has a great poſt, becauſe his father is rich; and the right of diſpenſing juſtice is purchaſed here like a farm." "O manners! O unhappy city! cried Babouc, this is the height of anarchy and confuſion. Thoſe who have thus purchaſed the right of judging will doubtleſs ſell their judgments; nothing do I ſee here but an abyſs of iniquity."

While he was thus expreſſing his grief and ſurprize, a young warrior, who that very day

had returned from the army, ſaid to him, why wouldſt thou not have ſeats in the courts of juſtice to be purchaſed? I myſelf purchaſed the right of braving death at the head of two thouſand men, who are under my command: it has this year coſt me forty thouſand darics of gold to lye on the earth thirty nights ſucceſſively in a red dreſs, and at laſt to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I ſtill feel the ſmart. If I ruin myſelf to ſerve the emperor of Perſia, whom I never ſaw, the ſatrape of the law may well pay ſomething for enjoying the pleaſure of giving audience to pleaders." Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help condemning a country, where the higheſt poſts in the army and the law were expoſed to ſale. He at once concluded, that the inhabitants muſt be entirely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that, though Ithuriel ſhould not deſtroy them, they muſt ſoon be ruined by their deteſtable adminiſtration.

He was ſtill further confirmed in his bad opinion by the arrival of a fat man, who, after ſaluting all the company with great familiarity, went up to the young officer, and ſaid, "I can only lend thee fifty thouſand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in but three hundred thouſand." Babouc enquired into the character of this man, who complained of having gained ſo little, and was informed, that in Perſepolis there were forty plebeian kings, who held the empire of Perſia by leaſe, and paid a ſmall tribute to the monarch*.

* Theſe are the farmers-general of France, who are ſuffered to amaſs vaſt fortunes by fleecing the people, in conſideration of ſupplying the government.

After

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After dinner he went into one of the moſt ſuperb temples in the city, and ſeated himſelf amidſt a crowd of men and women, who were come thither to paſs away the time. A magi appeared in a machine elevated above the heads of the people, and talked a long time of vice and virtue. He divided into ſeveral parts what needed no diviſion at all: he proved methodically what was ſufficiently clear; and he taught what every body knew; he threw himſelf into a paſſion with great compoſure, and went away ſweating, and out of breath. The aſſembly then awoke, and imagined they had been preſent at a very inſtructive diſcourſe. Babouc ſaid, "This man has done his beſt to tire two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good; and there is nothing in this that ſhould occaſion the deſtruction of Perſepolis."

Upon leaving the aſſembly, he was conducted to a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the year. It was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The moſt beautiful women in Perſepolis, and the moſt conſiderable ſatrapes were ranged in order, and formed ſo fine a ſpectacle, that Babouc at firſt believed that this was all the entertainment. Two or three perſons, who ſeemed to be kings and queens, ſoon appeared in the veſtibule of the palace. Their language was very different from that of the people; it was meaſured, harmonious, and ſublime. No body ſlept. The audience kept a profound ſilence,

which

which was only interrupted by expreſſions of ſenſibility and admiration. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers ariſing from unbridled paſſions were all deſcribed by ſuch lively and affecting ſtrokes, that Babouc ſhed tears. He doubted not but that theſe heroes and heroines, theſe kings and queens whom he had juſt heard, were the preachers of the empire: he even purpoſed to engage Ithuriel to come and hear them; confident that ſuch a ſpectacle would for ever reconcile him to the city*.

As ſoon as the entertainment was finiſhed, he reſolved to viſit the principal queen, who had recommended ſuch pure and noble morals in the palace. He deſired to be introduced to her majeſty, and was led up a narrow ſtaircaſe to an ill-furniſhed apartment in the ſecond ſtory, where he found a woman in a mean dreſs, who ſaid to him with a noble and pathetic air, "This employment does not afford me a ſufficient maintenance; one of the princes whom thou ſaweſt has got me with child; I ſhall ſoon be brought to bed, I want money, and without money there is no lying in." Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, ſaying, "Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being ſo much offended."

From thence he went to ſpend the evening at the houſe of a tradeſman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of ſenſe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleaſed his fancy; and the toyman with great politeneſs

* Here he alludes to theatrical entertainments.

ſold him every thing for more than it was worth. On his return home his friend ſhewed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc ſet down the name of the tradeſman in his pocket-book, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as the object of peculiar vengeance on the day when the city ſhould be puniſhed. As he was writing, he heard ſomebody knock at the door: this was the toyman himſelf, who came to reſtore him his purſe which he had left by miſtake on the counter. "How canſt thou, cried Babouc, be ſo generous and faithful, when thou haſt had the aſſurance to ſell me theſe trifles for four times their value?" "There is not a tradeſman, replied the merchant, of ever ſo little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purſe: but whoever ſaid that I ſold thee theſe trifles for four times their value, is greatly miſtaken; I ſold them for ten times their value; and this is ſo true, that wert thou to ſell them again in a month hence, thou wouldſt not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more juſt; it is the variable fancies of men that ſet a value on theſe baubles: it is this fancy that maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ: it is this that gives me a fine houſe and a handſome chariot and horſes: it is this, in fine, that excites induſtry, encourages taſte, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

"I ſell the ſame trifles to the neighbouring nations at a much higher rate than I have ſold them to thee, and by theſe means I am uſeful to the empire." Babouc, after having reflected a moment, eraſed the tradeſman's name from his tablets.

Babouc

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Babouc, not knowing as yet what to think of Perſepolis, reſolved to viſit the magi and the men of letters; for, as the one ſtudied wiſdom, and the other religion, he hoped that they in conjunction would obtain mercy for the reſt of the people. Accordingly, he went next morning into a college of magi. The archimandrite confeſſed to him, that he had an hundred thouſand crowns a-year for having taken the vow of poverty, aud that he enjoyed a very extenſive empire in virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left him with an inferior brother, who did him the honours of the place.

While the brother was ſhewing him the magnificence of this houſe of penitence, a report was ſpread abroad, that Babouc was come to reform all theſe houſes. He immediately received petitions from each of them, the ſubſtance of which was, "Preſerve us and deſtroy all the reſt." On hearing their apologies all theſe ſocieties were abſolutely neceſſary: on hearing their mutual accuſations, they all deſerved to be aboliſhed. He was ſurpriſed to find that all the members of theſe ſocieties were ſo extremely deſirous of edifying the world, that they wiſhed to have it entirely under their dominion.

Soon after appeared a little man, who was a demi-magi, and who ſaid to him, "I plainly ſee that the work is going to be accompliſhed for Zerduſt is returned to earth; and the *little* girls prophecy, pinching themſelves before and whipping themſelves behind. We the

fore implore thy protection againſt the great lama." "What! ſaid Babouc, againſt the royal pontiff, who reſides at Tibet?" "Yes, againſt him himſelf." "What! you are then making war upon him, and raiſing armies?" "No, but he ſays that man is a free agent, and we deny it. We have wrote ſeveral pamphlets againſt him, which he never read; hardly has he heard our name mentioned; he hath only condemned us in the ſame manner as a man orders the trees in his garden to be cleared from caterpillars." Babouc was incenſed at the folly of theſe men who made profeſſion of wiſdom; at the intrigues of thoſe who had renounced the world; and at the ambition, pride, and avarice of ſuch as taught humility and a diſintereſted ſpirit; from all which he concluded that Ithuriel had good reaſon to deſtroy the whole race.

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On his return home, he ſent for ſome new books to alleviate his grief, and, in order to exhilarate his ſpirits, invited ſome men of letters to dine with him; when, like waſps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he had deſired. Theſe paraſites were equally eager to eat and to ſpeak; they praiſed two ſorts of perſons, the dead and themſelves; but none of their contemporaries, except the maſter of the houſe. If any of them happened to drop a ſmart and witty expreſſion, the reſt caſt down their eyes, and bit their lips, out of mere vexation that it had not been ſaid by themſelves. They had leſs diſſimulation than the magi, becauſe

cauſe they had not ſuch grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanneſs of a valet, and all the dignity of a great man. They ſaid to each other's face the moſt inſulting things, which they took for ſtrokes of wit *. They had ſome knowledge of the deſign of Babouc's commiſſion. One of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praiſed him ſufficiently, about five years before; another requeſted the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and a third demanded the deſtruction of the academy, becauſe he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repaſt being ended, each of them departed by himſelf; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or converſation of each other, except at the houſes of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loſs to the public if all theſe vermin were deſtroyed in the general cataſtrophe.

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Having now got rid of theſe men of letters, he began to read ſome new books, where he diſcovered the true ſpirit by which his gueſts had been actuated. He obſerved with particular indignation, thoſe ſlanderous gazettes, thoſe archives of bad taſte, dictated by envy, baſeneſs, and hunger; thoſe ungenerous ſatires, where

* This is a good memorandum for the ſe authors who are continually reviling each other in the moſt ſcandalous terms for the entertainment of the public.

the vulture is treated with lenity, and the dove torn in pieces; and thoſe dry and inſipid romances, filled with characters of women to whom the author was an utter ſtranger.

All theſe deteſtable writings he committed to the flames, and went to paſs the evening in walking. In this excurſion he was introduced to an old man poſſeſſed of great learning, who had not come to increaſe the number of his paraſites. This man of letters always fled from crowds; he underſtood human nature; availed himſelf of his knowledge; and imparted it to others with great diſcretion. Babouc told him how much he was grieved at what he had ſeen and read.

"Thou haſt read very deſpicable performances, ſaid the man of letters; but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad ſwarm, and the good are rare. Thou haſt received into thy houſe the very dregs of pedantry; for in all profeſſions thoſe who are leaſt worthy of appearing, are always ſure to preſent themſelves with the greateſt impudence. The truly wiſe live among themſelves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have ſtill ſome men and ſome books worthy of thy attention." While he was thus ſpeaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the converſation became ſo entertaining and inſtructive, ſo elevated above vulgar prejudices, and ſo conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like. "Theſe are men, ſaid he to himſelf, whom the angel Ithuriel will not preſume to touch, or he muſt be a mercileſs being indeed*."

* Is not this a compliment which the author pays to Mr. de Voltaire.

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was ſtill enraged againſt the reſt of the nation. "Thou art a ſtranger, ſaid the judicious perſon, who was talking to him; abuſes preſent themſelves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies concealed, and which is even ſometimes the reſult of theſe very abuſes, eſcapes thy obſervation." He then learned that among men of letters there were ſome who were free from envy; and that even among the magi themſelves there were ſome men of virtue. In fine, he concluded that theſe great bodies, which, by their mutual ſhocks, ſeemed to threaten their common ruin, were, at bottom, very ſalutary inſtitutions; that each ſociety of magi was a check upon its rivals; and that though theſe rivals might differ in ſome ſpeculative points, they all taught the ſame morals, inſtructed the people, and lived in ſubjection to the laws, not unlike to thoſe preceptors who watch over the heir of a family, while the maſter of the houſe watches over them. He converſed with ſeveral of theſe magi, and found them poſſeſſed of exalted ſouls. He likewiſe learned that even among the fools who pretended to make war on the great lama, there had been ſome men of diſtinguiſhed merit; and, from all theſe particulars, he conjectured that it might be with the manners of Perſepolis as it was with the buildings; ſome of which moved his pity, while others filled him with admiration.

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He ſaid to the man of letters, "I plainly ſee that theſe magi, whom I at firſt imagined to be ſo dangerous, are, in reality, extremely uſeful; eſpecially when a wiſe government hinders them from rendering themſelves too neceſſary; but thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge, that your young magiſtrates, who purchaſe the office of a judge as ſoon as they can mount a horſe, muſt diſplay in their tribunals the moſt ridiculous impertinence, and the moſt iniquitous perverſeneſs. It would doubtleſs be better to give theſe places gratuitouſly to thoſe old civilians who have ſpent their lives in the ſtudy of the law."

The man of letters replied; "Thou haſt ſeen our army before thy arrival at Perſepolis; thou knoweſt that our young officers fight with great bravery, though they buy their poſts; perhaps thou wilt find that our young magiſtrates do not give wrong deciſions, though they purchaſe the right of diſpenſing juſtice."

He led him next day to the grand tribunal, where an affair of great importance was to be decided. The cauſe was known to all the world. All the old advocates that ſpoke on the ſubject were wavering and unſettled in their opinions; they quoted an hundred laws, none of which were applicable to the queſtion. They conſidered the matter in a hundred different lights, but never in its true point of view. The judges were more quick in their deciſion than the advocates in raiſing doubts. They were unanimous in their ſentiments. They decided juſtly, becauſe they followed the light of reaſon;

the others reasoned falsely, because they only consulted their books.

Babouc concluded that the best things frequently arose from abuses. He saw the same day, that the riches of the receivers of the public revenue, at which he had been so much offended, were capable of producing an excellent effect; for the emperor having occasion for money, he found in an hour by their means what he could not have procured in six months by the ordinary methods. He saw that those great clouds, swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in plentiful showers what they had thence derived. Besides, the children of these new gentlemen, who were frequently better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes more useful members of society; for he whose father hath been a good accomptant may easily become a good judge, a brave warrior, and an able statesman *.

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* This is in the whole a very weak apology. Certain it is, nothing tends so much to the prejudice and disgrace of religion as the disputes and want of charity among the clergy; and nothing promotes corruption in a judge so much as the practice of rising the bench, by means of bribery. Nothing weakens military discipline, and discourages merit, equal to the scandalous sale of commissions, by which a worthless upstart with money in his pocket raises himself over the head of the brave veteran; and as for the method of farming revenues, it can never be of any service except to a tyrant, who founds his power on the misery of his people.

Babouc was inſenſibly brought to excuſe the avarice of the farmer of the revenues, who, in reality, was not more avaricious than other men, and beſides was extremely neceſſary. He overlooked the folly of thoſe who ruined themſelves, in order to obtain a poſt in the law or army; a folly that produces great magiſtrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, among whom there were ſome that enlightened the world; and he was reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, who were poſſeſſed of more great virtues than little vices. But he had ſtill many cauſes of complaint. The gallantries of the ladies eſpecially, and the fatal effects which theſe muſt neceſſarily produce, filled him with fear and terror.

As he was deſirous of prying into the characters of men of every condition, he went to wait on a miniſter of ſtate; but trembled all the way, leſt ſome wife ſhould be aſſaſſinated by her huſband in his preſence. Having arrived at the ſtateſman's, he was obliged to remain two hours in the anti-chamber before his name was ſent in, and two hours more after that was done. In this interval, he reſolved to recommend to the angel Ithuriel both the miniſter and his inſolent porters. The anti-chamber was filled with ladies of every rank, magi of all colours, judges, merchants, officers, and pedants; and all of them complained of the miniſter. The miſer and the uſurer ſaid, "Doubtleſs this man plunders the provinces." The capricious reproached him with fickleneſs; the voluptuary ſaid, "He thinks of nothing but his pleaſures." The factious hoped to ſee him *ſoon ruined by* a cabal; and the women flat-

tered themſelves that they ſhould ſoon have a younger miniſter.

Babouc heard their converſation, and could not help ſaying, "This is ſurely a happy man; he hath all his enemies in his anti-chamber; he cruſhes with his power thoſe that envy his grandeur; he beholds thoſe that deteſt him grovelling at his feet." At length he was admitted into the preſence-chamber, where he ſaw a little old man bending under the weight of years and buſineſs; but ſtill lively and full ſpirits.

The miniſter was pleaſed with Babouc, and to Babouc he appeared to be a man of great merit. The converſation became intereſting. The miniſter confeſſed that he was very unhappy; that he paſſed for rich, while in reality he was poor; that he was believed to be all-powerful, and yet was conſtantly contradicted; that he had obliged none but a parcel of ungrateful wretches; and that, in the courſe of forty years labour, he had hardly enjoyed a moment's reſt. Babouc was moved with his misfortunes; and thought that if this man had been guilty of ſome faults, and Ithuriel had a mind to puniſh him, he ought not to cut him off, but to leave him in poſſeſſion of his place.

* * * * * *

While Babouc was talking to the miniſter, the beautiful lady with whom he had dined, entered haſtily, her eyes and her forehead diſcovering the ſymptoms of grief and indignation. She burſt into reproaches againſt the ſtateſman; ſhe ſhed tears; ſhe complained bitterly that her huſband

huſband had been refuſed a place to which his birth allowed him to aſpire, and which he had fully merited by his wounds and his ſervice; ſhe expreſſed herſelf with ſuch force; ſhe uttered her complaints with ſuch a graceful air; ſhe overthrew objections with ſo much addreſs, and enforced her arguments with ſo much eloquence, that ſhe did not leave the chamber till ſhe had made her huſband's fortune.

Babouc gave her his hand, and ſaid, "Is it poſſible, madam, that thou canſt take ſo much pains to ſerve a man whom thou doſt not love, and from whom thou haſt every thing to fear?" "A man whom I do not love! cried ſhe; know, Sir, that my huſband is the beſt friend I have in the world; that there is nothing I would not ſacrifice for him, except my lover; and that he would do any thing for me, except that of leaving his miſtreſs. I muſt introduce you to her acquaintance: ſhe is a charming woman, ſprightly, and ſweet-tempered; we ſup together this very night, with my huſband and my little magi; come and ſhare our joy."

The lady conducted Babouc to her own houſe. The huſband, who was at laſt arrived, overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with tranſports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his miſtreſs, the little magi, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, chearfulneſs, and all the graces, embelliſhed the repaſt. "Know, ſaid the lady with whom he ſupped, that thoſe who are ſometimes called diſhoneſt women have almoſt always the merit of very honeſt men; and to convince thee of this, I invite thee to dine with me to-morrow at the beautiful Theona's. There are ſome old teſ-

tals that tear her character in pieces; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit the least act of injustice to gain the greatest advantage: she gives the most generous advice to her lover; she consults only his glory; and he would blush before her, should he let slip any opportunity of doing good; for nothing can more effectually excite a man to the performance of virtuous actions, than to have for the witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose esteem he wishes to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures seemed to reign, with Theona at the head of them, who well knew how to preserve the most perfect order. Her easy wit made all around her happy; she pleased almost without intending to do so; she was as amiable as beneficent; and, what inhanced the merit of all her good qualities, she was a beauty.

Babouc, though a Scythian, and sent by a genii, found, that should he continue much longer in Persepolis, he would forget Ithuriel for Theona. He began to grow fond of a city, the inhabitants of which were polite, affable, and beneficent, though fickle, slanderous, and vain. He was much afraid that Persepolis would be condemned. He was even afraid to give in his account.

This, however, he did in the following manner: he caused a little statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth, and stones the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel. "Wilt thou break, said he, this pretty

pretty ſtatue, becauſe it is not wholly compoſed of gold and diamonds?" Ithuriel immediately underſtood his meaning, and reſolved to think no more of puniſhing Perſepolis, but to leave "The world as it goes." For, ſaid he, if all is not well, all is paſſable." Thus Perſepolis was ſuffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonas, who was ſo highly incenſed at the preſervation of Nineveh. But when a man has been three days in a whale's belly, he cannot be ſuppoſed to be in ſo good a humour, as when he has been at an opera, or a comedy, and hath ſupped with good company.

MICROMEGAS:

A

COMIC ROMANCE.

BEING

A SEVERE SATIRE

UPON THE

PHILOSOPHY, IGNORANCE, and SELF-CONCEIT of MANKIND.

MICROMEGAS*.

CHAP. I.

A Voyage to the Planet SATURN, by an Inhabitant of the Star SIRIUS.

IN one of the planets that revolve round the ſtar known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promiſing parts, whom I had the honour to be acquainted with, in his laſt voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably ſuited to all great men, and his ſtature amounted to eight leagues in height, that is, four and twenty thouſand geometrical paces, five feet in each.

Some of your mathematicians, a ſet of people always uſeful to the public, will, perhaps, inſtantly ſeize the pen, and calculate, that Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius,

* A name compounded of two Greek words, ſignifying *little* and *great*. The intelligent reader will eaſily perceive that this piece is intended as a ſatire upon the pride and inſignificance of philoſophers; and that the author had Gulliver's Travels in his eye.

being

being, from head to foot, four and twenty thouſand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thouſand royal feet; that we denizens of this earth, being, at a medium, little more than five feet high, and our globe nine thouſand leagues in circumference; theſe things being premiſed, I ſay, they will conclude, that the periphery of the globe which produced him, muſt be exactly one and twenty millions ſix hundred thouſand times greater than that of this our tiny-ball. Nothing in nature is more ſimple and common. The dominions of ſome ſovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compaſſed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Muſcovy, or China, are no other than faint inſtances of the prodigious difference which nature hath made in the ſcale of beings. The ſtature of his excellency being of theſe extraordinary dimenſions, all our painters and ſtatuaries will eaſily agree, that the round of his belly might amount to fifty thouſand royal feet: a very agreeable and juſt proportion.

His noſe being equal in length to one third of his face, and his jolly countenance engroſſing one ſeventh part of his height, it muſt be owned, that the noſe of this ſame Sirian, was ſix thouſand three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair, which was to be demonſtrated.—With regard to his underſtanding, it is one of the beſt cultivated I have known; he is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, ſome of which are of his own invention: for, when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he, according to the cuſtom of his country, ſtudied at the moſt celebrated univerſity of the

the whole planet, and by the force of his genius, found out upwards of fifty propoſitions of Euclid; having the advantage by more than eighteen, of Blaiſe Paſchal, who (as we are told by his own ſiſter) demonſtrated two and thirty for his amuſement, and then left off, chooſing rather to be an indifferent philoſopher, than a great mathematician*.—About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or latter end of his childhood, he diſſected a great number of ſmall inſects not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microſcopes, of which he compoſed a very curious treatiſe, which involved him in ſome trouble: the mufti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made ſhift to diſcover in his book, certain lemmas that were ſuſpicious, unſeemly, raſh, heretick and unſound; and pro-

* Our author is here too ſevere on the famous Paſchal, whoſe Provincial Letters have been univerſally admired, and tranſlated into many different languages. His genius for mathematics was altogether ſurpriſing. Though his father carefully interdicted him from reading books of this ſcience, he, at the age of twelve, had, by the force of his natural talents, diſcovered and demonſtrated thirty-one propoſitions in the firſt book of Euclid. At the age of ſixteen, he compoſed a treatiſe on conic ſections. At nineteen, he invented a curious machine for the purpoſes of arithmetical calculation. At twenty-three, he made ſome improvements in mechanics, and was the firſt, who, by repeated experiments, clearly demonſtrated that the effects hitherto aſcribed to nature's horror of a vacuum, were produced from the preſſure of the circumambient air. It is not to be doubted, but that he would have made much more conſiderable progreſs in mathematics and natural philoſophy, had he not been perſuaded about this time of life by his ſiſter, who was a nun, to retire from the world, and dedicate his ſtudies to the intereſts of religion.

ſecuted.

ſecuted him with great animoſity; for, the ſubject of the author's inquiry, was, whether in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the ſubſtantial forms of a flea and a ſnail.

Micromegas defended his philoſophy with ſuch ſpirit as made all the female ſex his proſelytes; and the proceſs laſted two hundred and twenty years, at the end of which, in conſequence of the mufti's intereſt, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author expelled from court, for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much afflicted at his baniſhment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous ſong upon the mufti, who gave himſelf no trouble about the matter, and ſet out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the ſaying is) to improve his mind and finiſh his education. Thoſe who never travel but in a poſt-chaiſe or berlin, will, doubtleſs, be aſtoniſhed at the equipages uſed above: for we that ſtrut upon this little mole-hill, are at a loſs to conceive any thing that ſurpaſſes our own cuſtoms. But our traveller was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulſion; and made ſuch ſeaſonable uſe of his knowledge, that ſometimes, by the help of a ſun-beam*, and ſometimes by the convenience

* Surely our author might have found a more adequate conveyance. There is a ſort of vraiſemblance or probability to be obſerved even in the moſt extravagant fiction, and this is monſtrouſly violated by repreſenting ſuch an *enormous* maſs of matter with a necklace of diamonds, the *leaſt* of which was 160 feet in diameter, riding on a ſun-beam.

of a comet, he and his retinue glided from ſphere to ſphere, as a bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time, poſted through the milky way; and I am obliged to own, he ſaw not a twinkle of thoſe ſtars ſuppoſed to adorn that fair empyrëan, which the illuſtrious doctor Derham brags to have obſerved through his teleſcope. Not that I pretend to ſay the doctor was miſtaken. God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the ſpot, an exceeding good obſerver, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it will, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and accuſtomed as he was to the ſight of novelties, he could not for his life repreſs that ſupercilious and conceited ſmile which often eſcapes the wiſeſt philoſopher, when he perceived the ſmallneſs of that globe, and the diminutive ſize of its inhabitants: for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country meer dwarfs, about a thouſand fathoms high. In ſhort, he at firſt derided thoſe poor pigmies, juſt as an Italian fidler laughs at the muſic of Lully, at his firſt arrival in Paris: but, as this Sirian was a perſon of good ſenſe, he ſoon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite ſix thouſand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceaſed to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendſhip with the ſecretary of the academy of Saturn, a man of good underſtanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed in peace the reputation

putation of a little poet and great calculator *. And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very ſingular converſation that one day paſſed between Mr. ſecretary and Micromegas.

CHAP. II.

The Converſation betwixt MICROMEGAS and the Inhabitant of SATURN.

HIS excellency having laid himſelf down, and the ſecretary approached his noſe, "It muſt be confeſſed," ſaid Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety,"—"Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre whoſe flowers—" "Pſhaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parterres."—"It is," reſumed the ſecretary, "like an aſſembly of fair and brown women whoſe dreſſes—" "What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" ſaid our traveller. "Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the ſtrokes of which—" "Not at all," anſwered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and compariſons are odious." "Well, to pleaſe you," ſaid the ſecretary— "I won't be pleaſed," replied the Sirian, "I want to be inſtructed: begin therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many ſenſes the people of this world enjoy."—

* Here our author is ſuppoſed to glance at the learned Maupertius, whom the king of Pruſſia placed at the head of his academy in Berlin.

"We

"We have ſeventy and two," ſaid the academician, "but, we are daily complaining of the ſmall number; as our imagination tranſcends our wants; for, with theſe ſeventy-two ſenſes, our five moons and ring, we find ourſelves very much reſtricted; and notwithſtanding our curioſity, and the no ſmall number of thoſe paſſions that reſult from theſe few ſenſes, we have ſtill time enough to be tired of idleneſs." "I ſincerely believe what you ſay," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thouſand different ſenſes, there ſtill remains a certain vague deſire, an unaccountable inquietude inceſſantly advertiſing us of our own unimportance, and giving us to underſtand, that there are other beings who are much our ſuperiors in point of perfection. I have travelled a little, and ſeen mortals both above and below myſelf in the ſcale of being: but, I have met with none who had not more deſire than neceſſity, and more want than gratification; perhaps, I ſhall one day arrive in ſome country, where nought is wanting; but, hitherto I have had no certain information of ſuch an happy land." The Saturnian and his gueſt exhauſted themſelves in conjectures upon this ſubject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, being fain to return to matter of fact, "To what age do you commonly live?" ſaid the Sirian. "Lack-a-day! a meer trifle," replied the little gentleman. "It is the very ſame caſe with us," reſumed the other, "the ſhortneſs of life is our daily complaint; ſo that this muſt be an univerſal law in nature." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe, outlive five hundred great revolutions of *the ſun*: (theſe, according to our way of reck-

oning, amount to about fifteen thouſand years.) So, you ſee we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born: our exiſtence is no more than a point, our duration an inſtant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes, before we can profit by experience: for my own part, I am deterred from laying ſchemes, when I conſider myſelf as a ſingle drop in the midſt of an immenſe ocean: I am particularly aſhamed in your preſence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philoſopher, I ſhould be afraid of mortifying your pride, by telling you, that the term of our lives, is ſeven hundred times longer than the date of your exiſtence: but, you are very ſenſible, that when the texture of the body is reſolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the conſequence of what we call death; when that moment of change arrives, there is not the leaſt difference betwixt having lived a whole eternity, or a ſingle day. I have been in ſome countries where the people live a thouſand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the ſhortneſs of their time: but, one will find everywhere, ſome few perſons of good ſenſe, who know how to make the beſt of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profuſion of variety ſcattered through the univerſe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs thro' the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themſelves, though at bottom they reſemble one another, in the powers and *paſſions* of the ſoul: matter, though inter-

minable, hath different properties in every ſphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?" "If you mean thoſe properties," ſaid the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not ſubſiſt, we reckon in all three hundred, ſuch as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, diviſibility, et cætera."— "That ſmall number," replied the traveller, "probably anſwers the views of the creator, on this your narrow ſphere. I adore his wiſdom in all his works. I ſee infinite variety, but every where proportion. Your globe is ſmall; ſo are the inhabitants: you have few ſenſations; becauſe your matter is endued with few properties: theſe are the works of unerring providence. Of what colour does your ſon appear when accurately examined?" "Of a yellowiſh white," anſwered the Saturnian; "and in ſeparating one of his rays, we find it contains ſeven colours." "Our ſun," ſaid the Sirian, "is of a reddiſh hue, and we have no leſs than thirty-nine original colours. Among all the ſuns I have ſeen, there is no ſort of reſemblance; and in this ſphere of yours, there is not one face like another."

After divers queſtions of this nature, he aſked how many ſubſtances eſſentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn? and underſtood that they numbered but thirty; ſuch as God, ſpace, matter, beings endued with ſenſe and extenſion, beings that have extenſion, ſenſe, and reflection, thinking beings who have no extenſion, thoſe that are penetrable, thoſe that are impenetrable, and the reſt. But this Saturnian

nian philoſopher was prodigiouſly aſtoniſhed, when the Sirian told him, they had no leſs than three hundred, and that he himſelf had diſcovered three thouſand more in the courſe of his travels. In ſhort, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the ſun, they reſolved to ſet out together, on a ſmall philoſophical tour.

CHAP. III.

The Voyage of thoſe Two INHABITANTS of the other World.

OUR two philoſophers were juſt ready to embark for the atmoſphere of Saturn, with a jolly proviſion of mathematical inſtruments, when the Saturnian's miſtreſs, having got an inkling of their deſign, came all in tears, to make her remonſtrances. She was a little handſome brunette, not above ſix hundred and threeſcore fathom high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the ſmallneſs of her ſtature. "Ah! cruel man," cried ſhe, "after a reſiſtance of fifteen hundred years, when at length I ſurrendered, and ſcarce have paſſed two hundred more in thy embrace, to leave me thus, before the honey moon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! go, go, thou art a meer virtuoſo devoid of tenderneſs and love! if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldſt be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going?

going? what is thy deſign? our five moons are not ſo inconſtant, nor our ring ſo changeable as thee! but take this along with you, henceforth I ne'er ſhall love another man." The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithſtanding his philoſophy; and the lady, after having ſwooned with great decency, went to conſole herſelf with the converſation of a certain beau.

Mean while, our two virtuoſi ſet out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious gueſs of an illuſtrious inhabitant of this our little earth: from thence they eaſily ſlipped from moon to moon; and a comet chancing to paſs, they ſprung upon it with all their ſervants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they met with the ſatellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itſelf, where they continued a whole year; during which, they learned ſome very curious ſecrets, which would actually be ſent to the preſs, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquiſitors, who have found among them ſome corollaries very hard of digeſtion. Nevertheleſs, I have read the manuſcript in the library of the illuſtrious archbiſhop of ..... who has granted me permiſſion to peruſe his books, with that generoſity and goodneſs, which can never be enough commended: wherefore, I promiſe he ſhall have a long article in the next edition of Moreri, where I ſhall not forget the young gentlemen his ſons, who give us ſuch pleaſing hopes of ſeeing perpetuated the race of their illuſtrious father. But to return to our travellers. When they took leave of Jupiter,

piter, they traverſed a ſpace of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coaſting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times ſmaller than our little earth, they deſcribtwo moons ſubſervient to that orb, which have eſcaped the obſervation of all our aſtronomors. I know father Caſtel will write, and that pleaſantly enough, againſt the exiſtence of theſe two moons; but I entirely refer myſelf to thoſe who reaſon by analogy: thoſe worthy philoſophers are very ſenſible, that Mars, which is at ſuch a diſtance from the ſun, muſt be in a very uncomfortable-ſituation, without the benefit of a couple of moons: be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet ſo ſmall, that they were afraid they ſhould not find room to take a little repoſe; ſo that they purſued their journey like two travellers who deſpiſe the paultry accommodation of a village, and puſh forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion ſoon repented of their delicacy; for, they journeyed a long time, without finding a reſting place, 'till at length, they diſcerned a ſmall ſpeck, which was Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compaſſion at ſight of this miſerable ſpot, upon which, however, they reſolved to land, leſt they ſhould be a ſecond time diſappointed. They accordingly moved towards the tail of the comet, where finding an Aurora Borealis ready to ſet ſail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coaſt of the Baltic, on the fifth day of July, new ſtile, in the year 1737.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What befel them upon this our GLOBE.

HAVING taken ſome repoſe, and being deſirous of reconnoitring the narrow field in which they were, they traverſed it at once from north to ſouth; every ſtep of the Sirian and his attendants, meaſuring about thirty thouſand royal feet: whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whoſe ſtature did not exceed a thouſand fathoms, followed at a diſtance quite out of breath; becauſe, for every ſingle ſtride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good ſteps at leaſt. The reader may figure to himſelf (if we are allowed to make ſuch compariſons) a very little rough ſpaniel dodging after a captain of the Pruſſian grenadiers.

As thoſe ſtrangers walked at a good pace, they compaſſed the globe in ſix and thirty hours; the ſun it is true, or rather the earth, deſcribes the ſame ſpace in the courſe of one day; but, it muſt be obſerved, that it is much more eaſy to turn upon an axis, than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the ſpot from whence they had ſet out, after having diſcovered that almoſt imperceptible ſea, which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that ſurrounds this mole-hill, under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which, the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other ſcarce moiſtened his heel. In going and coming through both hemiſpheres, they did all that lay in their power to diſcover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They

ſtooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the ſmall beings that crawl upon this earth; and, therefore, they could not find the ſmalleſt reaſon to ſuſpect that we and our fellow citizens of this globe had the honour to exiſt.

The dwarf, who ſometimes judged too haſtily, concluded at once, that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reaſon was, that he had ſeen nobody. But, Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him ſenſible of the unjuſt concluſion; "For," ſaid he, "with your diminutive eyes, you cannot ſee certain ſtars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I diſtinctly perceive; and do you take it for granted that no ſuch ſtars exiſt?" "But, I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf. "Then your ſenſe of feeling muſt be bad," reſumed the other. "But, this globe," ſaid the dwarf, "is ill contrived; and ſo irregular in its form, as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but obſerve theſe little rivulets; not one of them runs in a ſtrait line: and theſe ponds, which are neither round, ſquare nor oval, nor indeed of any regular figure; together with thoſe little ſharp pebbles (meaning the mountains) that roughen the whole ſurface of the globe, and have tore all the ſkin from my feet. Beſides, pray take notice of the ſhape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the ſun in an aukward oblique manner, ſo as that the polar circles cannot poſſibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this ſphere, is a full perſuaſion, that

that no ſenſible being would live in ſuch a diſagreeable place." "What then?" ſaid Micromegas, "perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, in all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Every thing here ſeems to you irregular; becauſe, you fetch all your compariſons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reaſon for the ſeeming confuſion which you condemn; have not I told you that in the courſe of my travels, I have always met with variety?" The Saturnian replied to all theſe arguments, and perhaps the diſpute would have known no end, if Micromegas in the heat of the conteſt had not luckily broke the ſtring of his diamond necklace; ſo that the jewels fell to the ground, conſiſting of pretty ſmall unequal karats, the largeſt of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the ſmalleſt, fifty*. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived as they approached his eye, that every ſingle diamond was cut in ſuch a manner as to anſwer the purpoſe of an excellent microſcope. He therefore took up a ſmall one, about one hundred and ſixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye; while Micromegas choſe another of two thouſand five hundred. Though they were of excellent powers, the obſervers could perceive nothing by their aſſiſtance, ſo that they were altered and adjuſted: at length, the inhabitant of Saturn diſcerned ſomething almoſt imperceptible, mov-

* If the largeſt weighed 400 pounds, and one of the ſmalleſt amounted to 160 feet in diameter, what muſt have been the denſity of the matter which compoſed theſe diamonds?

ing between two waves in the Baltic: this was no other than a whale, which, in a dextrous manner, he caught with his little finger, and placing it on the nail of his thumb, ſhewed it to the Syrian, who laughed heartily at the exceſſive ſmallneſs peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales; and being a mighty arguer, he forthwith ſet about inveſtigating the origin and motion of this ſmall atom, curious to know whether or not it was furniſhed with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this ſubject; he examined the animal with the moſt patient attention, and the reſult of his inquiry was, that he could ſee no reaſon to believe a ſoul was lodged in ſuch a body. The two travellers were actually inclined to think there was no ſuch thing as mind, in this our habitation, when by the help of their microſcope, they perceived ſomething as large as a whale, floating upon the ſurface of the ſea. It is well known, that at this period, a flight of philoſophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making obſervations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiſer*. The gazettes record, that their veſſel

* Caſſini, who had meaſured a degree of the meridian in France, and publiſhed in 1718 his book upon the ſize and figure of the earth, in which he concludes it is lengthened at the poles, in contradiction to the theory of Newton and Huygens; the French king ordered a company of academicians to meaſure a degree of the equator, and another to take the dimenſions of a degree at the polar circle, in order to determine this diſpute. Meſſrs. Goden, Bouguer,

veſſel ran aſhore on the coaſt of Boſnia, and that they with great difficulty, ſaved their lives; but, in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things: for my own part, I will ingenuouſly recount the tranſaction juſt as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no ſmall effort in a modern hiſtorian.

CHAP. V.

MIcromegras ſtretched out his hand gently towards the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he inſtantly pulled back, for fear of being diſappointed, then opening ſoftly and ſhutting them all at once, he very dextrouſly ſeized the ſhip that contained thoſe gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much preſſure, which might have cruſhed the whole in pieces. "This," ſaid the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former:" upon which, the Sirian placing the ſuppoſed animal in the hollow of his hand, the paſſengers and

Bouguer, and de la Condamine, were ſent to Peru; while Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Monnier, and Onthier, ſet out for Lapland. The obſervations of both companies, reinforced by thoſe of Don Jorge Juan, and Antonio d'Ulloa, two Spaniſh philoſophers employed by his catholick majeſty, confirmed the theory of Sir Iſaac Newton, that the earth was an oblate ſpheroid, flattened at the poles. A curious account of the voyage to Lapland, and of the obſervations there made, is to be found in the works of Maupertuis, publiſhed at Lyons in the year 1756.

crew, who believed themſelves thrown by a hurricane upon ſome rock, began to put themſelves in motion. The ſailors having hoiſted out ſome caſks of wine, jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having ſecured their quadrants, ſectors, and Lapland miſtreſſes, went over board at a different place, and made ſuch a buſtle in their deſcent, that the Sirian, at length, felt his fingers tickled by ſomething that ſeemed to move. An iron crow chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his fore finger; and from this prick he concluded, that ſomething had iſſued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at firſt he ſuſpected nothing more: for, the microſcope that ſcarce rendered a whale and a ſhip viſible, had no effect upon an object ſo imperceptible as man.—I do not intend to ſhock the vanity of any perſon whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance, to conſider, that ſuppoſing the ſtature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make juſt ſuch a figure upon the earth, as an animal the ſixty thouſandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is endued with organs proportioned to thoſe we poſſeſs, you will eaſily conceive, that there muſt be a great variety of created ſubſtances,——and pray, what muſt ſuch beings think of thoſe battles by which a conqueror gains a ſmall village, to loſe it again in the ſequel? I do not at all doubt, but if ſome captain of grenadiers ſhould chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at leaſt

to

to the caps of his company; but, I assure him his labour will be vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable. What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms, of which we have been speaking. When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in observing the motion of those little machines, in examining all their pranks, and pursuing them in all their operations! with what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they both at once, exclaim, "I see them distinctly,---don't you perceive them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?" So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects.---The Saturnian making a sudden transition, from the most cautious distrust, to the most excessive credulity, imagined he saw them in the very work of propagation, and cried aloud, "I have surprised nature in the very fact." Nevertheless, he was deceived by appearances: a case too common, whether we do or do not make use of microscopes.

CHAP. VI.

What happened in their intercourſe with Men.

MICROMEGAS being a much better obſerver than his dwarf, perceived diſtinctly that thoſe atoms ſpoke; and made the remark to his companion, who was ſo much aſhamed of being miſtaken in the article of generation, that he would not believe ſuch a puny ſpecies could poſſibly communicate their ideas: for, though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear thoſe particles ſpeak; and therefore ſuppoſed they had no language: beſides, how ſhould ſuch imperceptible beings have the organs of ſpeech? and what in the name of God can they ſay to one another? in order to ſpeak, they muſt have ſomething like thought, and if they think, they muſt ſurely have ſomething equivalent to a ſoul: now, to attribute any thing like a ſoul to ſuch an inſect ſpecies, appears a meer abſurdity.—— "But juſt now," replied the Sirian, "you believed they made love to each other; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without uſing ſome ſort of language, or at leaſt, ſome way of making themſelves underſtood? or do you ſuppoſe it is more difficult to advance an argument than to produce a child? for my own part, I look upon both theſe faculties as a-like myſterious." "I will no longer venture to believe or deny," anſwered the dwarf: "in ſhort, I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavour to examine theſe inſects, and we will reaſon upon them afterwards.—" "With all my heart,"

ſaid

ſaid Micromegas, who taking out a pair of ſciſſars, which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of ſpeaking trumpet, like a vaſt tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear*: as the circumference of this machine included the ſhip and all the crew, the moſt feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; ſo that, thanks to his induſtry, the philoſopher could diſtinctly hear the buzzing of our inſects that were below; in a few hours he diſtinguiſhed articulate ſounds, and, at laſt, plainly underſtood the French language. The dwarf heard the ſame, though with more difficulty.

The aſtoniſhment of our travellers increaſed every inſtant. They heard a neſt of mites talk in a pretty ſenſible ſtrain: and that Luſus Naturæ ſeemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into converſation with ſuch atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being underſtood by them, ſaw the neceſſity of diminiſhing the ſound: each, therefore, put into his mouth a ſort of ſmall tooth-pick, the ſlender end of which reached to the veſſel. The Sirian ſetting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ſhip and crew upon his nail, held down his head and ſpoke ſoftly.—— In fine, having taken theſe and a great many

* How a man ſhould make ſuch a funnel of the paring of his own nail, we cannot conceive. It would have anſwered much better, had he ſtuffed all the philoſophers in his ear together.

more precautions, he addreſſed himſelf to them in theſe words:

"O ye inviſible inſects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyſs of infinite littleneſs, I give praiſe to his goodneſs, in that he hath been pleaſed to diſcloſe unto me thoſe ſecrets that ſeemed to be impenetrable; perhaps the court of Sirius will not diſdain to behold you with admiration: for my own part, I deſpiſe no creature, and therefore offer you my protection."

If ever there was ſuch a thing as aſtoniſhment, it ſeized upon the people who heard this addreſs, and who could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ſhip repeated exorciſms, the ſailors ſwore, and the philoſophers formed a ſyſtem: but, notwithſtanding all their ſyſtems, they could not divine who the perſon was that ſpoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whoſe voice was ſofter than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to underſtand, what ſpecies of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of monſieur Micromegas; and after having pitied their ſmallneſs, aſked if they had always been in that miſerable ſtate, ſo near a-kin to annihilation; and what their buſineſs was upon that globe which ſeemed to be the property of whales; he alſo deſired to know if they were happy in their ſituation, if they propagated their ſpecies, if they were inſpired with ſouls? and put a hundred queſtions more of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, more courageous than the reſt, and ſhocked to hear his

ſoul

ſoul called in queſtion, planted his quadrant, and having taken two obſervations of this interlocutor, "You believe then, Mr. what d'ye-callum," ſaid he, "that becauſe you meaſure from head to foot, a thouſand fathoms"—— "A thouſand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heaven! how ſhould he know the height of my ſtature? a thouſand fathoms! my very dimenſions to an hair. What, meaſured by a mite! this atom, forſooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can ſcarce perceive him through a microſcope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!" "Yes, I have taken your meaſure," anſwered the philoſopher, "and I will now do the ſame by your tall companion." The propoſal was embraced; his excellency laid himſelf along: for, had he ſtood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree in a certain part of him, which doctor Swift would have mentioned without heſitation, but which I forbear to call by it's name, out of my inviolable reſpect for the ladies; then, by a ſeries of triangles joined together, they diſcovered, that the object of their obſervation was a ſtrapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thouſand royal feet in length.

In conſequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered theſe words: "I am now more than ever convinced, that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God! who haſt beſtowed underſtanding upon ſuch ſeemingly contemptible ſubſtances, thou canſt with equal eaſe produce that which is infinitely *ſmall*, as that which is incredibly great: and it

it be poſſible, that among thy works there are beings ſtill more diminutive than theſe, they may, nevertheleſs, be endowed with underſtanding ſuperior to the intelligence of thoſe ſtupendous animals I have ſeen in heaven, a ſingle foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted." One of the philoſophers bid him be aſſured, that there were intelligent beings much ſmaller than man, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but alſo deſcribed all that Swammerdam hath diſcovered, and Reaumur diſſected. In a word, he informed him, that there are animals which bear the ſame proportion to bees, which bees bear to man; the ſame as the Sirian himſelf was to thoſe vaſt beings whom he had mentioned; and as thoſe huge animals were to other ſubſtances, before whom they would appear like ſo many particles of duſt. Here the converſation became very intereſting, and Micromegas proceeded in theſe words.

CHAP. VII.

A converſation that paſſed between our travellers and the men they had encountered.

"O Ye intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleaſed to manifeſt his omniſcience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth muſt be pure and exquiſite: for being unincumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little elſe than ſoul, you muſt

muſt ſpend your lives in the delights of love and reflexion, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect ſpirit. True happineſs I have no where found; but, certainly here it dwells." At this harangue, all the philoſophers ſhook their heads, and one among the reſt more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that, excepting a very ſmall number of inhabitants, who were very little eſteemed by their fellows, all the reſt were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miſerable wretches. "We have matter enough," ſaid he, "to do abundance of miſchief; if miſchief comes of matter, and too much underſtanding; if evil flows from underſtanding: you muſt know, for example, that this very moment, while I am ſpeaking, there are one hundred thouſand animals of our own ſpecies, covered with hats, ſlaying an equal number of fellow creatures who wear turbans; at leaſt, they are either ſlaying or ſlain: and this hath been nearly the caſe all over the earth, from time immemorial." The Sirian ſhuddering at this information, begged to know the cauſe of thoſe horrible quarrels among ſuch a puny race; and was given to underſtand, that the ſubject of the diſpute was ſome pitiful mole-hill no bigger than his heel: not that any one of thoſe millions who cut one another's throats, pretends to have the leaſt claim to the ſmalleſt particle of that clod; the queſtion is to know, whether it ſhall belong to a certain perſon, who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reaſon I know not) they dignify with the appellation of Cæſar. Neither one nor t'other has ever ſeen, or ever will ſee the pitiful corner in queſtion, and ſcarce one of thoſe wretches who

facti-

ſacrifice one another, hath ever beheld the animal on whoſe account they are mutually ſacrificed!

"Ah miſcreants! (cried the indignant Sirian) ſuch exceſs of deſperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three ſteps, and trample the whole neſt of ſuch ridiculous aſſaſſins under my feet." "Don't give yourſelf the trouble, (replied the philoſopher) they are induſtrious enough in procuring their own deſtruction; at the end of ten years the hundredth part of thoſe wretches will be no more: for, you muſt know, that though they ſhould not draw a ſword in the cauſe they have eſpouſed, famine, fatigue, and intemperance would ſweep almoſt all of them from the face of the earth. Beſides, the puniſhment ſhould not be inflicted upon them, but upon thoſe ſedentary and ſlothful barbarians, who from their cloſe-ſtools, give orders for murthering a million of men, and then ſolemnly thank God for their ſucceſs."

Our traveller, moved with compaſſion for the little human race, in which he diſcovered ſuch aſtoniſhing contraſts, "Since you are of the ſmall number of the wiſe, (ſaid he) and in all likelihood, do not engage yourſelves in the trade of murder for hire; be ſo good as to tell me what is your occupation?" "We anatomize flies, (replied the philoſopher) we meaſure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we underſtand, and diſpute upon two or three thouſand that are beyond our comprehenſion." Then the ſtrangers being ſeized with the whim of interrogating thoſe thinking atoms, upon the ſubjects about

which

which they were agreed, "How far, (ſaid the Sirian) do you reckon the diſtance between the great ſtar of the conſtellation Gemini, and that called Caniculus?" To this queſtion all of them anſwered with one voice, "Thirty-two degrees and an half." "And what is the diſtance from hence to the moon?" "Sixty ſemi-diameters of the earth." He then thought to puzzle them by aſking the weight of the air; but they anſwered diſtinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times ſpecifically lighter than an equal column of the lighteſt water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, aſtoniſhed at their anſwers, was now tempted to believe thoſe very people ſorcerers, whom but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow to be inſpired with ſouls.

"Well, (ſaid Micromegas) ſince you know ſo well what is without you, doubtleſs you are ſtill more perfectly acquainted with that which is within; tell me what is the ſoul, and how your ideas are framed?" Here the philoſophers ſpoke all together, as before; but each was of a different opinion: the eldeſt quoted Ariſtotle; another pronounced the name of Deſcartes; a third mentioned Mallebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke: an old peripatician lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The ſoul is perfection and reaſon, having power to be ſuch as it is:" as Ariſtotle expreſly declares, page 633, of the Louvre edition.

Εντελεχεια τις ἐςι, καὶ λόγος τοῦ δυνάμιν ἔχοντος τοιουδι ἔκται.

"I

"I am not very well verſed in Greek," ſaid the giant: "Nor I neither," replied the philoſophical mite. "Why then do you quote that ſame Ariſtotle in Greek?" reſumed the Sirian: "Becauſe, (anſwered the other) it is but reaſonable we ſhould quote what we do not comprehend, in a language we do not underſtand."

Here the Carteſian interpoſing, "The ſoul (ſaid he) is a pure ſpirit or intelligence, which hath received in the mother's womb all the metaphyſical ideas; but upon leaving that priſon, is obliged to go to ſchool, and learn a-new that knowledge which it hath loſt, and will never more attain." "So it was neceſſary (replied the animal of eight leagues) that thy ſoul ſhould be learned in thy mother's womb, in order to be ſo ignorant when thou haſt got a beard upon thy chin: but, what doſt thou underſtand by ſpirit?" "To what purpoſe do you aſk me that queſtion? (ſaid the philoſopher) I have no idea of it: indeed it is ſuppoſed to be immaterial." "At leaſt, thou knoweſt what matter is?" reſumed the Sirian. "Perfectly well, (anſwered the other.) For example, that ſtone is grey, is of a certain figure, has three dimenſions, ſpecifick weight, and diviſibility." "Right, (ſaid the giant) I want to know what that object is, which, according to thy obſervation, hath a grey colour, weight, and diviſibility? Thou ſeeſt a few qualities, but doſt thou know the nature of the thing itſelf?" "Not I truly," anſwered the Carteſian. Upon which the other told him, he did not know what nature was. Then addreſſing himſelf to another ſage who ſtood upon his thumb, he aſked what is the

ſoul.

ſoul? and what are her functions? "Nothing at all, (replied this diſciple of Mallebranche) God hath made every thing for my convenience; in him I ſee every thing, by him I act: he is the univerſal agent, and I never meddle in his work." "That is being a nonentity indeed:" ſaid the Sirian ſage, who turning to a follower of Leibnitz, "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the ſoul?" "In my opinion, (anſwered this metaphyſician) the ſoul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of a clock; or, if you pleaſe, the ſoul is the clock, and the body is the pointer; or again, my ſoul is the mirrour of the univerſe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible."

A little partizan of Locke, who chanced to be preſent, being asked his opinion on the ſame ſubject, "I do not know (ſaid he) by what power I think: but well I know, that I ſhould never have thought without the aſſiſtance of my ſenſes: that there are immaterial and intelligent ſubſtances, I do not at all doubt; but that it is impoſſible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal power, to which it would ill become me to preſcribe bounds: I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe, that many more things are poſſible, than are uſually thought ſo." The Sirian ſmiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the leaſt ſagacious of the company: and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme diſproportion in their different *ſizes. But, unluckily*, there was another animalcule

malcule in a ſquare cap, who taking the word from all his philoſophical brethren, affirmed, that he knew the whole ſecret, which was contained in the abridgement of St. Thomas: he ſurveyed the two celeſtial ſtrangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces, that their perſons, their faſhions, their ſuns and their ſtars, were created ſolely for the uſe of man. At this wild aſſertion, our two travellers let themſelves tumble topſy turvy, ſeized with a fit of that inextinguiſhable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods; their bellies quivered; their ſhoulders roſe and fell; and during theſe convulſions, the veſſel fell from the Sirian's nail into the Saturnian's pocket, where theſe worthy people ſearched for it a long time with great diligence. At length, having found the ſhip, and ſet every thing to rights again, the Sirian reſumed the diſcourſe with thoſe diminutive mites, promiſed to compoſe for them a choice book of philoſophy, which would teach them abundance of admirable ſciences, and demonſtrate the very eſſence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a preſent of the book, which was brought to the academy of ſciences at Paris; but when the old ſecretary came to open it, he ſaw nothing but blank paper, upon which "Ay, ay, (ſaid he) this is juſt what I ſuſpected."

END OF VOL. XI.

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